

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON

EDITED
WITH MEMOIR, INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, AND
AN ESSAY ON MILTON'S ENGLISH
AND VERSIFICATION

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THE MINOR POEMS

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PREFACE

IN the present Library Edition of Milton's Poetical Works all the matter of the preceding Library or Cambridge Edition of 1874 is carefully retained, but with certain editorial changes.

The most obvious change consists in the rearrangement of the Poems now in their proper chronological order,—the MINOR POEMS occupying Volume I., and PARADISE LOST, PARADISE REGAINED, and SAMSON AGONISTES following, in that succession, in Volume II. This chronological arrangement,—always the best where it is possible, and already adopted by the Editor, apparently with general approval, in the latest form of his smaller Edition of Milton,—has the particular advantage in the present case of permitting the removal of the General Essay on Milton's English and Versification from Volume I., where it was perhaps an encumbrance, to Volume III., where it will be in more natural company with the body of the Notes.

Besides this change in the order of the contents of the Volumes, there are very considerable additions to

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the contents themselves. There was no formal Memoir of Milton in the previous Library Edition ; but, something in the shape of a chronological outline of the life of a poet being usually convenient in any edition of his works, the opportunity has now been taken of supplying what may have been a defect. The Memoir of Milton prefixed to the present Edition is a recast, with some extensions and other adaptations, of the latest form of a similar biographic sketch prepared originally by the Editor for his smaller Edition of Milton. Written wholly and expressly for the present Edition, and possibly not without use for students of some minute points in Milton's Biography and the chronology of his manuscripts, is the little Appendix to the Memoir entitled *Specimens of Milton's Signature*. For the rest, the most important of the editorial additions in these volumes will be found in the " Introductions " : viz. in the General Introduction to the MINOR POEMS collectively and the separate Introductions to them severally, contained in Volume I., and in the separate Introductions to PARADISE LOST, PARADISE REGAINED, and SAMSON AGONISTES, contained in Volume II. In these Introductions, at all points throughout, there has been incorporated whatever of relevant new information the Editor has acquired since 1874 respecting the occasions and dates of the poems, the circumstances of their publication, and their subsequent histories. It may be enough, however, to specify here the two additions in

the "Introductions" which may be regarded as more distinctly among the novelties of the present volumes. Milton's LATIN POEMS, coequal though they are in power of genius with his Minor English Poems, and revealing though they do facts in his life and moods of his mind not revealed to the same extent or with the same intensity in those English poems, are, unfortunately, a sealed book, in the main, to the majority of his English readers. Having long noted this with regret, the Editor has ventured, in the Introductions to the Latin Poems in the present Edition, to introduce, in small type, such metrical English versions of the most interesting of these Poems as may, without any pretension of competing generally with previous translations, yet serve to convey to modern English readers more exact ideas of the style and rhythm of the originals, in combination with their substance. On different grounds, but also not unnecessarily, there has been an enlargement of the former Introduction to PARADISE LOST. Within the last fifteen years or so there has been a revival in new forms, in certain quarters, of the old vexed question of the amount of Milton's indebtedness, for the conception of his great epic, or for this or that in its texture and language, to preceding modern books and authors, English or foreign. This question was briefly touched in the Introduction to the Poem in the Library Edition of 1874; but, to suit the larger proportions which

the question has recently assumed, it is made the subject of one entire new section of the Introduction to *PARADISE LOST* as revised for the present Edition.

The changes thus indicated will, the Editor hopes, be found improvements. At all events, as this is probably the last Library Edition of Milton's Poetical Works that can pass through his hands, he begs leave to offer it as, whatever may be its faults, the best and most complete he has been able to produce.

EDINBURGH: *March* 1890.

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MEMOIR OF MILTON

THE Introductions to the Poems individually in these volumes contain necessarily a considerable quantity of biographical matter. All that is needed here, therefore, by way of general memoir, is a map or chronology of the life as a whole. It chances that a very sure Topography of the life may be combined with such a Chronology.

BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, OLD LONDON.

1608—1625: *etat.* 1—17.

Born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on Friday, December 9, 1608, in a house known as "The Spread Eagle," and baptized in Allhallows Church in the same street on the 20th of the same December, Milton was for the first sixteen years of his life a denizen of the very heart of Old London.

His father, John Milton, originally from Oxfordshire, was a prosperous London scrivener, and owner of the Spread Eagle, which served him both as residence and as place of business. See more about him in the Introduction to the Latin poem *Ad Patrem*. As to the name of Milton's mother there was till recently some uncertainty. One tradition called her Sarah Bradshaw, and another called her Sarah Caston; and yet in the register of Allhallows Parish, Bread Street, there is this distinct record: "The xxiind daye of February, A°. 1610 [1610-11], was buried in this parishe Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the mother of Mr. John Mylton's wyffe of this parishe." This Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, who seems thus to have lived with the scrivener and his wife till two years after the birth of her grandchild, the future poet, is ascertained to have been the widow of a Paul Jeffrey or Jeffreys, of an Essex family, who had died before 1583,

after having been for some time Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, and an inhabitant of St. Swithin's Parish in that city. She had another daughter, Margaret Jeffrey or Jeffreys, who was married in 1602, at the age of twenty, to a "William Truelove, gentleman, of the parish of Hatfield Peverell, in the county of Essex, widower," afterwards designated as "of Blakenham upon the Hill, Co. Suffolk," and heard of as owning various properties in Essex and Herts. At the time of that marriage the widow's consent to it was signified through her son-in-law, the bride's brother-in-law, John Milton, of Allhallows, Bread Street.¹ From this circumstance, and from other evidence, no doubt is now left that the maiden name of Milton's mother was Sarah Jeffrey. She had been married to the scrivener in 1600, the very year when he set up in business, her age being then about twenty-eight years, while his was about thirty-seven.

At the death of the widowed grandmother Jeffrey in February 1610-11, the Bread Street household consisted of the scrivener, his wife, and two children,—Anne and John. Three children were subsequently born; of whom only one, Christopher, seven years younger than John, outlived infancy. Anne, John, and Christopher, therefore, are to be remembered, and in that order, as the surviving children.

The first sixteen years of Milton's life were the last sixteen of the reign of James I. Amid the events of those sixteen years, and the growing discontent of the mass of the English people with the rule of James and his minister Buckingham, Milton passed his boyhood. He was most carefully educated, on the principles of a pious Puritan household of superior means and tastes, the head of which was himself distinguished as a musical composer. To be remembered, as having shared with this excellent father, the honour of Milton's early education, are the Scottish preacher Thomas Young, who was his first domestic tutor, and the two Alexander Gills, father and son, who were respectively head-master and under-master of St. Paul's

¹ With the exception of the burial-entry of Mrs. Ellen Jefferys in the register of Allhallows, the documents that have yielded the above particulars of Milton's maternal pedigree were discovered by the research of the late Colonel J. L. Chester, a distinguished American antiquary and genealogist, long resident in London, of whose indefatigable and altogether extraordinary labours in the exploration of English family-history the best-known published specimen is his annotated volume of *Westminster Abbey Registers* (1876).

School, close to Bread Street. At this public school Milton was for some years a day-scholar; and here he first became acquainted with the young half-Italian Charles Diodati, his friendship with whom he has made touchingly and everlastingly memorable in his Letters, and in his Latin *Elegia Prima*, *Elegia Sexta*, and *Epitaphium Damonis*. He was still, it seems, a scholar at St. Paul's when his sister Anne Milton, who was a year or two older than himself, married (1624) a Mr. Edward Phillips, from Shrewsbury, second clerk in the important Government office called the Crown Office in Chancery. As the married couple took up their residence in the Strand, near Charing Cross, Milton and his younger brother Christopher were then the only children left in the paternal home.

From his childhood Milton was not only a ceaseless student and insatiable reader, but also a writer of verses. The earliest preserved specimens of his muse, however, belong to the year 1624, his last year at St. Paul's School. They are

A Paraphrase on Psalm cxxv.

" " " " cxxxvi.

CAMBRIDGE.

1625—1632: *atq.* 17—24.

If we deduct the two Psalm-paraphrases, which belong to the last year of the reign of James I., Milton's literary life may be said to begin exactly with the reign of Charles I.

That king succeeded his father on the 27th of March 1625. Six weeks before that event, *i.e.* February 12, 1624-5, Milton, at the age of sixteen years and two months, had been entered in the grade of a "Lesser Pensioner" on the books of Christ's College, Cambridge; and his matriculation in the Register of the University is dated April 9, 1625, when Charles had been on the throne a fortnight. From that time to July 1632, or for a period of more than seven years, Milton resided habitually in Cambridge, though with frequent visits, in the College vacations, to his father's house in London and to other places. The rooms he occupied in Christ's College are still pointed out.

When Milton was at Cambridge, the total number of persons on the books of all the sixteen colleges of the University was about 2900.

Christ's College had about 265 members on its books. The master of the college was Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge; and among the fellows were Joseph Meade, remembered as a commentator on the Apocalypse, Mr. William Chappell, who was Milton's first tutor, and became afterwards an Irish bishop, and Mr. Nathaniel Tovey, to whose tutorship Milton was transferred, and who was afterwards Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. Among Milton's fellow-students at Christ's were Edward King, afterwards commemorated as *Lycidas*, John Cleveland, afterwards the well-known satirist, and Henry More, afterwards the Cambridge Platonist. They were all Milton's juniors; and indeed More entered the college in Milton's last year. Milton's brother Christopher joined him at Christ's in February 1630-1, and was put under Tovey's tutorship.—Among the eminent heads of colleges when Milton's academic course began were Dr. John Preston of Emanuel, Dr. Samuel Collins of King's, Dr. Samuel Ward of Sidney Sussex, and John Gostlin, M.D., of Caius. The Public Orator of the University was George Herbert the poet; Andrew Downes, of St. John's, was Regius Professor of Greek; Robert Metcalf, of the same college, was Regius Professor of Hebrew; Thomas Thornton, also of St. John's, was Lecturer in Logic; and Abraham Whelock, the Orientalist, was University Librarian. Among the Fellows or more advanced graduates of the different colleges were about ten men who afterwards rose to be Bishops or Archbishops, others who rose to be heads of colleges, and some who became noted as Puritan divines. Contemporaries of Milton at Cambridge, only a little his seniors in their respective colleges, were the Church-historian Thomas Fuller, of Queens', and the poets Edmund Waller, of King's, and Thomas Randolph, of Trinity. Jeremy Taylor, who was a native of Cambridge, entered Caius College, as a pauper scholar, in August 1626, eighteen months after Milton had entered Christ's.

Although Milton never looked back on Cambridge with any great affection, and although it is certain that in the beginning of his undergraduateship he was unpopular among the rougher men in his own college (where he was nicknamed "*The Lady*," on account of his fair complexion, feminine and graceful appearance, and a certain haughty delicacy in his tastes and morals), there is, nevertheless, the most positive evidence that his career at the University was one of industrious and persevering success, and that, even before

the close of his undergraduateship, he had beaten down all opposition, and gained a reputation quite extraordinary. "Performed the Collegiate and Academical Exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts," is Anthony Wood's summary of the information he had received on the subject. He took his B.A. degree, at the proper time, in Jan. 1628-9, and the M.A. degree, also at the proper time, in July 1632. On each occasion, with the other graduates, he went through the formality of signing Articles of Religion implying faith in the constitution, worship, and doctrines of the Church of England; and on the second occasion his signature "*Joannes Milton*" stands at the head of the list of twenty-seven who so signed from Christ's College. This looks as if the foremost place in his college was then unanimously accorded to him. By that time, one may say, he was recognised as without an equal among his coevals in the University.

The reputation won by Milton during his seven years at Cambridge was doubtless due in part to his personal impressiveness in walks and talks with select companions, and in all those daily chances of intercourse between seniors and juniors, in hall or in college-rooms, which University life affords. There were, however, the more formal opportunities of those scholarly displays which Anthony Wood calls "the Collegiate and Academical Exercises": viz. the periodical Latin debates and declamations, in College or in the Public Schools of the University, which formed so conspicuous a part of the old system of Cambridge training. Seven specimens of Milton's ability in such things have been preserved under the title of *Prousiones Quædam Oratoriæ*, and are interesting as revelations of Milton's own character and habits of intellect at this period, and also as curious glimpses of old Cambridge life. See the Introduction to *At a Vacation Exercise*. There are preserved also four Latin Familiar Epistles written by Milton during the Cambridge period: two of them to his former preceptor, Thomas Young; and two to Alexander Gill the younger, his former teacher at St. Paul's School. More important products of the seven Cambridge years, however, were the poems, in English or in Latin, written at intervals. Here is a list of these in chronological order, the more important printed in capitals, and the Latin distinguished from the English by italics:—

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH. 1626.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM (*Elegia Prima*). 1626.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis (*Elegia Tertia*). 1626.

In obitum Præsulis Eliensis (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.

In obitum Præconis Academicæ Cantabrigiæ (*Elegia Secunda*). 1626.

In obitum Procancellarii Medici (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS (among the *Sylvæ*). 1626.

In Proditionem Bosibardicam; In Eandem; In Eandem; In Eandem; In

Inventorem Bombarda (all annexed to the *Elégiarum Liber*).

Ad Thomam Junium, Præceptorem Suum (*Elegia Quarta*). 1627.

"Nondum blanda tuas," etc. (*Elegia Septima*). 1628.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM (among the *Sylvæ*). 1628.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE. 1628.

De Ideâ Platonichâ quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit (among the *Sylvæ*).

In Adventum Veris (*Elegia Quinta*). 1628-9.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. 1629.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM (*Elegia Sexta*). 1629.

The Passion.

Song on May Morning. ?

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

On the University Carrier. 1630-1.

Another on the Same. 1630-1.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER. 1631.

Sonnet to the Nightingale (Sonnet I). ?

SONNET ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

(Sonnet II). Dec. 1631.

From these pieces there may be gathered, as the Introductions to them will indicate, many particulars of Milton's life and the nature of his occupations during his seven years at Cambridge. If published in a little volume in 1632, they would have given young Milton a place of some distinction among contemporary poets. With the exception, however, of *Naturam non pati Senium*, of which printed copies were made at Cambridge for an academic purpose, and the lines "On Shakespeare," which appeared anonymously in the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare, published in 1632, all the pieces appear to have remained in manuscript.

The Sonnet which closes the list of the Cambridge pieces is especially interesting. When Milton went to Cambridge, he had been destined, by himself and his friends, for the Church; but the seven years of his residence there had entirely changed his purpose. This was owing, in part, to the great change that had occurred in the political condition of England. Charles I., married in May 1625 to

the French princess Henrietta-Maria, had adopted a policy in Church and State compared with which his father's efforts towards Absolutism had been mild. Having quarrelled successively with three Parliaments, and dismissed the last of them with anger and insult in March 1628-9, he had resolved to have nothing more to do with Parliaments, but to govern in future by his own authority through ministers responsible only to himself. England was in the fourth year of this *Reign of Thorough*, as it has been called, when Milton's course at the University came to an end. Since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in August 1628, Charles's chief advisers and ministers had been Laud, Wentworth, Cottington, and a few other select Lords of his Privy Council. In ecclesiastical matters, Laud, Bishop of London since 1628, and with the Archbishopric of Canterbury in prospect, was single and paramount. Under his vigilant supervision there had been going on, in all the dioceses of England, that systematic repression and even persecution of Calvinistic Theology and of all forms of Puritan opinion and practice, and that equally systematic promotion and encouragement of Arminian Theology, the rights of high Prelacy, and a strict and florid ceremonial of worship, which had already, as the Puritans thought, undone all that was essential in the English Reformation, and brought the Church of England back into the shadow of the Church of Rome. Nor did there seem to be any hope of deliverance. Laud's supremacy in England seemed to be growing surer and surer every day; Wentworth, as Viceroy of Ireland, was to impose the same system on that country; even Scotland, though an independent kingdom, was to be reclaimed, as soon as Laud should be at leisure, from the meagre half-Episcopacy which was all that King James had persuaded her to adopt, and brought into conformity with Laud's ideal of a Church. Unable to endure this state of things, many of the bolder Puritans had gone into exile in Holland or had emigrated to America, while those that remained at home, forming a large mass of the population of England, lay in a dumb agony of discontent, sighing for a Parliament, but not daring to mutter the word. With these Milton was in sympathy. Whatever he had intended in 1625, it was clear to him in 1632 that he could not take orders in the Church of England. This necessarily involved also the abandonment of all idea of continued residence in the University, whether in a Fellowship or for other chances.

MEMOIR OF MILTON

HORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1632—1638: *ætat.* 24—30.

On leaving the University in July 1632, Milton went to reside at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, a small village near Windsor, and about twenty miles from London, where his father, who had meanwhile retired from business, had taken a country-house. At first there seems to have been some gentle remonstrance on his father's part on his abandonment of the Church and his disinclination to any other profession; but very soon the excellent man, whose trust in his son was boundless, acquiesced generously in what was proposed. That was that Milton should devote himself thenceforward exclusively to study, speculation, and literature. The tenor of the five years and eight months which he spent at Horton is, accordingly, thus described by himself: "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I was wholly intent, through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that occasionally I exchanged the country for the city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." From this succinct account we should not gather that it was also during those five summers and winters, passed mainly in the flat, verdant, well-wooded and well-watered scenery about Horton, with the towers of Windsor in view, that Milton composed the finest and most classic of his minor English poems. Such, however, is the fact. Here is the list:—

AD PATREM (among the *Sylve*). 1632?

L'ALLEGRO.

IL PENNEROSO.

ARCADES: Part of an Entertainment at Harefield in honour of the Countess Dowager of Derby. 1633?

At a Solemn Music.

On Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

COMUS: A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle by the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales. 1634.

Greek translation of Psalm CXXV. (among the *Sylve*). 1634.

LYCIDAS: A Monody on the death of his former fellow-collegian at Cambridge, Edward King, drowned by shipwreck in the Irish Seas. Nov. 1637.

We may pass over this interesting Horton period the more lightly because in the Introductions to these pieces there is an ample filling-up of minutiae. The admission of Milton to the M.A. degree at Oxford in 1635 by the ceremony of incorporation *ad eundem gradum* from the sister University, may, however, be noted here. Three of his Latin Familiar Epistles, it ought also to be added, belong to the period. One of these (December 4, 1634) is again to his former teacher Alexander Gill the younger; the other two (both dated September 1637) are to his friend Charles Diodati. In the last he speaks of leaving Horton permanently, and taking chambers in London. The intention was not fulfilled. He went back to Horton, to write his *Lycidas* there (so it may be guessed), and to remain there till April 1638. Several incidents of some importance mark the closing months of his Horton life. One was the appearance in 1637, with his permission, but anonymously, of a printed edition of his *Comus* by itself at the charge of his friend Henry Lawes, the musical composer, who had been the theatre-manager at the performance of that masque in Ludlow Castle, and had composed the music for the songs in it. Another was his introduction, early in 1638, to the celebrated statesman and ex-diplomatist, Sir Henry Wotton, then the venerable Provost of Eton College, not far from Horton. A third was the actual appearance of his *Lycidas*, with his initials "J. M.," at the end of a collection of obituary poems, in Latin, Greek, and English, in memory of Edward King, contributed by thirty-two friends of the deceased, and printed at the Cambridge University press. But an event earlier than any of these, and which had already made Horton a sadder home to Milton than it had been, was the death of his mother. She died at Horton April 3, 1637, at the age of about sixty-five years, and was buried in the old church there. A visit to Horton any summer's day, to see the simple blue stone that covers her grave in the church floor, and then, after having the spot near the church pointed out to one where the house of Milton's father stood, to stroll among the meadows and pollards by the banks of the sluggish Colne, where Milton must have so often walked and mused, may be recommended to lovers of Literature and of English History.

The quiet time at Horton, bringing Milton from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth year of his age, was a continuation of the *Reign of Thorough* in the British Islands. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury

since 1633, was still crushing Calvinism and Puritanism in England; Wentworth was ruling Ireland with a rod of iron; and the business of re-shaping the rough semi-Episcopal Kirk of Scotland into a more perfect practical representation of Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness had been steadily in progress. Precisely in this business of the Scottish Kirk, however, had the policy of *Thorough* struck against a rock of opposition. In July 1637 the Scots had risen in riot and revolt against the attempt to introduce Laud's new Scottish Liturgy; and in March 1638 the leaders of the Scottish people of all ranks,—Nobles, Lairds, Burgesses, and Clergy,—leagued themselves for open resistance, and swore their famous *National Covenant*. The news ran through England, stirring strange hopes in the hearts of the English Puritans.

ITALIAN JOURNEY.

April 1638—August 1639: ætat. 30—31.

The *Scottish Covenant* ("the damnable Covenant," as Charles called it) was the last word in all English mouths when Milton, in April 1638, set out on that journey to Italy of which he had long had dreams, and to which his father had at last given consent. He took one English man-servant with him. His father meanwhile, now in his seventy-sixth year or thereabouts, was to live on at Horton, where there were domiciled with him, to attend on him and keep him company, his younger son Christopher, already a married man, though only passing his terms for the Bar, and Christopher's newly-wedded wife, a Thomasine Webber of London.

Having been furnished with a passport and with some letters of introduction from friends, one of them from Sir Henry Wotton (see Sir Henry Wotton's Letter of April 13, 1638, prefixed to *Comus*), Milton crossed the Channel and arrived in Paris. Here he spent some days, receiving great attention from Lord Scudamore, English joint-ambassador with the Earl of Leicester at the court of Louis XIII. He specially mentions an interview procured for him by Lord Scudamore with the learned Dutchman, Hugo Grotius, then residing in Paris as ambassador from Sweden. From Paris he proceeded to Italy by way of Nice. After visiting Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, he reached Florence. Here he remained about two months (Aug.—Sept. 1638), enchanted with the beauties and antiquities of the

famous city, and forming acquaintanceships with many of the wits and scholars then living in it. Seven Florentines, most of them young men, leaders in the chief Academies or Literary Clubs of Florence, are particularly named by him as friends whose merits, and whose courtesies to himself, he could never forget. These were Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Pietro Frescobaldi, Agostino Coltellini, Benedetto Buommattei, Valerio Chimentelli, and Antonio Francini. On other authority we learn that an eighth of his Florentine acquaintances was Antonio Malatesti. All the eight have left some traces of themselves in Italian literary history, though some of them are now best remembered by the happy accident of their contact with Milton. It was either in Florence or in its close neighbourhood that he also "found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought." From Florence, through Siena, Milton went to Rome. His stay here extended over nearly two months more (Oct.—Nov. 1638); and here again, besides musing amid the ruins of the Eternal City, seeing the galleries and other sights, and being present at a concert in the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, where he heard the famous Leonora Baroni sing, he enjoyed the society of the Literary Clubs or Academies. He made special acquaintance with Lucas Holste or Holstenius, a learned German, settled in Rome as secretary to Cardinal Barberini and as one of the librarians of the Vatican, and also with Alessandro Cherubini, Giovanni Salzilli, and a certain more obscure Selvaggi. Leaving Rome, in company with "a certain Eremite Friar," he spent some little time (Nov.—Dec. 1638) in Naples. Here, through his travelling companion, he was introduced to the great man of the place, the venerable Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, then nearly eighty years of age. From Naples it was his intention to cross over into Sicily and thence to extend his tour into Greece; but "the sad news of civil war in England" determined him to return, "inasmuch," he says, "as I thought it base to be travelling at my ease for intellectual culture while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty."—The news that had reached Milton in Naples, however, was not quite that of civil war in England itself, but only of such a course of events in Scotland as seemed to make civil war in England inevitable. The *Covenant* having been adopted all but universally by the population of Scotland, Charles

had been obliged to temporise so far as to permit the meeting of a General Assembly of the Kirk at Glasgow for the consideration of affairs; and at this Assembly (Nov. 21—Dec. 20, 1638) the result of the consideration of affairs had been defiance to Charles and Laud in every particular. Not only had the recent ecclesiastical innovations been condemned, but all the Scottish Bishops had been deposed and disgraced; Episcopacy of every kind had been declared at an end in Scotland, and the Kirk and Nation had returned absolutely to the old Presbyterian system of Knox and Melville. To punish the Scots for such audacity, Charles was certainly levying forces in England and Ireland, so that in a sense civil war in Britain had actually begun.—It was probably the receipt of such more correct information that made Milton's homeward journey more leisurely than he purposed when he left Naples. He spent, at all events, a second two months in Rome (Jan.—Feb. 1639), going about freely, and also talking freely, though warned, he says, that the English Jesuits in the city were on the watch to entrap him into some danger from the Papal police; and he also spent a second two months in Florence (Feb.—April 1639), where his Florentine friends were rejoiced at his reappearance. From Florence he made an excursion to Lucca; after which, crossing the Apennines, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he came to Venice. He spent one month in that city (May 1639); whence, having despatched to England by sea the books he had collected in Italy, he made his way, by Verona and Milan, and over the Pennine Alps, to Geneva. Here he passed a week or two (June 1639), once more among Protestants, and conversing daily with the famous theologian Dr. Jean Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles. Thence his route through France took him again to Paris; and early in August 1639 he was back in England.

Milton's fifteen or sixteen months of foreign travel and residence contributed but few additions to the list of his writings. Besides two Latin Familiar Epistles written at Florence, one to the Florentine grammarian Buommattei (Sept. 10, 1638), and one to Holstenius at Rome (March 30, 1639), we have to note only the following:—

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem (three pieces annexed to the *Elegiarum Liber*). 1638.

Ad Salsillum, Poetæ Romanum, ægrotantem (among the *Sylve*). 1638.

MANSUS (among the *Sylva*). 1638.

Five Italian Sonnets, with a Canzone. 1639?

The Introductions to these will add particulars to this section of the Memoir.

BACK AT HORTON AND IN LONDON : LODGINGS IN ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH-YARD, FLEET STREET.

1639—1640 : *ætat.* 31—32.

At Horton, where Milton found all well on his return, there had been born in his absence a little nephew, the first child of Christopher Milton and his young wife. The infant, however, had died and been buried five months before.

Another death that had happened in Milton's absence was that of his friend Charles Diodati. Milton had vaguely heard of the fact while abroad ; but not till his return did he learn the exact particulars. How profoundly they affected him may be learnt from that Latin pastoral of lament for Diodati which he wrote immediately after he had come back to England, and which deserves here to stand by itself :—

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS (among the *Sylva*). 1639.

The importance of this poem in Milton's biography will be further explained in the Introduction to it ; where also the reader will find those particulars as to the circumstances of the death of Diodati which Milton did not know fully till his return to England, and which, after eluding research for more than two hundred years, have recently been recovered.

Not long after Milton's return to England the household at Horton was broken up. The father, with Christopher Milton and his wife, remained at Horton, indeed, to as late as August 1640, Christopher having been called to the Bar of the Inner Temple, January 26, 1639-40 ; but soon afterwards Christopher, his wife, and a second child, born at Horton, went to live at Reading, the father accompanying them. Some time before that removal (probably in the winter of 1639-40) Milton had taken lodgings in London, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russel, a tailor," consenting at the same time to an arrangement which can hardly

have added to his comfort. His only surviving sister, whom we saw married to Mr. Edward Phillips of the Crown Office in 1624, was no longer Mrs. Phillips. Her first husband had died in 1631; and, after some time of widowhood, she had married his successor in the Crown Office, Mr. Thomas Agar. There had been left her, however, two young boys by the first marriage,—Edward Phillips and John Phillips. The younger of these, aged only nine years, Milton now took wholly into his charge; while the elder, only about a year older, went daily, from his mother's house near Charing Cross, to the lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, for the benefit likewise of his uncle's lessons. And so, teaching his two young nephews, meditating literary projects, and looking round him on public affairs, Milton found himself in the eventful year 1640.

What a year that was! In the previous year there had been the *First Bishops' War*, i.e. the first war of Charles for restoration of Episcopacy among the Scots. It had ended in collapse on the King's side. Charles had advanced to the Scottish border with a reluctant English army; but, met there by an army of the Scottish Covenanters, he had not risked a battle, but had agreed to terms, granting the Scots their Presbyterian Kirk, and substantially all else they asked (June 18, 1639). That war, therefore, had been begun and ended while Milton was still abroad. But Charles had again broken with the Scots, and was resolved on their subjugation and chastisement. In his straits for money and means for that purpose, he had even ventured, after eleven years of uninterrupted absolutism, to call another English Parliament. That Parliament, which met April 13, 1640, proved as stubbornly Puritan as its predecessors, and, instead of yielding supplies against the Scots, with whom it was in secret sympathy, fell on the question of English grievances. It was therefore dismissed, after little more than a fortnight (May 5), and is remembered as *The Short Parliament*. Milton, who had been observing all this, with the feelings of an English Puritan, then saw Charles plunge, nevertheless, with resources otherwise raised, into the *Second Bishops' War*. In August 1640 Charles was at York, with the Irish Viceroy Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, in his company, on his way to Scotland, and with an English army on the advance between him and the doomed country. But the Scots did not wait this time on their own side of the Border. They invaded England, August 20; they beat a detachment of the English at Newburn,

near Newcastle, August 28; they entered that town August 29; and they spread themselves thence over the northern English counties. With the Puritans of England all in sympathy with them, and welcoming their invasion rather than resenting it, they had thus, by one bold push, and but small effort besides, utterly checked the King. His army disorganised and deserting, he summoned a Great Council of Peers to meet at York, September 24, and help him in his negotiation with the Scots; but, some of the leading Peers themselves petitioning for a Parliament, and petitions to the same effect arriving from the City of London, he was obliged to yield. A preliminary treaty with the Scots, agreed upon by commissioners of the two nations, was signed by him at York, October 27; and thence he hastened to London, to open the new Parliament. It was to be known as *The Long Parliament*, the most famous Parliament in the annals of England. It met November 3, 1640.

ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

1640—45: *retat.* 32—37.

The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, were but a temporary arrangement. "Looking round," says Milton, "where best I could, in the midst of affairs so disturbed and fluctuating, for a place to settle in, I hired a house in the city sufficiently large for myself and my books." His nephew Edward Phillips, who soon went to be a fellow-boarder in the new house with his younger brother John, describes it more particularly as "a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn by reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Aldersgate Street is very different now, and not a vestige of Milton's house remains. It stood at the back of that part of the street, on the right hand as you go from St. Martin's-le-Grand, where there is now Maidenhead Court.

The Aldersgate Street house, which Milton entered some time in 1640, probably before the meeting of the Long Parliament, was to be a very memorable one in his biography. "There, in tolerable comfort," he says, "I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, and to

those to whom the people had committed that charge." In other words, his hope was that now at last he might begin in real earnest that life of sustained literary exertion in his own English speech, after a higher and nobler fashion than England had heretofore known, to which he had secretly pledged himself. Especially, during his Italian journey, he had been revolving the project of some one great English poem, to be begun on his return, and to be his occupation through as many years as might be necessary. As we learn from his poem to Manso, and still more distinctly from his *Epitaphium Damonis*, an epic on the subject of Arthur, involving the whole cycle of Arthurian or ancient British Legends, was the scheme that had principally fascinated him. Within the first year after his return, however, the Arthurian subject had been set aside, and Milton's mind, weighing and balancing the comparative advantages of the epic form and the stately tragedy of the Greeks with its lyrics and choruses, was at sea among a great number of possible subjects, suitable for either, collected from Biblical History and the History of Britain before the Conquest. See the Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, Section II. *Paradise Lost*, in the form of a tragedy, was already the favourite subject; but all was uncertain. To end this uncertainty, by actually choosing a subject and setting to work, was the business which Milton, while daily teaching his young nephews, and showing them "an example of hard study and spare diet," had prescribed for himself in Aldersgate Street. *

' Alas! it had to be postponed, and for a longer series of years than could have been anticipated. Milton, at this juncture of his life, was whirled into politics; and for nearly twenty years (1640—1660), with but moments of exception, he had to cease to be "a poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with his garland and singing-robes about him," and to "sit below in the cool element of prose." It was not only Milton's life, indeed, that was so affected by the great Puritan Revolution. The lives of almost all his English literary contemporaries were similarly affected, and through the twenty years between 1640 and 1660 there was a marked interruption of the more customary kinds of Pure Literature in England, in consequence of the drafting of the literary intellect of the country into the service of the current controversies. In no life, however, is the phenomenon more visible than in Milton's; and there are some to whom its exhibition in that life in particular is matter for

regret. They judge but feebly, and not as Milton himself judged then, or ever would or could have judged. It may be admitted that in controversial prose, though such prose with Milton was to be very far from being a "cool element," he had, as he himself expresses it, "the use but of his left hand"; but to lend even that hand, with all the strength it had, to what he deemed the cause of God, Truth, Liberty, and his Country, seemed to himself at least a more important duty, so long as there should be need, than scheming and writing beautiful poems.

It was on the Church Question that Milton first spoke out. The Long Parliament had, with singular rapidity, in the first months of its sitting, swept away accumulated abuses in State and Law, brought Strafford to trial and execution, impeached and imprisoned Laud and others of the chief ministers of *Thorough*, subjected Charles to constitutional checks, made a satisfactory treaty with the Scots, and sent them home with thanks for their great services to England. They had also taken measures for their own security, and for the permanence of English Parliamentary Government. All this having been done unanimously or nearly so, the Church Question had at length emerged as the most difficult of all, and that on which there was most difference of opinion. That the Laudian Episcopacy must no longer exist in England was a conclusion on which all, with hardly an exception, seemed to agree; but, for the rest, people divided themselves into two parties. There were (1) the advocates of a Limited Episcopacy, desiring the exclusion of the Bishops perhaps from the House of Lords and from other places of political and judicial power, and also a diminution of their authority even in Church matters by surrounding them with diocesan Councils of Presbyters; and there were (2) the Root-and-Branch Reformers, who were for abolishing Episcopacy utterly, and reconstructing the Church of England after some Presbyterian model like that of the Scots. Into this controversy Milton, in May 1641, flung his first pamphlet, entitled "*Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it.*" It was a Root-and-Branch pamphlet of most tremendous earnestness, and was followed within a year by four more of the same sort: viz. "*Of Prelatical Episcopacy*" (June 1641), "*Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnus*" (July 1641), "*The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*" (about Feb. 1641-2), "*Apology against a*

Pamphlet called A modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnus" (March 1641-2). These five pamphlets of Milton are to be remembered in a group by themselves, and may be called his "Anti-Episcopal Pamphlets." The first of them is general; in the others there are replies to defenders of Episcopacy, and especially to Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. The "Remonstrant" is Bishop Hall, whose *Humble Remonstrance* was regarded as the chief manifesto of High Prelacy; "Smectymnus" was the fancy name put on the title-page of a large reply to Hall by five leading Puritan Divines, whose initials put together made up the odd word (one being Thomas Young, Milton's old tutor, now Vicar of Stowmarket in Suffolk); and there were other pamphlets, of retort and rejoinder, between Hall and the Smectymnians, in all of which Milton advised and assisted the five Smectymnians. Altogether, by the power of his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, and especially by his vehement invectives against Hall, Milton became a man of public note, admired by the Root-and-Branch Puritans, but detested by those who wanted to see Episcopacy preserved.

In August 1642, Charles having in the meantime assented to a Bill excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, but having broken decisively with the Parliament on other questions, there began the great CIVIL WAR. From that date Englishmen were divided into two opposed masses: the PARLIAMENTARIANS, taking the side of that majority of the Commons and that small minority of the Lords which still sat on as the two Houses; and the ROYALISTS, taking the side of the King and of the bulk of the Nobility, with the adhering minority of the Commons. Milton, of course, attached himself resolutely to the Parliamentarians. He did not, indeed, serve in the Parliamentary Army; but he watched the progress of the contest with the most eager interest. For the first year all was dubious. The Parliamentary generals, Essex, Manchester, and Sir William Waller, moved about; the King and his generals moved about, advancing at one time close to London; there were skirmishes, fights, even battles; but, when Midsummer 1643 had come, all that could be said was that London and the Eastern Counties were the fastnesses of Parliament, while the King had his head-quarters at Oxford, and the rest of England lay torn into districts, some Royalist, others Parliamentary, and others with Royalists and Parliamentarians intermixed in nearly equal proportions.

That Milton should have chosen such a time for his marriage is less surprising than that he should have brought his bride from the very head-quarters of Royalism. That, however, is the fact. "About Whitsuntide [May 21, 1643] it was, or a little after," says his nephew Phillips, "that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation; but home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor, his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace, of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." What was a mystery to the boy Phillips at the time is very much a mystery yet; but research has revealed a few particulars. Forest-hill is, and was, a village about four miles to the east of Oxford, in the very neighbourhood where Milton's paternal ancestors had lived, and whence his father had come. The estate and mansion of Forest-hill had been for some little time in the possession of a family called Powell, not originally of that neighbourhood. The family, though apparently well-to-do, with a carriage and what not, was really in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. There were several mortgages on the property; and, among other debts owing by Mr. Powell was one of £500 to Milton himself. It had been owing (on what account one does not know, but probably through some transaction with Milton's father) since 1627, when Milton was a student at Cambridge. The family, as their vicinity to Oxford required, were strongly Royalist. Besides Mr. Powell and his wife, there were eleven children,—six sons and five daughters,—the eldest one-and-twenty years of age, the youngest four. Mary Powell, the eldest daughter, whom Milton took home to Aldersgate Street as his wife, was seventeen years and four months old (born January 24, 1625-6), while Milton himself was in the middle of his thirty-fifth year, or exactly twice as old. In the house in Aldersgate Street, whither some of the bride's relatives accompanied her, "there was feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials." So we are told by Phillips, who was in the house at the time, a boy of thirteen. "At length," he continues, "they [the bride's relatives] took their leave, and, returning to Forest-hill, left the sister behind, probably not much to her satisfaction, as appeared by the sequel." By that time she had for a month or thereabout led a philosophical life (after having been used to a great house and much company and jollity), her friends, possibly incited by her

"own desire, made earnest suit by letter to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, on condition of her returning at the time appointed, Michaelmas [September 29, 1643] or thereabout."—In short, it had been a hasty marriage, unsuitable on both sides, and the greatest blunder of Milton's life. "Michaelmas being come," Phillips proceeds, "and no news of his wife's return, he sent for her by letter, and, receiving no answer, sent several other letters, which were also unanswered, so that he despatched down a foot-messenger with a letter, desiring her return; but the messenger came back, not only without an answer, at least a satisfactory one, but, to the best of my remembrance, reported that he was dismissed with some sort of contempt. This proceeding, in all probability, was grounded upon no other cause but this: viz. that, the family being generally addicted to the Cavalier Party, as they called it, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, . . . they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot on their escutcheon whenever the Court should come to flourish again. However, it so incensed our author that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse; so that he forthwith prepared to fortify himself with arguments for such a resolution, and accordingly wrote . . ."—What he wrote will appear presently.

The Parliament meanwhile had virtually decreed the entire abolition of Episcopacy in England, and had called an Assembly of Puritan Divines to advise it as to the forms and creed of the future National Church. This Assembly met at Westminster, July 1, 1643, just at the time when Milton's wife left him to go back to her friends. In the following month the Parliament, finding that they had made but little advance in the war with Charles, applied to the Scots for armed aid. The Scots having agreed to this on the condition that the Parliament would do all it could to bring England into religious and ecclesiastical conformity with Scotland, an alliance was formed between the two nations on the basis of what was called the *Solemn League and Covenant*,—quite a different document from the *National Scottish Covenant* of 1638, being a document of international union and obligation, expressly framed, in September 1643, after consultation between the representatives of both nations, for signature by all the English Parliamentarians on the one hand and

by the whole people of Scotland on the other. Some Scottish Divines then took their places in the Westminster Assembly; and in January 1643-4 a Scottish auxiliary army of 21,000 men entered England. For some time they were rather inactive; but on the 2d of July 1644 they took part in the great battle of Marston Moor. In this battle, won chiefly by the exertions of Cromwell, then Lieutenant-general of the English Parliamentarian Army under the Earl of Manchester, the King's forces were disastrously beaten, and the North of England was secured for the Parliament.—By this time there had appeared a dispute among the Parliamentarians themselves, which interfered much with the farther prosecution of the war, and was to be of immense consequence in the history of England for many years to come. It was the dispute between the *Presbyterians* and the *Independents*. It began first in the Westminster Assembly, when that body was required to advise Parliament as to the form of Church-government to be set up in England. The great majority of the English Divines, and of course all the Scottish Divines present, were for strict Presbyterianism, on the Scottish system of a gradation of church-courts, from the small court of each Parish or Congregation (called in Scotland the kirk-session), up to the District Court, or Presbytery, the Synod or Provincial Court, and so to the supreme authority of the whole Church exercised by Representative General Assemblies. They were also for the compulsory inclusion of every man, woman, and child, within the pale of such a Church, in attendance on its worship and subject to its discipline. A very small minority of the English Divines, however, dissented from these views. They maintained that, according to the Scriptural constitution of the Church, every voluntary congregation of Christians ought to be independent within itself, and that, though occasional meetings of ministers and members of different congregations might be useful for the purposes of consultation, any governing apparatus of Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, for the control of individual congregations, was unlawful. They demanded further that, if a Presbyterian National Church were to be set up in England,—which the overwhelming drift of opinion seemed to make inevitable,—there should at least be a toleration of dissent from that Established Church, and liberty for all respectable sects to form congregations for themselves. The debate soon extended itself through the English community at large; where, though the Presbyterians were also largely in the majority,

there were yet scattered thousands of persons favourable to Independency. To the Independents there attached themselves the Baptists, the Brownists, the Antinomians, and a great many other sects that had lurked in English society since Elizabeth's time, as well as free opinionists of all sorts, and many who, though agreeing sufficiently with the Presbyterians in their theology, yet held by the principle of Liberty of Conscience, and regarded spiritual compulsion by a Presbyterian Church as no less monstrous than the same by Papacy or Prelacy. Independency, in all these various forms, had come to prevail largely in the Parliamentary Army; and Cromwell was already marked there as the head of the Independents. Hence the English Presbyterians and the Scots had begun to look with great suspicion on the success of Cromwell and the Army-Independents in the field. They declared that Independency, with its principle of toleration, opened the door to all kinds of schisms, heresies, and blasphemies; they called the Army, all but the Scottish auxiliary portion of it, an Army of Sectaries; and they prophesied ruin to England if victory over the King should be won by such means. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Presbyterians and the Scottish auxiliaries should have contented themselves with a slow and cautious strategy, calculated to bring the King to terms rather than to beat him thoroughly, while Cromwell and the Independents had no such hesitation, but found both their duty and their safety in audacity and energy. In fact, before the end of 1644 it had become evident that the Independents were more extreme revolutionists than the Presbyterians, with peculiar democratic ideas bound up with their principle of religious freedom. Nominally, the Presbyterians and Independents, with the Scots, were united against the King on the basis of the same *Solemn League and Covenant*; but, in reality, the Independents had begun to doubt the utility of that document, to resent the interference of the Scots in English affairs, and to follow such courses as were suggested by free English reasonings on the Church question and on others.—There was no real objection on the part of the Independents to the establishment of a Presbyterian National Church in England, since that seemed to be the wish of the majority of the Parliamentarians. Accordingly, in January 1644-5 the establishment of such a Church was voted by Parliament. But Cromwell and the Independents took care that the question of a toleration of Dissent should be reserved. They were also powerful

enough in Parliament to carry about the same time certain very important resolutions. The Parliamentary general-in-chief, Essex, having recently sustained a great defeat, and the war having turned otherwise in the King's favour, it was resolved, really through Cromwell's influence, that the Army should be entirely remodelled, that Essex, Waller, Manchester, and all the other chief officers till then in command should lay down their commissions, and that the New-modelled Army should be commanded by Fairfax as general-in-chief, with officers under him not having seats in Parliament (Feb.—April 1645). The New-modelled Army having taken the field, with Cromwell exceptionally retained in it as second in command to Fairfax, the result was at once seen. On June 14, 1645, there was fought the great battle of Naseby, in which the King was utterly ruined. The war was to straggle on in detail for a year more; but Naseby had virtually finished it. After that battle, of course, the Independents and Sectaries, with their principle of Religious Toleration, had fuller sway in the politics of England, and the Presbyterians and their Scottish friends were checked.

Through those two important years Milton, deserted by his wife, had been living on in Aldersgate Street. Shortly after his wife's departure, his aged father, dislodged from Christopher Milton's house in Reading by the capture of that town by the Parliamentarians in April 1643, had come permanently to live with him. The teaching of his two nephews, and of a few sons of friends who were admitted daily to share their lessons, had been one of the occupations of his enforced bachelorhood. His industry otherwise is attested by the fact that six new pamphlets came from his pen during the two years. One was a little *Tract on Education*, addressed (June 1644) to a friend of his, Samuel Hartlib, a well-known German, living in London, and busy with all kinds of projects and speculations. It expounded Milton's views of an improved system of education for gentlemen's sons, that should supersede the existing public schools and universities. It was followed (Nov. 1644) by his famous "*Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*," addressed to the Parliament, and urging them to repeal an Ordinance they had passed in June 1643 for the Regulation of the Press by a staff of official censors. In this pamphlet there was abundant evidence that Milton, as might have been inferred from his passion for intellectual liberty from his earliest youth, was in political

sympathy with the Independents. It was the most eloquent plea for freedom of opinion and speech on all subjects that had yet appeared in the English or in any other tongue. But, indeed, by this time Milton and the Presbyterians were at open war for reasons more peculiar and personal. Hardly had his wife left him when he had published (August 1643) an extraordinary pamphlet entitled "*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the Good of both Sexes,*" in which, without mention of his own case, but with implied reference to it, he argued that obstinate incompatibility of mind or temper between husband and wife is as lawful a ground for divorce as infidelity, and that any two persons who, after marriage, found that they did not suit each other, should be at liberty, on complying with certain public formalities, to separate and marry again. A second and much enlarged edition of this treatise appeared in February, 1643-4, openly dedicated to the Parliament; and the same doctrine was advocated in three subsequent tracts: viz., "*The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*" (July 1644); "*Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*" (March 1644-5); and "*Colasterion: a Reply to a Nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*" (March 1644-5). It is impossible now to imagine adequately the commotion caused in the religious world of London and of England by Milton's four Divorce Pamphlets. He was denounced and stigmatised at once as a heretic of the worst kind, the promulgator of a doctrine of hideous import, that would corrupt public morals and sap the very foundations of society. He was preached against from the pulpit, written against in books, named everywhere among the orthodox with horror and execration. The Presbyterian Divines, in particular, were violent in their attacks upon him, coupling him with the most notorious heretics and sectaries of the time, and pointing to him as an example of the excesses to which Toleration would lead. They complained of him to Parliament, so that actually twice he and his writings were the subject of Parliamentary notice and inquiry. There were men in Parliament, however, who knew him; and, though his Divorce doctrine shocked many of the Independents as well as the Presbyterians, the general feeling among the Independents was that it ought to be regarded in his case only as the eccentric speculation of a very able and noble man. He was therefore let alone; and his pamphlets, circulating in English society,

then in a ferment of new ideas of all kinds, did make some converts, so that *Miltonists* or *Divorciers* came to be recognised as one of the *Sects* of the time. Thus, though Milton had been the friend and adviser of the five *Smectymnuans* who were now leading Presbyterians, in the Westminster Assembly, though he had himself in his Anti-Episcopal pamphlets advocated what was substantially, a Presbyterian constitution for the Church of England, and though, with hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen, he had signed the Solemn League and Covenant and welcomed the Scots, he had, by a natural course of events, been led to repudiate utterly the Presbyterians, the Scots, and their principles, and to regard them as narrow-minded and pragmatical men, enemies to English freedom.

Phillips believes that his uncle was so resolute in his Divorce views that he was prepared to put them in practice and risk the consequences. In or before 1645 there were proposals of marriage, Phillips had heard, to a Miss Davis, though that lady was naturally reluctant. Unexpectedly, however, and just at the crisis, the wife reappeared. The shattering of the King's fortunes at Naseby had led Mr. and Mrs. Powell of Forest-hill to reconsider the state of affairs, with the conclusion that it would be better for their daughter to go back to her husband. Arrangements having been made, she came to London; Milton was entrapped into an interview with her; and a reconciliation was effected. This was in July or August 1645, after two years of separation, and exactly at the time when Milton, having had pressing applications to receive more pupils than the Aldersgate Street house could accommodate, had taken a larger house in the same neighbourhood.

How completely Milton had desisted from Poetry during his five years in Aldersgate Street appears from the extreme slenderness of the list of his poetical pieces belonging to this period: -

Sonnet "When the Assault was intended to the City" (Sonnet VIII). 1642.

Sonnet to a Lady (Sonnet IX). 1644.

Sonnet "To the Lady Margaret Ley" (Sonnet X). 1644.

Translated scraps from Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Horace, Sophocles, and

Euripides, in the Prose Pamphlets (now appended to the Minor English

Poems). 1641-1645.

Philosophus ad Regem Quendam (Greek Verses).

BARBICAN, LONDON.

1645—1647: *ætat.* 37—39.

The house to which Milton removed was in the street called Barbican, going off from Aldersgate Street at right angles, and within a walk of two or three minutes from his former house. As you went from Aldersgate Street it was on the right side of Barbican. It existed entire till the other day, when one of the new city railways was cut through that neighbourhood. Milton, with his wife, his father, the two nephews, and other pupils, entered the house, as I calculate, in September 1645; and it was to be his house for two years.

One of the first incidents after the removal to Barbican was the publication by the bookseller Moscley of the first or 1645 edition of Milton's *Minor Poems* (see General Introduction to *Minor Poems*). Milton evidently attached some importance to the appearance of the little volume at that particular time. It would remind people that he was not merely a controversial prose-writer, but something more. Nor was this unnecessary. Although he wrote no more upon *Divorce*, his opinions on the subject were unchanged, and the infamy with the orthodox brought upon him by his past *Divorce* Pamphlets still pursued him. The little volume of *Poems* might do something to counteract such unfavourable judgments. Not but that Milton had many friends whose admiration and respect for him were undisturbed, if indeed they were not enhanced, by the boldness of his opinions. Such were those, some of them relatives of his own, and others of considerable rank in London society, who accounted it a favour that he should receive their sons or nephews as his pupils. The two years in Barbican, we learn from Phillips, were his busiest time in pedagogy. The house seems to have been, in fact, a small private academy, in which Milton carried out, as far as he could with about a dozen day-scholars and boarders, the plan of education explained in his tract to Hartlib, and especially his method for expeditiously acquiring the Latin tongue, and at the same time a great deal of useful knowledge, by readings in a course of books different from those usually read in schools.

The King's cause having been desperate since Naseby, he at length left Oxford in disguise, to avoid being taken there by the New-Model army of English Independents, and surrendered himself

to the Scottish auxiliaries (May 1646), who immediately withdrew with him to Newcastle. The Civil War was then over, and the garrisons that still held out for the King yielded one by one. Oxford surrendered to Fairfax in June 1646; and Milton's father-in-law Mr. Powell, who had been shut up in that city, availed himself of the Articles of Surrender, and came to London, with his wife and several of their children. Through losses in the Civil War and sequestration of their small remaining property, they were in a very poor condition, and were glad of the shelter of Milton's house. Here Mr. Powell died, January 1, 1646-7, leaving his affairs in sad confusion. Two months and a half afterwards Milton's own father died. He was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, March 15, 1646-7. The birth of Milton's first child, a daughter named Anne, had preceded these deaths by a few months (July 29, 1646). After the death of Milton's father, Mrs. Powell and her children removed from the house in Barbican to some other part of London, Milton making her an allowance out of a small property in Oxfordshire of which he took legal possession as one of the creditors of his late father-in-law. Mrs. Powell and her affairs were to cause him a good deal of trouble, at intervals, for the next seven years.

• The possession of the King by the Scots at Newcastle had greatly complicated for a time the political struggle between the English Presbyterians and the English Independents. The Presbyterians wanted to treat with him in such a way as to get rid of the Army of Sectaries which the Civil War had created, and establish, after all, a strict and universal system of Presbytery in England, without any toleration. The Independents, on the other hand, if they were to treat with him at all, wanted to make terms that should prevent such a universal Presbyterian domination, and secure religious liberty for themselves and the sects. Thinking that the possession of him by the Scots gave the Presbyterians an advantage, the Independents and the Army were for a time furious against the Scots, and threatened to chase them out of England and take Charles from them by force. At length, however, Charles refusing to take the Covenant and consent to the establishment of complete Presbytery,—which were the only terms on which the Scots would stand by him,—they accepted the arrears due to them from the English, and retired into Scotland, leaving the King to the custody of the English Parliament (January 1646-7). Confined by the Parliament at Holmby

House in Northamptonshire, and still refusing to come to any definite treaty on the basis of nineteen Propositions which had been sent to him, Charles then watched the chances in his favour arising out of the contest between the Presbyterians and the Independents on the question whether the Army should be disbanded. The Presbyterians, as the war was over, and the expense of the army was great, insisted that it should; but the Army itself refused to be disbanded, and the Independents abetted them, on the ground, among others, that there would be no security then for a right settlement with the King or for Liberty of Conscience in England. So violent grew the dispute that, at last the Army dethroned Parliamentary authority, moved about in revolt, and seized the King at Holmby (June 1647), with a view to come to an understanding with him in their own way. The indignation among the Presbyterians was then extreme; and the Londoners, who were in the main zealous for Presbyterian uniformity, rose in tumult, stormed the Houses of Parliament, and tried to coerce them into a conflict with the Army for its forcible disbandment and the rescue of the King. But the excitement was brief. Fairfax marched the Army into London; the tumults were quietly suppressed; a few of the leading Presbyterians in Parliament, whom the Army regarded as its chief enemies, were expelled from their seats; and the Parliament and the Army fraternised, and agreed to forget their differences (Aug. 1647).—The Army, in fact, had assumed the political mastery of England. It was a strange crisis for the country, but for the King it brought chances which were the best he ever had. Since the Army had taken him in charge they had treated him very generously, permitting him to reside where he liked, and to pay visits and receive visits freely, only within military bounds. And now, restored to his own Palace of Hampton Court, with his episcopal chaplains and others of his old courtiers about him, he was more like a sovereign again than a prisoner, the Army only guarding him, or massed in his near vicinity, while their chiefs, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, held interviews with him, and tried to bring him to a compact. The terms they offered were more liberal than those of the Presbyterians. They were anxious to try the experiment of a restored Royalty with strong constitutional safeguards, and with an arrangement on the Church question which, while it should not disturb the Presbyterian establishment so far as it had been already set up, should save Charles's personal scruples in religion as much as possible, and

guarantee to all non-Presbyterians a general liberty of belief and worship.

No man in England was more interested in all this than Milton in Barbican. Not only had a general system of Presbyterian Church-government been voted for England; but the system was by this time in actual operation in London and in Lancashire. Each London parish had its parochial Church Court; the parishes had been grouped into "classes" or Presbyteries, each with its Presbyterian Court; nay, the First Provincial Synod of all London had actually met (May 1647). Now, if this system had been as strict practically as it ought to have been by the theory of those who had set it up and of those who administered it, Milton and all men like him would have fared rather badly. A marked heretic and sectary, whose name stood prominently in the black list again and again published by the London Presbyterians, he would have been called to account by the Church Courts and remitted by them to the Civil. Only the fact that the Presbytery set up was imperfect and tentative, with no real powers as yet over any but its voluntary adherents, prevented such consequences to Milton. Little wonder, then, that he followed with interest the movements of those whose activity stood between him and that Presbyterian domination which would have made such consequences inevitable. Little wonder that he approved heartily of all that the Army had done, and regarded their march into London and seizure of the political mastery in August 1647 as not only a deliverance for England, but also a protection for himself.

With the exception of one Latin Familiar Epistle, dated April 1647, and addressed to his well-remembered friend, Carlo Dati of Florence, we can assign to Milton's two years in Barbican only the following pieces of writing.

In Effigiei Ejus Sculptorem (Greek Verses). 1645.

Sonnet "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises" (Sonnet XI). 1645.

Sonnet "On the Same" (Sonnet XII). 1645.

Sonnet "To Mr. Henry Lawes on his Airs" (Sonnet XIII). 1646.

Sonnet "On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, my Christian Friend" (Sonnet XIV). 1646.

On the New Forcers of Conscience (among the Sonnets). 1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academia Bibliothecarium (among the *Sylvæ*). 1646-7.

Apologus de Rustico et Hero (appended to *Elegiarum Liber*).

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

1647—1649: *ætat.* 39—41.

It was just after the entry of the Army into London, Phillips tells us,—*i.e.* it was in September or October 1647,—that Milton, tired by this time of the drudgery of teaching, and desiring quiet for his own pursuits, “left his great house in Barbican, and betook himself to a smaller in High Holborn, among those that open backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields.” The house cannot be distinguished, and is probably not now extant; but its site was somewhere in the present block between Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile. That was then a pleasant and airy neighbourhood.

Of Milton's occupations during the eighteen months or so of his residence in this house we know little else than that he was busy over three prose enterprises which he had projected long ago and had prosecuted at intervals. One was the collection of materials for a Latin Dictionary; a second was the preparation of a System of Divinity directly from the Bible; the third was the compilation of a History of Britain. It was while he was thus studiously engaged that the tragedy of the Reign of Charles came to a conclusion. •

After Cromwell and the other Army chiefs had persisted in negotiating with Charles at Hampton Court till the Army had grown impatient, and had begun to suspect their chiefs, and to call out for a pure Democracy as the only fit consummation, Charles had himself precipitated matters by escaping from the negotiation and the Army at the same time, and taking refuge in the Isle of Wight (November 1647). Committed to safe keeping in Carisbrooke Castle, he was followed thither by commissioners from Parliament, charged to treat with him peremptorily on a severe recast of the old terms. He was still obdurate on the essential points, and Parliament formally decreed that all negotiation with him should cease (January 1647-8). By that time he had made a secret treaty with the Scots, from which he expected vast results. On his promise to confirm the Covenant and Presbyterian government in England, and to suppress Independency and all Sects and Heresies, the Scottish Government then in power had undertaken to invade England in his behalf, rouse the English Presbyterians, and restore him to his royal rights. Thus, in May 1648, began the SECOND CIVIL WAR. Masses of the English Presby-

terians, including the Londoners, forgetting all the past, and exulting only in the prospect of subduing the Independents, the Army, and the Sectaries, were hurried into a frenzy of Royalism in common with the Old Royalists or Cavaliers. There were risings in various districts, and threats of rising everywhere; and, when the Scots did invade England under the Duke of Hamilton (July 1648), even the Parliament began to falter. Cromwell's marvellous defeat of the Scots in the three days' battle of Preston (August 17—19), and Fairfax's extinction of the insurrection in the South-Eastern Counties by the capture of Colchester after a six weeks' siege (August 28), ended the brief tempest and brought Charles to his doom. There was still some farther treaty with him in the Isle of Wight on the part of the Parliament, the Army looking on with anger, but reserving its interference to the last. The treaty having failed like all the rest, the Army, which had resolved in no case to be bound by it, did interfere. They brought Charles from the Isle of Wight; they purged the Parliament of some scores of its members, so as to reduce it to a body fit for their purposes; they compelled the Parliament so purged to set up a Court of High Justice for the trial of the King; and, though many even of the Independents shrank at the final moment, the sentence of this Court, dooming Charles to death on the scaffold, was duly executed, Jan. 30, 1648-9, in front of Whitehall. England then passed into the condition of a Republic, to be governed by the *Rump of the Long Parliament*,—i.e. by that fragment of the Commons House which the Army had left in existence,—in conjunction with a *Council of State*, consisting of forty-one members of the Rump chosen as a Ministry or Executive. Scotland, monarchical still, proclaimed Charles II., and sent envoys to him in Holland.

The pieces from Milton's pen in High Holborn during this rapid rush of events are few enough, but are characteristic:—

Nine of the Psalms (Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.) done into Metre. April 1648.

Sonnet "On the Lord General Fairfax at the Siege of Colchester" (Sonnet xv). Sept. 1648.

AT CHARING CROSS, AND IN SCOTLAND YARD, WHITEHALL.

1649—1652: ætat. 41—44.

Milton at once adhered to the Republic, and in a very open and emphatic manner, by the publication (Feb. 1648-9) of his "*Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a Tyrant, or Wicked King, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected to do it.*" It was a thoroughgoing Republican pamphlet, defending in every particular the recent proceedings of the English Army, and containing also a severe invective against the whole life and reign of Charles. It had been begun and almost finished before the King's death.

What more natural than that the Government of the new Commonwealth should seek to attach to its official service the author of such a pamphlet, who was moreover a man of such merits and reputation otherwise? Hardly, in fact, had the first Council of State been constituted, with Bradshaw for its President, when Milton was offered, and accepted (March 19), the post of Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council. The salary was to be about £300 a year in the money of that day; which was equivalent to about £1050 a year now. The General Secretary to the Council, at a somewhat higher salary, was a Mr. Walter Frost, appointed by the Parliament; under whom was his son, Walter Frost, junior, as Assistant-Secretary, with the necessary clerks. The *Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues*, called also the *Latin Secretaryship*, was a special and independent office, instituted by the Council itself, chiefly in view of expected correspondence between the Commonwealth and Foreign Powers. It had been agreed that all letters from the Commonwealth to Foreign States and Princes should be in Latin; but, as the replies might be in various foreign tongues, a knowledge of such tongues would be useful in the Secretary. Altogether, Mr. Milton was thought the very man for the post. While Mr. Frost, as the General Secretary, would be always present at the Council meetings, and would have the conduct of the multifarious ordinary business of the Council, Mr. Milton would have to give attendance for the most part daily, but only for portions of the day. His duties, in fact, were to be very much those of the head of our present Foreign Office next

under the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with the difference that the Council of State then managed the Foreign Ministry, as well as every other department of State, and that the diplomatic correspondence of the Commonwealth was not likely to be so extensive but that one Secretary, with a clerk or two, could manage it all.

The duties, at all events, made it convenient that Milton should reside near to the Council, the meetings of which were held for the first month or two in Derby House, close to the Houses of Parliament, but afterwards permanently in Whitehall. Accordingly, just after his appointment, he left his house in High Holborn, and took lodgings "at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden." This was only till official apartments could be prepared for him in Whitehall; and in November 1649, seven or eight months after he had begun his Secretaryship, such apartments were assigned to him by the Council. They were in that end of the extensive palace of Old Whitehall which was called Scotland Yard. Not a few members of the Council of State, with others of the Parliament, were similarly accommodated in Whitehall; which had, in fact, been converted into a range of Government-offices. Milton occupied his Whitehall or Scotland Yard rooms for somewhat more than two years, or till near the end of the third year of his Secretaryship. After he had been in them for some time, the Council voted him some of the late King's hangings, or curtains and tapestry, for the better furnishing of the rooms.

To give the details of Milton's life in the first years of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State would be really, in some measure, to narrate the history of the English Commonwealth, so exactly at the centre of affairs was he by his official position, and with so many of the public proceedings of the time as he personally concerned. It would be a mistake to suppose that his sole employment was in drafting letters in Latin to foreign Governments. Among the State Documents of the Commonwealth, indeed, from 1649 onwards, there is a long series of Latin letters to Foreign Courts and Princes, all of Milton's penning, and some of them, though Milton only embodied the instructions given him, unmistakably his own in form and expression. It was part of his duty, however, not only to prepare such letters for the approbation of the Council, or of Parliament (for some of them had to be read in

Parliament and approved there before the Speaker signed and despatched them), but also to translate foreign papers, and to be in attendance at interviews of the Council, or of Committees of the Council or of Parliament, with foreign ambassadors and envoys. Indeed, sometimes he had himself to wait on ambassadors or envoys, and to convey delicate messages to them, in the name of the Council. In this way his acquaintanceship among eminent foreigners living in London, or visiting London, came gradually to be very extensive. Gradually only; for in the first years of his official life, while Foreign Powers as yet, with few exceptions, held aloof from the Commonwealth, the particular duties of the Foreign Secretaryship were far from onerous. A despatch once in two months to the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, the Hamburg Senate, etc., is about the measure of the preserved Foreign Correspondence for the years 1649-1651. From the first, therefore, the Council had availed themselves of Milton's services in very miscellaneous work. If they wanted a book, or a set of dangerous papers, reported on, with a view to a prosecution for sedition, they referred the task to Mr. Milton; if they were in negotiation with an author or a printer with a view to some publication in the interest of the Government, Mr. Milton was requested to superintend the transaction; everything, in short, involving literary knowledge or judgment, went to Mr. Milton rather than to Mr. Frost. Occasionally he brought some matter of his own accord before the Council, or used his influence in behalf of some scholar or man of letters, such as Davenant, who had got into difficulties through his Royalism. One would hardly have expected to find the author of the *Arcopagitica* acting as an official Licencer of the Press; but, for a whole year, I have distinctly ascertained, Milton was the official licencer of the newspaper called *Mercurius Politicus*. As it was, in fact, a Government organ, conducted by Mr. Marchamont Needham, who had formerly been a Royalist pamphleteer and journalist, the censorship must be supposed to have implied a superintending editorship. Indeed, Milton's hand is to be traced in the leading articles in the newspaper through the year 1651; and some of them, I think, are wholly of his composition. To Milton's Secretaryship was also attached an "inspection into" the State Paper Office in Whitehall: i.e. a kind of keepership of the Records. Nor was this all. When the Council of State had chosen Milton as their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, they had secured, as they knew, a man fit to

be the literary champion of the still struggling Commonwealth. Three publications of Milton, accordingly, all done at the order or by the request of the Council of State, have to be especially mentioned, as feats of the first three years of his Secretaryship.* "*Observations on Ormond's Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels and on a Representation of the Scotch Presbytery of Belfast*" is the title (somewhat abbreviated) of a pamphlet of Milton's published by authority in May 1649, when Charles II. had been proclaimed in Ireland, and the Marquis of Ormond was trying to unite in his cause the native Irish Roman Catholics, the English Settlers, and the Ulster Presbyterians. Of far greater importance was the *Eikonoklastes* (i.e. Image-Breaker), published in October 1649, in answer to the famous "*Eikon Basilike* [i.e. Royal Image] or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings," professing to be meditations and prayers written by Charles I. in his last years. The "King's Book," as it was called, then all but universally believed to be by Charles himself, though the evidence that it was a fabrication in his interest has long been regarded as conclusive, had appeared immediately after Charles's death, had circulated in different forms and in thousands of copies, and had become a kind of Bible with the Royalists. Milton's answer to it, in which he criticised both the book and the dead King with merciless severity, was received, therefore, as a signal service to the Commonwealth. More momentous still was his Latin "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*" ("Defence for the People of England"), published in April 1651, in reply to the *Defensio Regia*, or defence of Charles I. and attack upon the English Commonwealth, which had been published in Holland more than a year before by the great Leyden Professor, Salmasius, at the instance and at the expense of Charles II. Never in the world had one human being inflicted on another a more ruthless or appalling castigation than Milton here inflicted on perhaps the most renowned scholar of his day in all Europe, the veteran whom his learned contemporaries called "The Wonderful," and for the honour of possessing whom Princes and Courts contended; and just in proportion to the celebrity of the victim so murdered, trampled on, and gashed, was the amazement over the man that had done the deed. The book had been out little more than two months when the Council of State, after offering a reward in money to Milton, which he declined, passed and inserted in their Minutes (June 17, 1651) this vote of thanks to

him: The Council, taking notice of the many good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secretary for Foreign Tongues, to this State and Commonwealth, particularly of his Book in vindication of the Parliament and People of England against the calumnies and invectives of Salmasius, have thought fit to declare their resentment and good acceptance of the same, and that the thanks of the Council be returned to Mr. Milton, and their sense represented in that behalf." But it was abroad, and among foreigners in London, that the Reply to Salmasius excited the most lively interest. From all the Embassies in London Milton received formal calls or speedy messages of compliment, expressly on account of the book; and in Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and elsewhere, copies were in extraordinary demand, and a topic of talk among scholars for months was the mangling which the great Salmasius had received from one of "the English mastiffs." It is not too much to say that before the end of the year 1651, in consequence of this one book, Milton's name was more widely known on the Continent than that of any other Englishman then living, except Oliver Cromwell.

Though Cromwell had been, of course, a member of the Council of State from the first, his labours through the greater part of the years 1649—1651 had been elsewhere than at Whitehall. From August 1649 to June 1650, he had been in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant for the Commonwealth, crushing the Royalist confederacy there, and reconquering the country after its eight years of Rebellion. From July 1650 to August 1651 he had been in Scotland, where Charles II. had meanwhile been received as King, and whence the Scots threatened to bring him into England. The battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650) and subsequent successes had already made Cromwell master of all the South of Scotland, when, by a sudden movement, Charles and the Scottish Army escaped his vigilance and burst into England, obliging him to follow in pursuit. Having beaten them in the great battle of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), he was back at Whitehall at last, the acknowledged saviour of the Commonwealth, and supreme chief of England. The young King was again in exile; and the Commonwealth, now including Scotland, Ireland, and the English colonies and dominions, was to all appearance one of the most stable, as it was certainly one of the most powerful, of the European States. Such foreign Princes and Govern-

ments as had hitherto stood aloof hastened to send their embassies and apologies, and Milton's duties in the special work of his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues were likely to be more burdensome than they had been.

It is significant that the only pieces of verse known to have come from Milton's pen during the three years of his life just sketched are these :—

Scrap of Verse from Seneca, inculcating Tyrannicide, translated in *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, (now appended to *Minor English Poems*). 1649.

In Salmasii Hundredam: Scrap of Latin parody, in *Adicula of Salmasius*, in *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, (now annexed to the *Sylva*). 1651.

PETTY FRANCE, WESTMINSTER.

1652—1660 : *ætat.* 44—52.

In the beginning of 1652, for some reason or other, Milton removed from the official rooms in Whitehall which he had occupied since 1649, into a house which he had taken close at hand. It was "a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park." It existed till very recently as No. 19 York Street, Westminster, though no one looking at that dingy old house, let out in apartments, in a dense and dingy street of poor houses and shops, could imagine, without difficulty that it had been once the pretty garden-house, opening into St. James's Park, which Milton occupied. That was the house, however; and, as it was the last of Milton's London houses that had been left, and one of the most important of them, it is a pity that it was not preserved. Jeremy Bentham, whose residence was in the neighbourhood, was its proprietor in the beginning of this century, when it was still a house of respectable appearance and surroundings; and William Hazlitt lived in it from 1811 onwards, as Bentham's tenant. Milton was to inhabit it for eight years, the longest term in which we have found him in any one house yet since he left his native Bread Street. This term of eight years, however, subdivides itself biographically into three portions :—

LAST FIFTEEN MONTHS OF THE COMMONWEALTH (*Jan.* 1651—2—

April 1653 :—As the Council of State was itself elected annually by the Parliament, with changes of its members every year, Milton's Latin Secretaryship, it will be understood, had also been renewed from year to year by express appointment of each Council. In 1652 he entered on his fourth year of office. There was more to do this year, in the way of drafting foreign despatches and attending at meetings with ambassadors, than there had been previously; and, accordingly, Milton's preserved Latin despatches of the year, as given in his printed works, are about as numerous as those for the three preceding years put together. Yet it was precisely in the midst of this increase of work that Milton became incapable, as one would suppose, of secretarial work of any kind. The blindness which had been gradually coming on for some years (one eye having failed before the other), and which had been accelerated by his persistence in his book against Salmasius in spite of the warnings of his physicians, had become serious before his removal to Petty France, and was total about the middle of 1652. With such a calamity added to his almost constant ill-health otherwise, one would have expected his resignation of the Secretaryship. But the Commonwealth had no disposition to part with its literary champion; and arrangements were made for continuing him in office. Mr. Walter Frost, senior, having died in March 1652, Mr. John Thurloe had been appointed Frost's successor in the General Secretaryship to the Council, with a salary of £600 a year (worth about £2000 a year now); a naturalised German, Mr. Weckherlin, formerly in the service of Charles I. and of Parliament, was brought in to assist Milton in the Foreign Department; and, for occasional service in translating documents, Mr. Thurloe found other persons as they were wanted. Milton was distinctly retained with his full rank and title as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council; and there is positive evidence that he went on performing some portion of his old duties. What one sees, in fact, from the middle of 1652 onwards, is the blind Milton led across the Park every other day, when his health permitted, from his house in Petty France to Whitehall, sitting in the Council as before when he had to catch the substance of any resolution that had to be embodied in a Latin letter, or perhaps sometimes only receiving the necessary information from Mr. Thurloe, and then either dictating the required document on the spot, or returning home to compose it more at leisure. Whatever Weckherlin and others did to help, all

the more important despatches were still expected from Milton himself; and at receptions of ambassadors and other foreign agents he was still the proper official.

Salmasius, who had been in Sweden when Milton's Answer to him appeared, had returned to Holland in no enviable state of mind. He had been vowing revenge, and was even rumoured to have a Reply ready for the press; but none was forthcoming. Meanwhile several attacks on Milton in his behalf by other persons were published abroad anonymously and in Latin. One of these, a very poor thing, attributed at the time to the Irish ex-Bishop Bramhall, but really by a refugee English preacher named Rowland, was handed over by Milton for answer to his younger nephew, John Phillips. The result was "*Johannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis*" (1652), a pamphlet so revised and touched by Milton that it may be accounted partly his. He reserved wholly for himself the task of replying to a far more formidable and able attack made upon him by an anonymous friend of Salmasius under the title "*Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). Published at the Hague late in 1652, this book was so pungent, and contained such charges against Milton's personal character, that he could not let it pass; but the Answer was deferred. For the rest, the literary relics of the last fifteen months of his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth consist only of three Latin Familiar Epistles, two of them to foreigners, and the following two Sonnets:—

Sonnet "To the Lord General Cromwell" (Sonnet XVI). May 1652.

Sonnet "To Sir Henry Vane the younger" (Sonnet XVII). Put into Vane's hands July 3, 1652.

CROMWELL'S DICTATORSHIP AND PROTECTORATE (*April* 1653—*Sept.* 1658):—The Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane were written just at the time when those two chiefs of the Republic were coming to an irreconcilable difference. Cromwell, and the whole Army at his back, had made up their minds that the time had come for a more regular Government of the Commonwealth than the anomalous makeshift by the Rump of the Long Parliament, consisting of about a hundred and twenty persons at the utmost, surviving out of a House of five hundred that had been returned by English con-

stituencies as far back as 1640. The question of a dissolution and of the election of a new and complete Parliament on a reformed system of popular suffrage, including all that would be faithful to the Commonwealth, had again and again been discussed, and a rather distant day for a dissolution had at last been fixed. There were, however, misunderstandings on the subject, with signs that Vane and others were bent on a policy antagonistic to the views of Cromwell and the Army. On the 20th of April 1653 Cromwell concluded the business by going to the House with a company of musketeers, turning out Vane and the other fifty-two members who were then sitting, locking the doors, and giving the key and the mace into the keeping of one of his colonels. He dissolved the Council of State the same day. The Commonwealth proper being thus at an end, there ensued the five years and four months of Cromwell's supremacy. It was divided into (1) what may be called his *Interim Dictatorship* (April—Dec. 1653), when he governed, still as "Lord General Cromwell," by the aid of a Council of his Officers, waiting the issue of the special convention of select persons from England, Scotland, and Ireland, which he had summoned for the emergency, and which is remembered now as the Little Parliament or Barebones Parliament; and (2) his *Protectorate* (Dec. 1653—Sept. 1658), when he ruled with the title of "Lord Protector." The Protectorate itself passed through two phases. Till May 1657 Cromwell was still in a manner but the elected head of a Republic; but thence to his death, Sept. 3, 1658, he was virtually King.

Though all the inhabitants of England, Scotland, and Ireland were obliged to acquiesce in Cromwell's supremacy, and though in the course of his powerful rule he succeeded in winning general respect, and especially in making the entire population of the British Islands proud of the position asserted for them in Europe by his magnanimous foreign policy, yet the *Oliverians*, as his more express and thorough adherents were called, consisted of but a section of the former Army-men and Republicans. A considerable proportion of the old Republicans, with such men as Bradshaw and Vane as their chiefs, remained resolute in their objection to Single-Person Sovereignty of any kind, and resented privately, and publicly opposed on occasion, even Cromwell's assumption of such Single-Person Sovereignty, condemning it as an infidelity to the principles of pure Republicanism. Milton, whose admiration for Cromwell

had all along been immense, was decidedly, on the whole, one of the Oliverians, though not without some friendly sympathy with Bradshaw and Van, and not without some reserves and dissent of his own, appertaining chiefly to that part of Oliver's policy which refused an absolute separation of Church and State, and persisted in the preservation and extension of a Church Establishment and State-paid Clergy. He had approved even of Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Parliament and of that Council of State which he himself served; and he regarded Cromwell's Dictatorship and Protectorate as the best effective embodiment for the time of the principles of real Republicanism. It need be no matter for surprise, therefore, that Milton was continued in his Latin Secretaryship. There was conjoined with him, indeed, in 1653, a Philip Meadows, entitled also "Latin Secretary"; Milton's friend Andrew Marvell was brought in at a later time (Sept. 1657) to give some assistance; and there was some fluctuation of Milton's salary in the course of the Protectorate. In 1655, on a general reduction of official salaries, it was ordered that Milton's should be reduced to £150 *per annum*, but that the same should be settled on him for his life. Actually, however, this sum was raised to £200 a year (worth about £700 a year now); with which salary, and with Meadows first, but latterly Marvell, as his coadjutor, doing all the routine work, Milton remained the Latin Secretary Extraordinary.

Among his preserved Latin State Letters, besides about half a dozen written in the latter part of 1653 for Cromwell's Council of Officers or for the Barebones Parliament, there are as many as eighty belonging to the Protectorate itself, and despatched as Cromwell's own letters, with his signature, "*OLIVERIUS, Angliæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, &c., Protector.*" Most famous, perhaps, among these now are the Letters written in 1655 on the subject of the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants. See an account of them in the Introduction to Sonnet XVIII. All in all, though Milton's secretarial services under the Protectorate must have been confined mainly to such eloquent expression in Latin of the Protector's more important messages to Foreign Powers, it is a memorable fact in the history of England that he was one of Cromwell's faithful officials to the last, often in colloquy with him, and sometimes in ceremonial attendance at his Court. For any colloquy, Milton, with his clear blind eyes, would be led into the room where Cromwell was; and

at any Court concert or the like, Milton, if he came, would be conducted gently to a seat. More and more, however, there is evidence of Milton's continued dissatisfaction with Cromwell's very conservative Church policy. While Cromwell, who had set up a Church Establishment on the broad basis of a comprehension of all the English Evangelical sects, regarded the sustentation and perpetuation of such an Established Church in the nation as the very apple of his eye,—though equally resolute also in his other principle that there should be an ample toleration of dissent from that Church and liberty beyond its bounds,—Milton had settled more and more into the theory of absolute Religious Voluntarism, regarding a State Church with a toleration as only a deceptive compromise, and thinking real religious liberty incompatible with the existence of a State Church on any basis whatever. The Protector must have been aware of these differences from himself in the mind of his blind Latin Secretary, and they may have somewhat affected their personal relations.

In 1653 or 1654 Milton's wife died, still a very young woman, leaving him, at the age of forty-five, a widower with three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah. The eldest, who was somewhat deformed, was but in her eighth year; the second was in her sixth; the youngest was a mere infant. A son, born in Scotland Yard between the second daughter and the third, had not survived. How the motherless little creatures were brought up in the house in Petty France, under the charge of their blind father, no one knows. It may have been a happy chance for them when he married again, Nov. 12, 1656. But the second wife, known merely as Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney, died in childbirth Feb. 10, 1657-8, only fifteen months after the marriage, the child dying also; and thus, in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton, in his fiftieth year, was again a widower, with his three motherless girls, the eldest not twelve years old. One can fancy, in the house in Petty France, the blind father, a kind of stern King Lear, mostly by himself, and the three young things pattering about as noiselessly as possible, at their own will or in the charge of some servant. It was to be tragic in the end, both for him and for them.

What of Milton's independent literary activity through the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate? For a blind man it was consider-

able.—Besides fourteen of his Latin Familiar Epistles, most of them to foreign friends, there belong to the period of the Protectorate two of Milton's most substantial Latin pamphlets. The first, which appeared in 1654, was his Reply to that attack upon him, already mentioned, which had been published at the Hague in 1652 by some anonymous friend of Salmasius. While defending his own character in this Reply, Milton made it also a new defence of the English Nation; and hence it was entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*" ("Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the English People"). Both historically and autobiographically, it is one of the most interesting of Milton's pamphlets. It contains his splendid and most memorable panegyric on Cromwell, with notices of Fairfax, Bradshaw, Fleetwood, Lambert, Whalley, Overton, and others. Milton assumes throughout that the author of the book to which he was replying was a certain Alexander More or Morus, a Frenchman of Scottish descent, then settled in Holland; and the licence he gives himself in his personal abuse of this Morus is something frightful. Morus, who had only had a hand in the publication of the book that had given the offence,—the real author of which was Peter du Moulin, afterwards prebendary of Canterbury,—replied to Milton's attack, in a tract called "*Fides Publica*," followed by a "*Supplementum*," and so drew from Milton in 1655 another pamphlet entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum*" ("Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for himself, against Alexander More"), to which was annexed "*Authoris ad Alexandri Mori Supplementum Responsio*" ("The Author's Reply to Alexander More's Supplement"). This closed the controversy; and the only other known publication of Milton in Oliver's lifetime was an edition, in May 1658, of a treatise of Sir Walter Raleigh, entitled *The Cabinet Council*, from a manuscript which had somehow come into his possession.—In the shape of Verse we have from Milton, through the time of Cromwell's rule, the following:—

Eight of the Psalms (Psalms I.—VIII.) done into Verse. Aug. 1653.

The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I., translated.

De Moro (Scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to *Elegiarum Liber*, though not really Milton's). 1654.

In Salmasium (another scrap from the *Defensio Secunda*, now appended to the *Sylve*). 1654.

Ad Christinam, Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli (appended to the *Elégiarum, Liber*, as attributed to Milton; but almost certainly by Andrew Marvell). 1654.

Sonnet "On the late Massacre in Piedmont" (Sonnet XVIII). 1655.

Sonnet on his Blindness (Sonnet XIX).

Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence (Sonnet XX).

Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner (Sonnet XXI).

Sonnet to the same (Sonnet XXII). 1655.

Sonnet to the memory of his Second Wife (Sonnet XXIII). 1658.

A fact of special interest, for which there is very good authority, is that the actual composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun in the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, *i.e.* in 1658, about the date of the last of Milton's Sonnets. In resuming the subject, first projected in 1639 or 1640, Milton abandoned the dramatic form then contemplated, and settled on the epic.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL, AND ANARCHY PRECEDING THE RESTORATION (*Sept.* 1658—*May* 1660):—Eleven printed Latin Letters by Milton in the name of the Protector Richard, and two written by him for the restored Rump Parliament after Richard's abdication (April 1659), attest the continuance of Milton's Secretaryship into this wretched period. Indeed, as late as October 1659 he and his friend Andrew Marvell are found in receipt of their salaries of £200 a year each, as formally colleagues in the office. But, "a little before the King's coming over," Phillips informs us, he was sequestered from his office and "the salary thereunto belonging."

O, how Milton had been struggling, and how he struggled to the last, to avert that calamity, as he regarded it, of "the King's coming over"! A new and enlarged edition of his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium* had appeared in October 1658. "*A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes, showing that it is not lawful for any power on earth to compel in matters of Religion*," is the title of a pamphlet he had published in Feb. 1658-9, while Richard was still Protector, and addressed indeed to Richard's Parliament, in the hope that the adoption of its ideas, and consequently of a policy less favourable to Church-establishments than that of Oliver, might tend to the popularity of the New Protectorate and to the preservation of the Cromwell Dynasty. Even in that pamphlet, however, it was to be perceived that Milton's sympathies had gone back considerably to the old Republican Party of Vane and the rest, as the likeliest now

to avert the dangers imminent since Oliver's death ; and this became more apparent after the compelled abdication of Richard, the dissensions of the Army-chiefs among themselves, and the triumph of the Old Republicans by the Restoration of the Rump in May 1659. Milton may be said to have then declared himself openly for "the good old cause," as it was fondly called,—i.e. for return to a pure Republic, under Parliamentary management, and liberated from all military control. To this effect, he had addressed to the Restored Rump Parliament, in August 1659, another Disestablishment and Disendowment Tract, more outspoken than the last, and entitled "*Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church.*" Like its predecessor, it had fallen dead, the Restored Rump being too busy with other matters to take up the subject. In October 1659, when the Restored Rump was again dispersed by Lambert's *coup d'état*, and the Wallingford House Council of Army-officers, with Fleetwood, Lambert, and Desborough as their chiefs, had taken the government into their hands, Milton's political flexibility,—if we may give that name to his willingness to accept, and his anxiety that his countrymen should accept, any form of government whatever that would preserve the Commonwealth and keep out the Stuarts,—was again manifest. In a private letter, entitled "*Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth,*" he severely condemned Lambert's violent suppression of the Rump ; but, as the act had been done, he advised the Army men and the civil Republicans or Republicans of the Rump to attempt agreement and co-operation for the future on the basis of a dual system of permanent Councils of State or Central Governing Bodies, one military and the other civil, the members of both to be pledged to the principles of Liberty of Conscience and opposition to Single-Person Sovereignty in any guise. Thenceforward, through the increasing anarchy, Milton is found still in the same mood of passionate anxiety for the preservation of the Republic by any practical compromise whatever. Sinking for the while his own favourite idea of Church-Disestablishment, and addressing himself to the now paramount question of a Republican Constitution of any tolerable sort that would terminate the anarchy and prevent the return of the Stuart Royalty, he is found studying all the numerous models of constitutions that were proposed for that end by Harrington and other theorists, meditating a freer model of his own, and always shaping and modifying that model in order that it might suit the

changing circumstances. For the circumstances themselves had been changing most remarkably. The news from Scotland of Monk's determination to be the champion of the deposed Rump, and the expectation of his march out of Scotland for that purpose, had brought the Wallingford House Government of Fleetwood and his colleagues into sudden unpopularity and collapse; and in the end of December 1659 the Rump was again in power by a second reinstatement, and was waiting the arrival of Monk. It was then that Milton, more and more desponding, more and more dreading that the efforts of himself and other Republicans would be in vain, put his thoughts on paper in the form of a pamphlet of warning and advice to be addressed to the Rump. Before it could be published the Rump was no more,—its champion Monk having arrived in London, after his ominous march from Scotland, on the 3d of February 1659-60, only to find that the Londoners were sick of the very name of the Rump, and that, unless he were himself to go down in the general roar of execration that was rising round it, he must change his tactics. He did change his tactics; and on the 21st of February 1659-60 he assumed the formal dictatorship by re-admitting to their places in Parliament as many of the "Secluded Members," or old Presbyterian members of the late King's time, as chose to come, and so transmuting the Rump into a kind of revival of the original Long Parliament, as it had stood in 1648 before the Regicide and the institution of the Republic. It was at this moment, when the restoration of the Stuarts was virtually involved in what Monk had done, and there were songs and cries in anticipation of that event, but Monk himself persisted in a most cautious silence on the subject, and the open understanding was that the Parliament of the Secluded Members should also refrain from all constitutional questions, and leave them entirely to a new "full and free Parliament," to be called for the purpose,—it was at this moment that Milton, trying to hope against hope, did publish, with the final modifications thus rendered necessary, the pamphlet he had prepared. "*The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Excellence thereof compared with the inconveniences and dangers of re-admitting Kingship in this Nation*": such was the title of this pamphlet of the first week of March 1660, perhaps the boldest and most powerful of all Milton's English pamphlets since those he had published in the first years of the Revolution. Full of the undying Republican fervour, and of the unmitigated hatred and

contempt of the Stuart Dynasty in particular, that had characterised all his intermediate pamphlets, in English or in Latin, it is peculiar from the wailing and mournful earnestness, the desperate secret sense of a lost cause, that runs through its assumed hopefulness and its dauntless personal courage. Of the "ready and easy way" recommended in it to the Parliament and the public in general, and recommended also to Monk privately at the same time by Milton in the short summary now printed in his Works under the title "*The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, easy to be put in practice and without delay, in a Letter to General Monk,*" the universal opinion was that it was neither "ready" nor "easy," but a mere wild and impracticable dream of blind Mr. Milton. In substance, Milton's plan was that the existing Parliament of mixed Rumpers and reinstated Presbyterians should declare itself perpetual, under the name of the Grand or General Council of the Nation, appointing a smaller number of its members to be a Council of State or Executive, and intimating that for the future there should be no dissolutions of Parliaments and no general elections, but only elections to supply incidental vacancies in the Grand Council by death or misdemeanour, or at the utmost to supply the places of a certain definite proportion of the members going out by rotation every second or third year,—this perpetual and indissoluble Grand Council to manage all supreme affairs, while local affairs should be left to the independent management of County Conventions or Deliberative Assemblies in all the chief cities. Amid the Royalist pamphlets that were then flying about, some of the cleverest were in express burlesque of this project of Milton's, with bitter attacks on himself, and predictions that he would soon have his deserts and be seen going to Tyburn in a cart. In fact, in April 1660, the torrent of Royalist enthusiasm, of popular clamour and impatience for the recall of the exiled Stuarts, had become irresistible and ungovernable: the Londoners and the multitude everywhere were shouting for King Charles. Not even then would Milton be silent. In that very month of April he still wrestled twice, though as at the last gasp, with what he called the "general defection" of his "misguided and abused" countrymen. In "*Brief Notes on a late Sermon,*" he replied to a Royalist oration recently preached and published by a Dr. Matthew Griffith; and in a second edition of his *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* he sought another chance of a hearing

for his derided project of a Republican Grand Council of the Nation in perpetuity. It contained new passages of almost frantic vehemence, in which he adjured his countrymen, unless they were fools and God-abandoned slaves, even yet to listen to him, and prophesied woes, and bloody revenges, and a long degradation of the British Islands, from the Restoration that was coming. His voice was drowned in hissing and laughter, the final answer to him being "*No Blind Guides*," a pamphlet by Roger L'Estrange. On the 25th of April 1660 the new "full and free Parliament," called the Convention Parliament, met in Westminster; on the 1st of May, the negotiations between Monk and the exiled King Charles having been completed, Kingship was restored and the Commonwealth declared at an end; on the 25th of May Charles II., fetched over from Holland by the fleet that had been sent for his convoy, landed at Dover; and on the 29th of May he made his triumphant entry into London and Westminster.

No piece of verse of any kind came from Milton through this time of incessant vicissitude and political confusion intervening between Oliver's death and the Restoration. It contains, however, three of his Latin Familiar Epistles.

IN HIDING AND IN CUSTODY.

1660: *ætat.* 52.

The wonder is that, at the Restoration, Milton was not hanged. At a time when they brought to the scaffold all the chief living Regicides and their accomplices that were within reach, including even Hugh Peters, and when they dug up Cromwell's body and hanged it at Tyburn, and tore also from the earth at Westminster the body of Cromwell's mother and other "Cromwellian bodies" that had been buried there with honour, the escape of Milton, the supreme defender of the Regicide through the press, the man who had attacked the memory of Charles I. with a ferocity which even some of the actual Regicides must have thought unnecessary and outrageous, is all but inexplicable.

He was for some time in real danger. Having absconded from his house in Petty France, just in time to avoid apprehension, he lay concealed, his nephew tells us, in a friend's house in Bartholomew Close, near Smithfield, during those months, from May to August

1660, in which the two houses of the Convention Parliament (first before the arrival of the King, but for the most part after he had arrived and had taken up his residence in Whitehall) were discussing the question of the vengeance to be inflicted on the Regicides and on other conspicuous Anti-Royalists of the late Interregnum. The question took the form of a protracted debate in the two Houses, with excited conferences between them, as to the precise persons, and the precise number of persons, that should be excepted from a Bill of General Indemnity and Oblivion which had been brought into the Commons on the 9th of May, in conformity with a Declaration of the King's sent over from Holland as early as April 4th. The main hue and cry in both Houses was after fifty-four persons surviving of those seventy-seven "King's judges" who had constituted themselves Regicides in chief by taking an active part in the trial and condemnation of Charles I. in January 1648-9; but other persons, to the number of between thirty and forty, were named and denounced in the course of the debates, some of them for close connection with the Regicide in one capacity, or another, and the rest for general demerit and delinquency. Milton was one of those so named in the course of the debates. On the 16th of June 1660 there was an order of the Commons for his arrest and indictment by the Attorney-General, on account of his *Eikonoklastes* and *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium*, with a resolution to petition his Majesty for the calling-in of all copies of those pamphlets, that they might be burnt by the common hangman; and on the 13th of August there came forth a royal proclamation calling in all copies of the books accordingly, and ordering them to be burnt. All the more strange it is that, when the Bill of Indemnity passed the two Houses complete, and received the King's assent on the 29th of August, Milton was not named in it from first to last as one of the excepted culprits. Twenty-three of the living Regicide Judges, with seven others connected with the Regicide more or less closely, were excepted by name absolutely, and left for capital prosecution and punishment,—ten of whom, then in custody, were actually hanged, drawn, and quartered within the next two months, while one was respited, and the rest had escaped their doom, for the present at least, by timely flight to the Continent or to America; nineteen more of the surviving Regicides, all in custody, were excepted capitally, but with a saving clause which practically commuted their sentence of death

into perpetual imprisonment; there were still other exceptions from among the less-guilty Regicides, involving penalties short of death; two non-regicide delinquents were excepted capitally, and one for every penalty short of death; eighteen more delinquents of the non-regicide class were excepted by name for perpetual civil incapacitation; and yet, from the beginning to the end of the Act of Indemnity, Milton was not mentioned for exception on any ground or to any extent whatsoever. From the 29th of August 1660, therefore, he was legally a free man, the Act of Indemnity protecting every person not specially named in itself for exception, and therefore quashing the previous procedure of the Commons against Milton. The manner of his escape suggests curious inquiries. It was effected by first black-marking him most strongly by a Parliamentary order for his special prosecution and punishment, and then ignoring him altogether in a General Bill passing through the Parliament. It is worthy of note also that the two publications of his brought before the House of Commons and the country for incrimination were his *Eikonoklastes* and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, while his recent *Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth* and his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*,—by the very date of which last, and by its terrible title, it read in full, he was legally implicated in the Regicide before the fact,—were somehow kept out of sight. All in all, the conclusion is inevitable that there must have been a very powerful combination of influences in favour of Milton, and very cautious and dexterous Parliamentary management of his case. The tradition that Davenant exerted himself in Milton's behalf, in return for a similar service done by Milton to Davenant under the Commonwealth, is credible enough; but it was on the Parliament that Milton's fate depended, and Davenant was not in the Parliament. Andrew Marvell, who was in the Parliament, must have done all he could; but Marvell was not an important member. The same tradition that attributes so much to Davenant mentions Monk's brother-in-law Sir Thomas Clarges, and Monk's intimate friend and follower Sir William Morrice, the new Secretary of State, both of them very important members of the Commons House, and both very active in the conduct of the Indemnity Bill through that House, as having taken up Milton's case warmly. If we add Mr. Arthur Annesley, also a most important member, who had been Monk's chief colleague in the preliminaries to the Restoration, and who is found afterwards,

under his higher title of Earl of Anglesey, greatly admiring Milton and much in his society, the mystery of Milton's impunity so far as the Commons were concerned, and of the management necessary to secure that impunity in a House in which Prynne and other ruthless enemies of Milton were eagerly on the watch, will be considerably diminished. It has to be remembered, however, that the Indemnity Bill had to pass through the Lords, with the strictest revision by that House of every arrangement made by the Commons, and so that, if Chancellor Hyde, as Prime Minister for Charles, or if Charles himself, had lifted a finger against Milton, his escape would have been impossible. There is no proof of any interference by either the King or the Chancellor, for or against; but, if the propriety of bringing Milton to punishment was ever discussed in any meeting of Charles's Privy Council, the conclusion must have been in some such words as these,—“It is not worth while: let the blind blackguard live.” From and after August 29th, 1660, we repeat, Milton was legally a free man.

Emerging from his concealment in Bartholomew Close, he was beginning to be led about in the streets again, when, by some mistake, or by malice on the part of some one, he was arrested and taken into custody. This seems to have been either in September 1660, in which month there were several public burnings of his *Eikonoklastes* and his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* by the hands of the hangman in London and elsewhere, as by the recent proclamation, or in October, which was the month of the executions of the condemned Regicides at Charing Cross and Tyburn. It is probable that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, who had fees to expect from his prisoners, thought himself still entitled to act on the order of the Commons of the preceding 16th of June for the arrest of Milton, notwithstanding the intervening Bill of Indemnity. At all events, the Journals of the House of Commons record that, on Saturday the 15th of December 1660, the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to release Mr. Milton forthwith on payment of his fees, and that, on the following Monday, December 17th, on a complaint from Mr. Milton that the fees demanded by the Sergeant-at-Arms were exorbitant, the matter was referred to the Committee of Privileges, with powers to call Mr. Milton and the Sergeant-at-Arms before them and settle the dispute. From another authority we learn that the fees demanded were £150, worth about £500 now, and that the

member who brought Milton's complaint before the House was Mr. Andrew Marvell.

HOLBORN AGAIN, AND JEWIN STREET.*

1660—1664: *ætat.* 52—56.

For some little time after Milton's complete release he lived in Holborn, near what is now Red Lion Square, on the side of the great Holborn thoroughfare opposite to that which contained his former house in the same thoroughfare. As soon as possible, however, he removed to his old and favourite Aldersgate Street vicinity, having taken a house in Jewin Street, which goes off from Aldersgate Street on the same side as Barbican, but nearer to St. Martin's-le-Grand than either Barbican or the site of Milton's former Aldersgate Street house. If this Jewin Street house still exists, it has not been identified.

It was from those two houses, in Holborn and in Jewin Street, that Milton witnessed, or rather heard of, all those miscellaneous events and proceedings of the Hyde or Clarendon Administration which were to undo, as far as was possible, the achievements of the preceding twenty years, and which are comprised now in English Histories in the single phrase *The Restoration*. What had been the united Commonwealth was again broken into its three parts, England, Scotland, and Ireland; and in each the partisans of the late system found themselves disgraced and degraded, and the regulation of affairs passed into the hands of Cavaliers returned from exile, and of such renegades or new men as these drew in their train. In England Episcopacy was restored, with the Liturgy, and all else that belonged to the old Anglican Church; two thousand Presbyterian and Independent or Baptist ministers were ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity; and by other Acts civil penalties and disadvantages, gradually more and more excruciating, were attached to every profession of Dissent. In Scotland all acts passed since 1633 were repealed; the Kirk was forced back into Prelacy, with Archbishop Sharp at its head; and there began, under a Privy Council in Edinburgh, the chiefs of which are said by Burnet to have been generally drunk, those ruthless barbarities against the Presbyterians which are still remembered as "The Persecutions." In Ireland there were

measures to correspond. With this universal political reaction, there was a change in public morals and manners. Round a Court which set an example of shamelessness, London and the general English world were whirled, by a rebound from the extreme Puritan strictness that had been in fashion, into an ostentatious revelry in Anti-Puritanism. Swearing, swaggering, and an affectation of profligacy, were the proofs of a proper abhorrence of the cant of the lately ruling "saints," and a proper loyalty to the existing powers.

The new political system and the new social spirit were faithfully represented in a new Literature. Much, indeed, that had flourished through the late twenty years of Puritan ascendancy still lingered and asserted itself. Veterans like Hobbes and Sanderson, with Hacket, Bramhall, Izaak Walton, Howell, Browne of Norwich, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Henry More, and others, among the graver Anglican prose-writers who had survived from the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and with Shirley, Herrick, Waller, Davenant, Denham, Cowley, Henry Vaughan, and others, surviving from among the poets of the same period, were very much their former selves, only rejoicing in the restored Royalty; Puritan theologians and writers of various sorts, such as Goodwin, Calamy, Baxter, and Owen, still managed to live and write, though obliged to conform carefully to the changed conditions; and the specific tendency to mathematical and physical science which had already grouped together such men as Wilkins, Wallis, Petty, Boyle, and Hooke, through the Commonwealth and Protectorate, now only displayed itself more signally in the institution of the Royal Society by royal authority (1662). There was, however, a special new Literature, belonging properly to the Restoration itself, and exhibiting all the characteristics of its origin. While there was an immediate paralysis of Newspaper Literature, and of all that cognate Pamphlet Literature, or Literature of Public Questions, which had been so vigorous and various through the time of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth,—while the repression of all free Literature of this kind by Restoration censorship, and the reduction of the Newspaper and Pamphlet press to a wretched authorised minimum under the superintendence of such government licensors and police-agents as Birkenhead and L'Estrange, actually diminished the total quantity of annual book-production in England to about a third of what it had lately been,—a proportion of the energy thus repressed found exercise in forms which the

Restoration did foster. The Literature of the Restoration, properly so called, had a character of its own. To the core it was Anti-Puritan, reactionary, unearnest. Never in English literary history had there been such a run of talent to the comic, the jocose, the witty. The revived Drama of the re-opened theatres, to which people rushed now with an avidity all the keener because of the disuse of that amusement for nearly eighteen years, consisted chiefly of comedies and farces, in which wit was desirable, but indecency indispensable. New things called tragedies there were, but of such texture and quality that Time has refused to remember them. For what of Tragedy was wanted, reproduction of Elizabethan pieces was found best: in the age itself, on the stage as elsewhere, the comic faculty was paramount. Off the stage it showed itself in songs, stories, satires, essays, character-sketches, and burlesques. Even the forms and mechanisms of English Literature were changed. The cavaliers and courtiers had brought back from their exile acquired French tastes in literature, as in other matters. The most remarkable experiments made in Tragedy were the so-called Heroic Plays, or stilted tragedies of Rhymed Declamation, by the Earl of Orrery and others, voted to be after the manner of Corneille; the syntax of English prose was made neater and easier than it had been, partly by French example; and the English metrical ear was tuned by the same influence to stricter and more mechanical rhythms.—Over this rising Popular Literature of the Restoration the nominal President was Davenant, the reinstated Laureate, really one of the best of his time: but the robust Dryden was making his way to the supremacy in the drama and in all other departments, with Howards, Killigrews, Wileys, Buckinghams, Lacys, Ethereges, Buckhursts, and Sedleys about him, and Wycherleys, Shadwells, and others appearing on the horizon. Butler's *Hudibras* was out, and Charles and his courtiers were laughing over that immortal burlesque.

On the verge of this new world of the Restoration, disowning it and disowned by it, the blind Milton lived,—

“ On evil days now fallen, and evil tongues,
 ‘ In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude.”

Such friends as did still come about him were chiefly Nonconformists of the more devout and persecuted sects, Independents, Baptists, or

Quakers. Andrew Marvell, young Lawrence, Marchamont Needham, Cyriack Skinner, and the high-minded Lady Raquelagh, sister of Robert Boyle, who had been among his most frequent visitors in the house in Petty France, found their way occasionally to Jewin Street. Dr. Nathan Paget, a physician of that neighbourhood, was very intimate with him; and now and then some foreigner would appear, desiring to be introduced. Such visits to Milton by foreigners, it seems, had become customary in the time of his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and to Cromwell. They did not like to leave London without having seen the author of the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and even the house in Bread Street where he had been born. Still "solitude," the word which Milton himself uses, describes his present condition too truly. The house in Jewin Street must have been a small one; and, as Milton had now no official income, and had lost by the Restoration a great part of his savings, invested in Commonwealth securities, or others as bad, the economy of his household must have been very frugal. He had always a man or a boy to read to him, write to his dictation, and lead him about in his walks; one or other of his two nephews, Edward and John Phillips, now shifting for themselves in or near London by tutorship and literary hackwork, would sometimes drop in, and yield him superior help; and there were young men ready to volunteer their occasional services as amanuenses, for the privilege of his conversation, or of lessons from him. A young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, recommended to him by Dr. Paget, made his acquaintance in this way in Jewin Street in 1662, valuing the privilege much, and taking a lodging near on purpose. For the management of his house and of his daily life, however, Milton had to depend on his daughters; and the dependence was a sad one. The poor girls, the eldest in her seventeenth year in 1662, the next in her fifteenth, and the youngest in her eleventh, had been growing up ill looked after, and, though one does hear of a governess, but slenderly educated. The eldest, who was lame and deformed, could not write; the other two could write but indifferently. But, though Milton can therefore hardly have employed his daughters much as amanuenses, he did exact from them attendance which they found irksome. When no one else was at hand, he would make them, or at least the two younger, read to him; and, by some extraordinary ingenuity in his method, or by sheer practice on their part, they came at last, we are told by his nephew Edward Phillips, to be

able to read sufficiently well for his purpose in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and even Hebrew, without themselves understanding a word. This drill, as far as the youngest daughter was concerned, can have been little more than begun in the Jewin Street house; but there all three were already in rebellion. They "made nothing of deserting him"; "they did combine together and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings"; they "had made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill women." Things had at last come to such a pass that, on the recommendation of Dr. Paget, Milton, Feb. 24, 1662-3, married a third wife. She was an Elizabeth Minshull, from Cheshire, a relation of Dr. Paget's, and not more than twenty-four years of age, Milton being fifty-four. A very excellent and careful wife she was to prove to him through the rest of his life. When Mary, the second daughter, heard of the intended marriage, she said "that that was no news, to hear of his wedding, but, if she could hear of his death, that *was* something." This, which is certified on oath, is almost too horrible for belief.

Nothing was published by Milton during the three or four years of his residence in Holborn and in Jewin Street after the Restoration. He was busy, however, over his collections for a Latin Dictionary, over his compilation of a Latin Digest of Theology from the Bible, and especially over his *Paradise Lost*.

ARTILLERY WALK, BUNHILL FIELDS.

1664—1674: *ætat.* 56—66.

Not long after Milton's third marriage (probably in 1664) he left Jewin Street for what was to be the last of all his London houses. It was in "Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields," *i.e.*, as has been ascertained with some trouble, in that part of the present Bunhill Row where there is now a clump of newer houses "to the left of the passerger who turns northward from Chiswell Street towards St. Luke's Hospital and Peerless Pool." It was opposite to the wall of the Artillery Ground, or exercising-place of the old London Trained Bands; and hence the name. Bunhill Fields Burying-Ground, long the place of sepulture for London Dissenters, and where people now go to see the tombs of Bunyan, Defoe, and others, did not exist when Milton domiciled himself in the neigh-

bourhood. The street in which he lived was less a street than a single row of houses, with gardens behind them, lining a passage which led, by the side of the Artillery Ground Wall, from the denser northern outskirts of the city to the open Bunhill Fields and the country towards Newington. On the whole, the remove, though it did not take him far from his former residence, was into greater privacy and obscurity. The three daughters still accompanied him, better managed now that the third wife had the charge of the house-keeping, but naturally in warfare with her.

Before Milton had been two years in the house in Artillery Walk, *Paradise Lost* had been completed. For, when the Great Plague broke out in London in 1665, and Milton (perhaps driven from his house by the fact that Bunhill Fields had been chosen as a "pest-field" where the dead could be buried in pits) went to spend the summer in a cottage which Ellwood had taken for him at Chalfont-St.-Giles, Buckinghamshire, he took the finished manuscript with him. See the proof in the Introduction to *Par. Lost*, Section II. That country-cottage, therefore, has to be remembered, in this exact place, and with this interesting association, as one of Milton's residences. It still exists, a very small cottage indeed, with a very small garden, standing on the slope of the public road at one end of the quiet old village of Chalfont, about twenty-three miles from London; and, when it was in good tending and there were honeysuckles about it, the summer air in its tiny rooms, with the lattices open, may have been pleasant. The old lattices, with their lozenges of glass set in lead, still remained when I was last there, and there were other relics of its original condition. When I first saw it, the cottage, or at least its main portion, was empty and to let; but in my last visit I found it again tenanted.

Back in London in 1666, Milton may have been prevented from publishing his *Paradise Lost* in that "annus mirabilis" by the Great Fire. The fire did not reach indeed so far north as his purlieu; but it left a vast space of the city in ruins, with his native Bread Street in the very heart of the burnt space. From that date there could be no more visits of admiring foreigners to the old "Spread Eagle" where he had been born; but all his other London residences remained. In 1667, the year after the Fire, the due licence having been obtained and other arrangements made (see the particulars in the Introduction to *Par. Lost*, Section I.), the epic was pub-

lished. The publication was an event of some consequence to Milton, personally and socially. It threw between him and all that past part of his life which lay under public obloquy the atonement of a great Poem. Whatever he had been, was he not now the author of *Paradise Lost*? Gradually, as the poem was read, though here and there some of the meaner critics persisted in jeers and sarcasms, this was the feeling among all the abler leaders of the Restoration Literature itself. "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too," is reported to have been Dryden's criticism; and it was probably after Dryden had read the poem and said this that he first sought out Milton,—unless, indeed, Dryden had known Milton already from as far back as 1657, when there is proof that Dryden was engaged in work of some clerkly kind for Oliver's secretary and Milton's brother-official, Thurloe, and receiving payment for the same. It was probably after the fame of *Paradise Lost* was established that the straggling of admiring visitors, especially of foreigners, to Milton's house, which even the Restoration had not quite stopped, swelled out again into that conflux of the learned about him, "much more than he did desire," of which we hear from Aubrey. Certain it is that Dryden, not nearly yet at his best in the world, but the manliest and greatest figure already in the whole society of the Restoration wits, had contracted a profound reverence for the blind Republican, from which he never swerved, and to which on every possible occasion he gave the most generous expression. Dryden's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, was another of Milton's frequent literary visitors after his *Paradise Lost* had made him again a famous personage; and it is probably from the same time that we are to date the intimacy between Milton and so eminent a Restoration statesman as the Earl of Anglesey. We hear more vaguely from Phillips of still "others of the nobility" who used now to pay their respects to the blind poet in his house in Bunhill, and were probably less welcome there than such homelier friends of older date as Dr. Nathan Paget, Cyriack Skinner, and the ever-faithful Andrew Marvell.

• Of Milton's habits, in his house near Bunhill Fields, through the last ten years of his life, we have pretty distinct accounts from various persons, as follows:—He used to get up very early, generally at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. After having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, he worked, first in meditation by himself, and then, after breakfast, by dictation to his amanuensis for

the time being, interspersed with farther readings to him from the books he wanted to consult, till near his mid-day dinner. A good part of the afternoon was then given to walking in the garden (and a garden of some kind had been always a requisite with him), or to playing on the organ, and singing, or hearing his wife sing, within doors. His wife, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. Later in the afternoon he resumed work; but about six o'clock he was ready to receive evening visitors, and to talk with them till about eight, when there was a supper of "olives or some light thing." He was very temperate at meals, drinking very little "wine or strong liquors of any kind"; but his conversation at dinner and supper was very pleasant and cheerful, with a tendency to the satirical. This humour for satire was connected by some of his hearers with his strong way of pronouncing the letter *r*: "*litera canina*, the dog-letter, the certain sign of a satirical wit," as Dryden said to Aubrey when they were talking of this personal trait of Milton. After supper, when left to himself, he smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water before going to bed; which was usually at nine o'clock. He attended no church, and belonged to no communion; nor had he any regular prayers in his family, having some principle of his own on that subject which his friends did not understand. His favourite attitude, in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand; but his two younger daughters, Mary and Deborah, whom he had by this time perfected in the art of reading to him in all languages without understanding what they read, had more than their share in such daily drudgery with him over his books. His poetical vein, Phillips tells us, flowed most happily "from the autumnal equinox to the vernal," *i.e.* from the end of September to the end of March,—so that, with all his exertions through the other half of the year, he was never so well satisfied with the results. His poor health, and frequent headaches and other pains, were another interference with his work, but less than might have been supposed. Gout was his most confirmed ailment, and it had begun to stiffen his hands.

As Dryden was appointed to the Laureateship in 1670, in succession to Davenant, who had died in 1668, it was an odd fact, at which Dryden would have been the first to smile, that he could count Milton for a time among his literary subjects. The last four

or five years of Milton's life were the first four or five of Dryden's Laureateship, and they include the following interesting series of publications by Milton:—*Accedence Comment Grammar*, a small compendium of Latin Grammar in English, 1669; *History of Britain to the Conquest*, with his portrait by Faithorne prefixed, 1670; *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* together, 1671; Latin treatise on Logic, according to the system of Ramus, entitled "*Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio, ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata*," 1672 (probably an old performance that had been lying among his MSS.); an English tract "*Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*," 1673 (a very mild tract put forth in the midst of a "No Popery" excitement, when Milton thought he might again be listened to on a political topic); the Second Edition of his *Minor Poems*, 1673; the Second Edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1674; a translation of *Letters Patent for the Election of John III. [Sobieski], King of Poland*, 1674; his *Epistolæ Familiæres*, with his juvenile *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* at Cambridge added, 1674. There is evidence in the number of these publications, and in the nature of some of them, that Milton's name prefixed to a book was again in some request.

To complete our formal chronology of the Poems we have now only to extricate from among the productions of the ten years in Artillery Walk the following separately :

- PARADISE LOST, 1667. Re-edited 1674.
- Two Scraps of translated Verse from Geoffrey of Monmouth in *History of Britain* (annexed now to the *Minor English Poems*). 1670.
- PARADISE REGAINED. 1671. •
- SAMSON AGONISTES. 1671. •

During the last four or five years of Milton's life his three daughters had ceased to reside with him. In or about 1669, the eldest being then twenty-three years of age and the youngest seventeen, they had all, by what seems to have been a really judicious arrangement of their stepmother, been sent out, at their father's expense, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver." From that time, therefore, Milton and his wife Elizabeth had been by themselves in the house near Bunhill Fields, with one maid-servant. It was probably the calmest time in Milton's life for many

a day. Our best glimpse of him in those closing years is from the Notes of the painter Jonathan Richardson, published in 1734. "I have heard many years since," says Richardson, "that he used to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, without Moorgate, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality; and very lately I had the good fortune to have another picture of him from an aged clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright. He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton sitting in an elbow-chair, black clothes, and neat enough; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. Among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose,—that, was he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable." A day soon came when the slight figure in coarse grey was no more to be seen by the inhabitants of the obscure neighbourhood. He died peacefully, of what was called, "gout struck in," on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1674, aged sixty-five years and eleven months; and he was buried, Nov. 12, beside his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended to the grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." Andrew Marvell, who may have been among the mourners, promised Aubrey to write some account of Milton to be sent to Anthony Wood for his *Fasti Oxonienses*; but, Marvell having died in 1678, without having fulfilled the promise, Aubrey himself collected what information he could from Milton's widow, his brother, the elder Phillips, and others.

POSTHUMOUS DETAILS.

Milton, before his death, estimated his estate at about £1000 in money, besides household goods. Actually about £900 in money (worth about £2700 now) was the sum at once realised. It was the subject of litigation between the widow and the three daughters. A few months before his death, Milton, in a conversation with his brother Christopher, then a benchet of the Inner Temple, had signified his intention as to the disposition of his property thus: "The portion due to me from Mr. Powell, my former [first] wife's

father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her, having received no part of it; but my meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. All the rest of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." For the right understanding of this, it is to be explained that there was due to Milton's estate a promised marriage-portion of £1000 with his first wife, and arrears of interest on the same since 1643, and that, though there had been little prospect of a recovery of the money at Mr. Powell's death in 1647, the Powell family were now in circumstances to bear the debt, and were under obligation to do so by Mr. Powell's will. Milton's meaning, therefore, was that his daughters should have a claim on their relatives, the Powells, for the £1000 and arrears of their grandfather's money, while his widow should have the whole of his own actual estate. The daughters, however, probably with the Powells urging them,—for their grandmother, Mrs. Powell, was still alive,—disputed the "nuncupative" or word-of-mouth will of their father, alleging that they had been and were "great frequenters of the church and good livers," and insinuating that their uncle Christopher had an interest in upholding the will, inasmuch as there was a private understanding that the widow should hand over to *his* children, according to a desire which the deceased had expressed, any overplus that the estate might yield above £1000. The result was that, though there was perfect evidence of the facts, it was decided (Feb. 1674-5), on technical grounds, that the widow should have two-thirds and the daughters one-third among them. The widow acquiesced, and punctually paid to the three daughters about £100 each, having about £600 left for herself. She was then thirty-six years of age, and the money would yield her a meagre annuity.

The widow, after remaining in London till about 1681, retired to Nantwich in her native Cheshire, where she lived to as late as 1727, a pious member of a Baptist congregation, having survived her husband nearly fifty-three years. The inventory of her effects at her death has been recovered, and shows that she retained to the last some trinkets that had belonged to Milton, copies of his *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, and two juvenile portraits of him.—Milton's eldest daughter, Anne, "lame, and with a defect in her speech, but with a very handsome face," married "a master-

builder," and died in her first childbirth, the child dying also. Mary, the second daughter, never married, and was dead before 1694. Deborah, the youngest and the best, and "very like her father," had gone to Dublin, as companion to a lady, before her father's death, and married there an Abraham Clarke, described as a weaver or silk-mercier. They came to London some time between 1684 and 1688, and settled in the weaving business in Spitalfields. She lived till 1727, and was visited in her later years by Addison and others, who were much pleased with her, and whom she surprised by repeating stray lines she remembered from Homer, Euripides, and Ovid. The Princess Caroline of Wales sent her fifty guineas, and a fund was raised for her benefit. Of ten children of hers only two survived to have issue. A son, Caleb Clarke, had gone to Madras before 1703, and had died as "parish-clerk of Fort George" in 1719, leaving progeny who are supposed to have all died in India. The last trace of them is the registration at Madras, April 2, 1727, of the birth of a daughter of Abraham Clarke, the son of Caleb (*i.e.* a great-great-granddaughter of Milton, actually born while Milton's widow was still alive at Nantwich); but there is just a possibility that there was other and farther descent from Milton in those Indian Clarkes. Otherwise, the direct descent from Milton ended in his granddaughter Elizabeth Clarke, the youngest daughter of Deborah. She married a Thomas Foster, a Spitalfields weaver; she afterwards kept "a small chandler's shop" in Holloway; she removed thence to Shoreditch, where she and her husband had some little dispute in 1750 as to the investment of about £130, the proceeds of a performance of *Comus* which Dr. Johnson and others had got up for her benefit; and she died in Islington in 1754. She struck those who visited her as "a good, plain, sensible woman," in very infirm health. Seven children of hers had all died in infancy.—Christopher Milton, the poet's lawyer-brother, but who had always been opposite to him in politics, was not only a bencher of the Inner Temple at the time of his brother's death, but also Deputy-Recorder of Ipswich. In the reign of James II., having pushed his compliance so far as to turn Roman Catholic, he became Sir Christopher Milton, Knt., and a judge. At the Revolution he retired into private life at or near Ipswich; where he died in 1692, in his seventy-seventh year. He left a son, Thomas Milton, and two or three daughters, who are traced some way into the eighteenth

century.—So far as is known, the Milton pedigree was transmitted farthest and most respectably in the descent from Milton's sister Anne, who was first Mrs. Phillips and afterwards Mrs. Agar, and who seems to have died some years before the poet, leaving Mr. Agar still alive. Her two sons by the first marriage, Edward and John Phillips, Milton's two nephews, and educated by him (John wholly, but with two years at Oxford added in Edward's case), can hardly, indeed, be reckoned among fortunate men. They struggled on cleverly and industriously, but never very prosperously, in private tutorship, schoolmastering, and hack-authorship; and their numerous publications in prose and verse, lists of which have been made out, are among the curiosities of the minor literature of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Edward died not long after 1694, in which year he had published his brief but valuable *Life of Milton*, prefixed to an English translation of Milton's State Letters; John, who seems to have been the less reputable in his life, and the more reckless in the spirit and style of his writings, was alive till 1706. Their families, if they had any, have not been traced. Meanwhile, their half-sister, Ann Agar, their mother's only surviving child by her second marriage, had carried the pedigree, in more flourishing circumstances, into another line, with another change of name. Her father, Mr. Thomas Agar, resuming his post of Deputy-Clerk of the Crown at the Restoration, had come to be a man of some wealth; and, before his death in 1673 (when he was succeeded in his office by Thomas Milton, the son of Christopher), she had married a David Moore, of Sayes House, Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, Esq. From this marriage came a Thomas Moore of Sayes House, who was knighted in 1715; and from him have descended, branching out by intermarriages, a great many *Moores* and *Fitzmoores*, traceable in the squirearchy, the church, or the public service of England, to the present day. All these are related to Milton in so far as they are descended from his sister, the mother of the "Fair Infant" of his early Elegy.

In 1681, seven years after Milton's death, there was published a thin tract of a few pages, entitled "*Mr. John Milton's Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines*," professing to be a passage which had been omitted from his *History of Britain*, when that work was published by himself in 1670. It is now generally inserted into that work within brackets. In 1682 there was published

from Milton's manuscript a compilation called "*A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay.*" The collections he had made towards a Latin Dictionary went into the hands of Edward Phillips, were used by Phillips in some compilations of his own, and have been embodied in subsequent Dictionaries. Two packets of manuscript left by Milton about the fate of which he was somewhat anxious were his Latin System of Divinity drawn direct from the Bible, and dictated to various amanuenses, and his Latin Letters of State to Foreign Powers, written in his Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. These packets he had intrusted to one of his latest amanuenses, a young Cambridge man, Daniel Skinner, a relative of his friend Cyriack. They were conveyed by Skinner to Amsterdam for publication by Daniel Elzevir; but, the English Government having heard of them, the publication was stopped, and they were sent back to London in a brown paper parcel, which was thrown aside in the State Paper Office. This was in 1677; but in the previous year, 1676, a London bookseller, who had somehow obtained imperfect copies of the Latin State Letters, had published a surreptitious edition of them, entitled *Literæ Pseudæ Senatus Anglicani, necnon Cromwelli, nomine et jussu Conscripæ*. A better edition was printed at Leipsic in 1690, and Phillips's English translation appeared in 1694. Quite different from these Milton State Letters, though sometimes called *The Milton Papers*, is a thin folio edited in 1743 by John Nickolls, and consisting of Letters and Addresses to Cromwell, with other intimate Cromwellian documents, from 1650 onwards, which had somehow been in Milton's keeping, and which were afterwards in possession of the Quaker Ellwood. Finally, in 1823, attention having been at last called to the brown paper parcel that had been lying in the State Paper Office since 1677, Milton's long-lost treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, part of the contents of the parcel, was published, in 1825, by Dr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, with the addition of an English translation in the same year.

It is from this *Treatise of Christian Doctrine* that Milton's theological and philosophical opinions at the close of his life, so far as they could be expressed in formal and systematic language, are to be most authentically learnt. The treatise shows him to have been an Anti-Trinitarian in his later years, holding views as to the nature

of Christ which were substantially those of high Arianism, as distinct from the lower Socinianism. It shows him also to have been then, on the whole, Arminian and Anti-Calvinistic in his views of Free Will and Predestination. It contains, moreover, a very curious doctrine on the subject of Matter and Spirit, Soul and Body, which it is difficult to define otherwise than by calling it Materialistic Pantheism, or Pantheistic Materialism. While Deity himself is represented as One Infinite Spirit, and so Milton starts in his philosophical system with a pure Spiritualistic Theism, yet all that we call Matter or Creation, he avers, including angels and men, the animate, and the inanimate, is originally a production or efflux out of the very substance of God, separated from Him only in so far as He has implanted independence and free will into parts of it. Hence the ordinary distinction between soul and body in man is repudiated by Milton. Soul and body, he holds, are one and inseparable; Man is a body-soul, or a soul-body, and is propagated as such from father to son. From this proposition it is one of his deductions that soul and body die together, or, in other words, that there is a total cessation or suspension of personal consciousness between Death and the Resurrection,—a doctrine held by one of the English sects of Milton's time, who were called, accordingly, *The Soul-Sleepers*. In a future Resurrection, or sudden and miraculous re-awakening to life of all that have lived and died in the world, Milton declares himself a profound believer. He connects his hope thereof with the Millenarian doctrine of Christ's second coming and of a consequent day of universal judgment, a conflagration or destruction otherwise of the present cosmos, and the succession of a new and grander system of things, in which the perfectly glorified saints and the wicked shall have their several eternal portions, the wicked in some hell, and the saints in the empyrean heaven, or in some new heavens and earth created for them. All this and much more he professes to have derived from the Bible; which he declares again and again to be the sole *external* rule of Christian faith, to be used and interpreted by every man for himself, with the help of that superior inner light which is vouchsafed by God's Spirit to the individual mind of every true believer. With texts from the Bible, in masses and coagulations, his treatise is, accordingly, studded from first to last. It is from the same authority that he professes to have derived the system of ethics and of church policy which his treatise propounds. He regards the

Decalogue as having been abolished with the rest of the Mosaic Law, and continued literal adhesion to it as inconsistent therefore with true Christian liberty. Hence he is an anti-Sabbatarian, finding no authority for the substitution of the first day of the week for the Jewish Sabbath, and no higher reason for the observance of that day than Christian consent and general convenience. His views of Church discipline are those of Independency or Congregationalism, with a marked tendency to absolute Individualism, or to a kind of Quakerism in some things; and he goes with the Baptists or Anti-Pædobaptists in *their* particular tenet. He dissents positively from the Quakers in their extreme doctrine of peace or passivity, and in other matters, holding war to be often lawful, resistance by arms to tyranny to be lawful, and finding Scripture warrant also for prayers for curses and calamities upon bad men and enemies. Perhaps the part of the treatise that most shocks modern opinion is that where, not content with repeating his old doctrine of the lawfulness of divorce in cases of mutual incompatibility, he inserts a defence or justification of polygamy. But the treatise generally, it will be seen, contains not a few very heterodox speculations.

SPECIMENS OF MILTON'S SIGNATURE

THE following is a copy of Milton's signature in the Graduation Book of the University of Cambridge on the occasion of his being admitted to the degree of B.A., January 1628-9. He was then in the twenty-first year of his age :—

Joannes Milton

The above, being an academic signature, gives his Christian name in Latin form. For ordinary purposes his usual form of signature in his Cambridge days seems to have been that which is found in a copy of the *Phænomena and Diosmeia* of the Greek astronomical poet Aratus (Paris quarto edition of 1559), which once belonged to him, and which is now in the British Museum. There are marginal notes in his hand to the text of the poems; and on the fly-leaf before the title he had written his name, adding "*pre. 2s. 6d.*" as the price he had paid for the book, and "1631" as the date of the purchase. His name appears there in this form :—

Jo: Milton

Milton was in his twenty-third year when he wrote that; and he graduated as M.A. in July in the following year, when he was more than half through his twenty-fourth year. In his signature in the Graduation Book on that occasion he reverted to the Latin form: thus :—

Joannes Milton

In 1634, two years after Milton had left the University, and when he was living at his father's country-house at Horton, engaged in a systematic course of Greek and Latin reading, he bought, for 12s. 6d., a copy of Paul Stephens's Edition (Geneva, 1602, two vols. quarto) of his favourite Euripides. This book, still extant, and containing interesting marginal notes on the text in Milton's hand, has his name, with a note of the price and of the date of purchase, on the fly-leaf before the title-page of the first volume. The name is in this form,—almost the

same, in his twenty-sixth year, as that in the copy of Aratus in his twenty-third :—

Jo. Milton

The following is a copy of his signature seven years later, when he was in the thirty-first year of his age. It was written at Geneva on the 10th of June 1639 during his short stay in that city on his return route to England from his Italian tour. A certain Camillo Cerdogni, or Camille Cardouin, a Neapolitan, who had been forced into exile by his Protestantism, as long ago as 1608, and had been resident since then in Geneva as a teacher of Italian, had the fancy of keeping an Album for the receipt of autographs of such distinguished strangers as might pass through Geneva. The Album (now in America) was already pretty full of the names of eminent persons of different nations, many of them Englishmen, written at very various dates, and with mottoes, verses, etc., in different languages, annexed by the writers to their names, to increase the value of the autographs, when, on the above-mentioned date, Milton was asked for *his* contribution. It consisted of a quotation of the concluding words of his *Comus*, and of a Latin hexameter line, with his signature appended thus,—the Latin form and the addition “Anglus” natural enough in the circumstances :—

Joannes Miltonius
Anglus.

This signature illustrates a point of some interest in the history of Milton's handwriting. Although, on referring to the first of our specimens, viz. Milton's graduation signature as B.A. in January 1628-9, it will be seen that the small *e* in the name *Joannes* is written in our present common looped form of that letter, a reference to our third specimen, viz. his graduation signature as M.A. in July 1632, will shew that he then favoured what may be called the Greek form of the same letter, from its resemblance to the Greek *epsilon*. Now, whatever may have been his usage in this respect before he went to Cambridge, and during a portion of his stay there, it can be proved, from the numerous and copious specimens still extant of his handwriting, in drafts of his poems, etc., through the Horton period, that through the whole of that period, i.e. from 1632 to 1638, he kept all but invariably to the Greek or *epsilon* form of the small *e*. What the autograph in the Geneva Album illustrates is the fact that, somehow or other, during his residence in Italy, he had been led to abandon this Greek form of the *e*, and to revert to the usual looped form,—adopting indeed a very marked and bold variety of that form. This was no casual occurrence in the Geneva

signature of June 1639; for the same looped form of the *e*, in the same bold variety of it, characterises all Milton's handwriting in England from 1639 onwards. There may occasionally be found a relapse into the Greek form of the *e*; but it is very rare. Nor is this change, after his Italian journey, from the Greek form of the *e* to the looped form, such a mere trifle as it looks. It becomes a test for determining, in some dubious cases, the date of a piece of Milton's autograph. One may propound it as a rule that any surviving piece of Milton's handwriting in which the Greek form of the small *e* prevails is to be taken as a relic of him *before* his Italian journey of 1638-9, and that any piece in which the looped form of that letter prevails is as certainly to be taken as penned by him *after* that date. Evidence corroborating this rule is plentiful enough in autograph remains of his, both in prose and in verse, known to have been written in those eight years or so, after his return from his Italian journey, when he was a London householder, first in Aldersgate Street, then in Barbican, and then in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but, as it is his *signature* only that we are now dealing with, let us pass to the year 1647. On the 21st of April in that year, Milton, then thirty-eight years of age, and residing in Barbican, wrote a Latin letter to his Florentine friend Carlo Dati, afterwards printed in his *Epistolæ Familiares*, but the original draft of which, in Milton's own hand, still exists. Here is a copy of the signature in that draft:—

Joannes Miltonius Londinensis.

The following is a copy of Milton's signature to a legal receipt for Five Pounds paid him by a private debtor of his on the 16th of February 1649-50, when he was in the first year of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State of the Commonwealth, and was residing in his official apartments in Whitehall:—

John Milton

Not unlike this, but a better specimen of his autograph, is the following, of about a year later, when he was still in the same residence. It is his signature to an affidavit or sworn statement, on the 25th of February 1650-1, before the Commissioners for the Sequestered Estates of Royalists, relative to his interest in a portion of the sequestered estate of his deceased father-in-law, Richard Powell of Forest-hill:—

John Milton

Nine months afterwards, or on the 19th of November 1651, there was occasion for another signature from Milton's pen in the more

stately Latin form of which we have already had examples. A certain German scholar, named Christopher Arnold, afterwards Professor of History at Nuremberg, had then been in London for some time on a visit of curiosity, taking notes of all that interested him there, and introducing himself to all sorts of notable persons. He had seen Selden, Usher, Meric Casaubon, Franciscus Junius, and one knows not how many others then living in London; and he had paid his respects in an especial manner to Mr. Milton in Whitehall,—interesting to him as that gentleman was not only from his official position as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, but also because he was the author of the *Defensio Pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium*, the fame of which had been ringing recently throughout the Continent. This amiable Christopher Arnold, having the usual propensity of enthusiasts of his type for the collection of autographs of the celebrities he met, carried about with him, it appears, an album for the reception of such things,—which album, after various fortunes, is now in the British Museum. Milton, among others, had obliged him; for there is still legible in the album Milton's rather elaborate inscription in it of the said date, 19th November 1651. It consists of a modified quotation, in Greek characters, of three words from the Biblical text, 2 Cor. xii. 9 (meaning "I am made perfect in weakness"), followed by four lines of very polite Latin compliment to Arnold,—these two portions of the inscription both, as I conceive, in the handwriting of some skilled penman in the Whitehall office to whom Milton had dictated them,—followed by a signature in Milton's own indubitable hand, thus:—

Joannes Miltonius.

There is no sign of failing eyesight in this signature; and yet, when it was written, Milton's eyesight was failing rapidly. Within six months after it was written,—or before the middle of 1652, when Milton and his family had but recently removed from the official apartments in Whitehall to the new house in Petty France, Westminster,—the evidence is that he was totally blind. The recollection of this fact,—the fact that precisely in the year 1652, the forty-fourth year of Milton's age, he passed for ever out of the world of light into a world of absolute darkness,—is of great importance in his biography. It sweeps away not a few absurd legends about him, and also not a few ingenious suppositions as to this or that in his life through the two-and-twenty years of it that were yet to come. Especially it disposes of a goodly number of professed and popularly accepted autographs of Milton. There may be still in existence here and there some genuine autographs of Milton after his blindness had begun, and therefore of as late a date as 1652; but the safe rule is at once to reject any professed autograph of his of later date than that, unless there is the most positive evidence that it actually came from his own pen. Authorised signatures of his, it is true, later than 1652, are not wanting, and are still to be looked at with interest.

With but one exception, however, they are all, so far as I know, vicarious signatures,—signatures written for him, and, by his direction, either by his amanuensis for the time being, or by some other chance substitute. This is the case even in legal documents of such a kind that one might have supposed signature of them with his own hand to be essential. For example, there is the famous contract with the printer Samuel Simmons, of date 27th April 1667, for the sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. That document, now in the British Museum, was once the property of the banker-poet Samuel Rogers, and one of the most valued curiosities in his house in St. James's Place; and it is a strange indication of the lack of historical knowledge, or of acumen in applying the knowledge, that there may sometimes be even among men of the best literary culture, that Rogers and his guests seem never to have doubted, when they looked at the signature "John Milton" which accompanies Milton's seal at the foot of that document, that it was in Milton's own handwriting. Yet, most certainly, it is *not* in his handwriting, but was written for him by another, his finger perhaps touching the seal. It is a signature in a good clerical hand; but other vicarious signatures of Milton's name in other legal documents are in different hands, some of them quite boyish in appearance.

At present, as I have said, I know but of one exception to the rule that any professed signature of Milton of later date than 1652 is to be regarded either as spurious or as only vicarious. Till about twelve years ago I did not know even of this exception. About that time, however, the late Colonel Chester, who had already laid me under so many obligations, added to their number by sending me a tracing of Milton's signature to his application, on the 11th of February 1662-3, for a licence for his marriage with his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull. Colonel Chester had found the document in the Faculty Office, London. Here is a copy of the tracing:—

This is Milton's own hand in the eleventh year of his blindness, the fifty-fifth year of his age, when he was living in Jewin Street, and had advanced a good way in the dictation of his *Paradise Lost*. If the reader will turn to that page of our Introduction to *Paradise Lost*

where there is a facsimile of the signature of Milton's name to the contract with the printer Simmons for the publication of the poem, he will be able to compare *that* with *this*, and to judge whether the hand that wrote *this* could possibly, four years later, have written *that*. Probably enough, the last thing now in the world written by Milton's own hand was that here copied. It is a most touching memento, and tells its own story. We see the blind man led into the office in Old London where marriage-allegations and applications for marriage-licences had to be made. We see him, after a quarter of an hour or so, seated or standing at a table or desk, where the document that has meanwhile been made out, containing his allegation and petition in due official form, is placed before him for his signature. A pen, evidently a bad and scratchy one, already dipped in the ink for him, is put into his hand; and, his fingers having been guided to the proper place, he begins to write. The initial *J* comes out largely and strongly, his old trick of the stroke across the middle of the letter, so characteristic of his signatures from first to last, not yet forgotten; but after that he is all at sea. He has lost all sense of the horizontal; and the slant downwards, begun even in the *J*, becomes more precipitate. The two next letters are blotched, and, in the last letter of his Christian name, such is the force of his hand, the pen gives way and splits. He manages the first four letters of his surname nevertheless, though with barely legible result, and without having attempted a recovery of the neat angular form of the capital *M* once customary with him; and it is only when he gets to the last two letters of all that, some one having steadied his hand, and perhaps put another pen into it, he has some quiet success in shaping an *o* and an *n*.¹

¹ The two graduation signatures and the last signature of all are from facsimiles made for my own use; the others are from Mr. Leigh Sotheby's splendid volume entitled *Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*.

THE MINOR POËMS

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE MINOR POEMS

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE EDITIONS OF 1645 AND 1673 AND OF THE
MILTON MSS. AT CAMBRIDGE

ON referring to the lists given in the preceding Memoir, it will be seen that thirteen of those English pieces and seventeen of those Latin pieces which are now included in the collection of Milton's Minor Poems were written by him during the eight years of his boyhood and youth which elapsed between 1624, his last year at St. Paul's School, London, and 1632, when he left the University of Cambridge, after his seven years of study there, with the full degree of Master of Arts. If, at this last date, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, he had chosen to publish those thirty pieces, English and Latin together, they would have made a volume of very tiny appearance, but sufficient to announce to the discerning that here was a new and most genuine poet. Among those capable of appreciating the Latin pieces the powerful *In Quintum Novembris* would, by itself, have sufficed for that effect, while the *Ode on the Nativity*, among the English pieces, would have been similarly impressive, by itself, for a wider circle of readers. But, although there can be no doubt that all or most of both sets of pieces, some of them relating to academic events or even produced on formal academic occasions, had been in private circulation in manuscript among Milton's fellow-collegians at Cambridge and his other friends, and although it is certain that they had obtained for him the reputation, from his undergraduate days onwards, of being specially "the poet of Christ's College" as well as one of the foremost men of the University generally, only one of them, so far as we now know, was allowed by himself to go forth in public print while his connexion with Cambridge

lasted. This was his enthusiastic juvenile tribute to the memory of Shakespeare, beginning

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?"

Written in 1630, fourteen years after Shakespeare's death, and when Milton was in his twenty-second year, these lines found their way somehow, though without the author's name attached, into no less distinguished a place than the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, published in London in 1632. They appeared there under the title "*An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet W. Shakespeare,*" in conjunction with a reproduction of Ben Jonson's two famous encomiums on Shakespeare, and of the other commendatory verses and editorial matter that had been prefixed to the First Folio of 1623; and, with two other short pieces, they formed the sole addition made in the Second Folio to the preliminary or editorial matter so reproduced from the First Folio. Whether Milton had offered the lines to the editors of the Second Folio, or had given them on request, their admission into such distinguished company was an honour; and, if Ben Jonson took some charge of the editing of the Second Folio, as he certainly had done of the editing of the First, one might even construe this honour done to the young Cambridge scholar into a special recognition of him, personally or from hearsay, by the veteran Laureate, and a certificate by that authority that he promised well. It is interesting now, at all events, that Milton's first effective appearance in public print should have been in such a Shakespearian connexion, and that we should have to remember Ben Jonson's signed verses in the Folio of 1623, reproduced in that of 1632, and young Milton's anonymous lines in the latter, as constituting together the first adequate expression of the world's imperishable Shakespeare-worship. Nor will an acute reader miss the more subtle significance of that passage in Milton's lines which implies some self-comparison by the young Cambridge poet of his own efforts in verse with the remains of the prodigious man who had died so recently, and now lay buried in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon:—

"For, whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the lines of thy unvalued book

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving."

The five years and nine months of "absolute leisure" which Milton spent at his father's country residence at Horton in Buckinghamshire after leaving the University, and which brought him from his twenty-fourth year to his thirtieth, were devoted, as he tells us, mainly to continued reading and study. Only now and then during this period did he employ himself in new poetic production. The total result, however, was not unimportant, comprising as it did the addition of his beautiful poem *Ad Patrem* to his previous stock of Latin pieces, and the addition of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, to his smaller previous stock in English. Had Milton, in 1638, the last year of his residence at Horton, ventured on that collective publication of his juvenile poems which he had so long delayed, the volume containing them would, by this increase, have been considerably larger than the volume that might have borne his name six years before, and would have been all the more certain, so far as the English portion of its contents was concerned, of immediate and admiring welcome. That he was still in no hurry to publish is not a little remarkable. It certainly was not because, amid his multifarious scholarly occupations at Horton, including not only his systematic readings in the whole round of the Greek and Latin Classics, but also advanced studies in Mathematics and Music, he had ceased to regard Poetry as pre-eminently and specially his vocation. His verses *Ad Patrem*, which were written in his first year at Horton, and are an answer, affectionately playful in form, but very serious in substance, to some gentle remonstrances of his father on his devotion of himself to Poetry and Literature rather than to the customary career in one of the professions, leave no doubt on this subject. They are a glowing defence of the "God-given art of the Poet," a vindication of the supreme power and majesty of this Art in the world and even beyond the world; and they proclaim, for the writer himself, that it was for this Art that he knew he was born, and that for this Art only he meant to live. The closing lines even intimate that he was not indifferent to the chances that the verses he was then writing, and the other verses he had in his possession, would suffice of themselves to prove his title to be ranked among Poets. In translation, they run thus:—

"Ye too, my youthful verses, my pastime and play for the present,
Should you sometimes dare to hope for eternal existence,
Lasting and seeing the light when your master's body has mouldered,
Not whirled down in oblivion deep in the darkness of Orcus,
Mayhap this tribute of praise and the thus sung name of my parent
Ye shall preserve, an example, for ages yet in the future."

It is certainly surprising that, having felt thus in 1632 or 1633, and having so considerably increased the stock of his "youthful verses" before 1638, Milton should have still refrained from the publication of them, and should have suffered his claims to the poetic character to depend still, as they had depended in his Cambridge days, on mere rumour among those who had seen some of his manuscripts or heard him read from them.

What he had not done himself, however, had been done for him, to some extent, by others. It was in 1637 that his friend Henry Lawes, the musical composer, at whose solicitation he had written his *Comus*, and who had set the songs of that masque to music, and had superintended the performance of it by the young people of the Bridgewater family at Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, on Michaelmas night 1634, published the masque separately in a small volume, with a dedication to young Viscount Brackley, who had acted one of the parts in it. Lawes had done this, he tells us, to save himself the continued trouble of copying out the masque over and over again to meet the demands of those who, having seen it performed at Ludlow, or having otherwise heard of it, were anxious to have transcripts of it, or at least of the songs. Although the name of the author was still withheld, Milton must have consented to the publication of the little volume and have sent about some presentation copies. At the time when he was sending about these copies he was engaged on the last of his poems of the Horton period; which was of a nature hardly admitting of concealment of the author's name. This was his *Lycidas*, a pastoral in memory of his Cambridge fellow-collegian Edward King, whose death by shipwreck off the Welsh coast on the 10th of August 1637, on his passage to Dublin for a vacation-holiday, had caused no ordinary sensation among his many academic friends. They had resolved to mark their sense of so great a loss to Cambridge and to the Church of England by the publication of a collection of obituary verses, in Greek, Latin, and English, by different hands, in King's honour; and, Milton having undertaken to send

one of the English contributions, the result was *Lycidas*. Though ready in November 1637, it did not appear till the beginning of 1638, when it was printed, with his initials "J. M." annexed, as the last of thirteen pieces of verse which formed together the Second or English part of the quarto volume of obsequies to the memory of King then issued from the Cambridge University Press. Who "J. M." was must have been perfectly well known to most of those into whose hands the volume came.

In the beginning of 1638, therefore, when Milton was preparing for his Italian Journey, there were printed copies of his anonymous *Comus* and of his initialled *Lycidas* in the University and College libraries and in some English households. With what trepidation he had ventured even on such a small amount of publicity appears rather curiously from hints in the two publications themselves. Not only, in consenting to the publication of *Comus* by Lawes, had he kept his name out of the title-page, but he had caused Lawes to insert in the title-page this motto from the Second Eclogue of Virgil:—

"Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? floribus Austrum
Perditus."

There the quotation stops, the classical reader left to complete it for himself, and to know the full meaning; which may be roughly versioned:—

"Ah! wretched and undone! myself to have brought
The wind among my flowers!"

The same feeling of risk from premature publication is expressed in the fine metaphor with which *Lycidas* opens:—

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and rude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas is dead."

Before Milton had left England for his continental tour, he had received, at least one emphatic assurance that his hesitations in the matter of publishing were quite unnecessary. Having made the acquaintance of his eminent neighbour the aged Sir Henry Wotton,

Provost of Eton College, and been kindly⁹ received on a visit he paid to that most courteous of old scholars and statesmen in his rooms in the College, he had signified his sense of the courtesy by sending Sir Henry a copy of Lawes's Edition of the *Comus*, with an acknowledgment of the poem as his own. Sir Henry, it seems, was already familiar with the thing, having read it some time before, "with singular delight," in a copy that had come to him bound up with the poetical remains of some deceased Oxonian. Accordingly, in that most polite and precious letter, dated from Eton College 13th April 1638, which the old diplomatist despatched to Milton at Horton by an express messenger, that it might be sure to reach him before he set out for his continental tour, all that remained to be done, besides giving Milton advices for his tour and enclosing one valuable letter of introduction, was to thank him for the second copy of the *Comus*, and mingle an expression of pleasure in now knowing who the author of that poem was with an expression of regret that his tour would interrupt for some time a too short acquaintanceship to which this information had lent a double zest. Sir Henry's opinion of the *Comus* was worth having. "A dainty piece of entertainment," he calls it, "wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the "lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your "songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet "nothing parallel in our language." No harsh gust of wind on Milton's flowers, had any such been really feared, this letter, at all events, of the good old Sir Henry Wotton! Milton valued it highly, and probably took it with him across the Channel.

When he returned to England in the autumn of 1639, after his fifteen months or so of travel and residence abroad, he brought with him, to be added to his former stock of poetical manuscripts, only those few new scraps in Latin and Italian verse, composed here and there in Italy, of which there is a list in pp. 12-13 of our MEMOIR. The most important of these, and hardly to be called a scrap, was his poem in Latin hexameters entitled *Mansus*, addressed to the venerable Neapolitan sage, Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, whose acquaintance he had made in Naples. His first poetical employment after his return, adding yet another poem to his former stock, was the composition of that long pastoral entitled *Epitaphium Damonis*, also in Latin hexameters, which commemorates the poignancy of his grief over the loss, by unexpected death during his absence, of

the bosom-friend of his boyhood and youth, the half-Italian Charles Diodati. This, which is indubitably the finest of all Milton's Latin poems, is also the most interesting autobiographically. Here it is that, communing with the shade of his dead friend, of whom there remained no more for him in this world than fond recollection and the sight of his premature grave in a London churchyard, he repeats an intimation about his own literary intentions and schemings which he had hinted more vaguely in his poem to Manso. The lines conveying this intimation come in near the end of the poem, where they are introduced in a very subtle manner, with hesitations on account of what may seem their bold egotism. They may be translated thus :—

"I have a theme of the Trojans cruising our southern headlands
 Shaping to song, and the realm of Imogen, daughter of Pandras,
 Brennus and Arvirach, dukes, and Bren's bold brother, Belinus;
 Then the Armorican settlers under the laws of the Britons;
 Ay, and the womb of Igraine, fatally pregnant with Arthur,
 Uther's son, whom he got disguised in Gorlois' likeness,
 All by Merlin's craft. O then, if life shall be spared me,
 Thou shalt be hung, my pipe, far off on some brown dying pine-tree,
 Much forgotten of me; or else your Latian music
 Changed for the British war-screach! What then? For one to do all things,
 One to hope all things, fits not! Prize sufficiently ample
 Mine, and distinction great (unheard of ever thereafter
 Though I should be, and inglorious, all through the world of the stranger),
 If but yellow-haired Ouse shall read me, the drinker of Alan,
 Humber, which whirls as it flows, and Trent's whole valley of orchards,
 Thames, my own Thames, above all, and Tamar's western waters,
 Tawny with ores, and where the white waves swinge the far Orkneys."

In other words, Milton had no care now for extended publicity for any of his poetical productions hitherto, whether in Latin or in English. He had taken final farewell of Latin for such things, content that the population of his own native British Island, from the Channel to the Orkneys, should be his audience for the future in poetry, even if he should never be heard of abroad; he was absorbed for the present in the design of one great English poem, fit to be addressed to such an audience, and of such a kind and such dimensions that, if he succeeded in it, posterity would not willingly let it die; and he had resolved, moreover, that this poem should be an epic on King Arthur, involving the whole cycle of the Arthurian

legends. Of what worth was all that he had yet done in verse in comparison with the possibility of such a great Arthurian epic? Might not Lawes's 1637 Edition of the *Comus*, together with the *Lycidas* as it had been printed in the Cambridge collection of 1638, be still a sufficient representation, for the needs of the British public generally, of that new Miltonic vein in English Poetry which the projected Arthurian epic would illustrate on a larger scale?

How the project of an Arthurian epic was abandoned, and how Milton, first in temporary lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, and then in the "pretty garden-house" which he had taken in Aldersgate Street, and where his two nephews lived with him and had their daily lessons, passed from the year 1639 into 1640; and from 1640 into 1641, with no subject yet definitely fixed for his intended great English poem, but inclining to the dramatic form now rather than the epic, and making out lists of scores of possible subjects for Tragedies, mostly from Biblical History, but partly from the History of Britain before the Conquest,—among which scores of subjects the most distinctly schemed, and apparently the most attractive to him, was *Paradise Lost*: of all this some account has been given already in our MEMOIR, and a more circumstantial account will be given in the Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. What has to be remembered here is that all these great ruminations came to nothing, interrupted as they were by Milton's interest in the great political and ecclesiastical revolution which the meeting of the Long Parliament in November 1640 had set astir in England. For some time he had resisted the fascination of the political ferment, leaving the conduct of affairs to those who were in public charge of them, and persisting quietly in his own studies and poetic dreams. But in 1641 the Church Question came on, and then Milton could remain silent no longer. From that moment, bidding his poetic projects wait till he should be at leisure to resume them, he plunged into the stormy element around him, and converted himself into a prose polemic and pamphleteer. To his five Anti-Episcopal or Root-and-Branch pamphlets of 1641-2 there succeeded, in 1643, 1644, and 1645, his four pamphlets expounding and defending his more peculiar and private Doctrine of Divorce, this last series varied in 1644 by the interjection of his *Treatise of Education* and his *Areopagitica*. Eleven laborious prose-pamphlets in four years, with nothing of separate verse all the while but three casual

sonnets! Strange that the man who had been so timid or so dilatory about the publication of his poems, about bringing the wind among his flowers, should so exult in the publicity inevitable in such prose-pamphleteering as his was, should care nothing for even a hurricane among his thistles! For what was the character of the publicity he had obtained by his eleven prose-pamphlets? Admiration, doubtless, for some of them in many quarters, and perhaps for all of them in some quarters; but, on the whole, and more particularly by his Divorce pamphlets, infamy and execration! Denounced from pulpits and in books as a heretic and blasphemer, watched by the Westminster Assembly of Divines as a sectary to be struck down if possible by the power of the civil arm, complained of by the corporation of the London Stationers for systematic contempt of the press-laws, brought to question more than once before the Parliament itself in consequence of these complaints or of private manoeuvres by the Presbyterian clergy, detested by the Anglicans for his attacks on the Bishops and invectives against Episcopal Church-Government, and with little countervailing applause or sympathy except among the extreme Independents and other free opinionists,—such was the position into which Milton's pamphleteering activity had brought him in 1645, when he was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, still residing in Aldersgate Street, his wife absent from him now for two years, but his old father now domiciled with him as well as his two nephews. If Milton had won fame by his prose-writings, it was such fame as Æolus the Wind-God conferred in Chaucer's *House of Fame* when the goddess ordered him to lay aside his golden trumpet and blow a blast with his black-one:—

“ What did this Æolus, but he
 Took out his blackè trumpe of brass,
 That fouler than the Devil was,
 And gan this trumpe for to blow
 As all the world should overthrow.
 Throughtout every regioun
 Went this foulè trumpe's soun,
 As swift as pellet out of gun
 When fire is in the powder run;
 And such a smoke gan out-wend
 Out of the foulè trumpe's end,
 Black, blue, greenish, swartish, red,
 As doeth where that men melt lead.
 Lo! all on hie from the tewelle.

- And thereto one thing saw^d I well,—
 That, the farther that it ran,
 The greater waxen it began,
 As doth the river from a well ;
 And it stank as the pit of Hell."

Any recollection that there may have anywhere been of Milton's earlier aspirations and performances of the purely poetical order, any recollection of his *Comus* in Lawes's Edition of it in 1637, or of his *Lycidas* in the Cambridge collection of obituary verses in 1638 to the memory of Edward King, had been obliterated, of course, by the fiercer impress of his new prose-reputation. What could a few copies of one small volume lying here and there on library-shelves, and another shorter piece included in similarly scattered copies of another volume, avail against the eleven tremendous prose-pamphlets? This consideration seems to have given Milton no great concern. He did intend to return to Poetry as soon as the Revolution in which he was assisting, and which he regarded as a struggle for English Liberty, should be happily over; the struggle was lasting longer than he had at first expected; but he would fight through it so long as might be necessary, in expectation of that time of triumph and calm, sooner or later, when he should be able to resume his postponed schemes of some great poem or two that should impart a new strain to the language and the literature of England. Meanwhile why trouble himself with the resuscitation of his *Comus* and his *Lycidas*, or with the publication of the little collection of other pieces of verse which he had beside him in manuscript?

If Milton thought so, he fortunately yielded to better advice. The advice came from a certain Humphrey Moseley, and it took effect late in 1645, just when Milton had removed, or was removing, from his house in Aldersgate Street to the larger house he had taken in the adjacent Barbican for the accommodation of the increasing number of those sons of private friends who came to him as pupils. His wife, a reconciliation between them having been brought about at last, entered the new house along with him, as well as the father and the two nephews; and no more was to be heard publicly of the Divorce speculation.

Who was Humphrey Moseley? He was a London bookseller, with a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he had begun, some years before, a line of his own in the publishing business, from which

he was never afterwards to swerve, and his continued activity in which entitles him now to be remembered as the most interesting man by far in the London book-trade between 1640 and 1660. He had made up his mind to be a publisher only for the finer muses. Since the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640 the English air had been thick with controversial pamphlets on the current questions,—political pamphlets, ecclesiastical pamphlets, nothing but pamphlets; but with matter of that kind Moseley would have nothing to do. Nor would he traffic, if he could help it, in sermons, theological treatises, or any literature of the merely learned and heavy sorts. Leaving all that kind of commerce to such of his brethren of the trade as cared for it or found it profitable, Moseley was on the outlook only for such things of light, sweetness, and classic literary worth, whether in prose or in verse, as might still be in demand even in those days of over-abundant pamphleteering, heavy controversial divinity, and raging civil war. So keen was his outlook, and so expert was he in catering for the finer literary tastes of his countrymen, that within the next twelve or fifteen years from our present date he not only became the recognised proprietor of nearly all the best new volumes of poetry, etc., that were sent forth by living authors, but acquired also, by successive purchases, nearly all the copyrights in the older Elizabethan and Jacoban books of a popular order,—e.g. plays and poems of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Cyril Tourneur, and Shirley,—that came anyhow into the market. At our present date Moseley was only on his way to this distinction; but he was *feeling* his way, and had already made some successful experiments. From 1640 to 1644 his publishing ventures, I find, had been chiefly in books by James Howell, the first edition of whose *Dodona's Greve* was brought out at Moseley's shop in 1640, followed in 1642 by his *Instructions for Foreign Travel*. But in 1644 Moseley was in negotiation with an author of even higher mark. On the 14th of December in that year he registered in the Books of the Stationers' Company his copyright in a forthcoming volume entitled *Poems, etc., written by Mr. Edmund Waller, of Beckonsfield, Esq., lately a member, of the House of Commons*; and the volume duly appeared early in 1645.

The London booksellers with whom Milton had hitherto had dealings were a Thomas Underhill in Wood Street, a John Rothwell in St. Paul's Churchyard, and a Matthew Simmons in Aldersgate

Street. Underhill had published three of his five Anti-Episcopal pamphlets, and Rothwell the other two; one of the Divorce Tracts bore Simmons's name on the title-page, and he was probably the publisher of those other three pamphlets of the Divorce series which bore no publisher's name, and also of the Tract on Education and the Areopagitica, which appeared with the same illegal defect. Moseley, one may be sure, did not want to compete with any of these brethren of his in the book-trade for the possession of Mr. Milton, or of any share in him, in his character of polemical prose-writer. But was any one of them aware what else Mr. Milton was than a polemical prose-writer and daring opinionist, however eloquent, and what might be made of him in quite another character? They had left that discovery to Moseley, and he was alert to avail himself of his superior knowledge. In other words, satisfied with the success of his edition of Waller's Poems, and convinced that a collective edition of Milton's Poems would be a still more important contribution to the finer literature of the time, Moseley took some opportunity of proposing the thing to Milton. Whether he went to Milton in Aldersgate Street or in Barbican for the purpose, or whether the proposal was made in some accidental visit of Milton to Moseley's shop, must remain unknown; but we have Moseley's own word for the fact that the proposal came from *him*, and that some solicitation was necessary before Milton consented. That he did consent is the main thing. The preparation of the new volume must have been Milton's main occupation for the first few months of his residence in Barbican.

FIRST COLLECTIVE EDITION OF THE MINOR POEMS: 1645.

Under the date Oct. 6, 1645, this entry occurs in the books of the London Stationers' Company: "*Mr. Moseley entered for his copie, under the hand of Sir Nath. Brent and both the Wardens, a booke called Poems in English and Latyn by Mr. John Milton, 6d.*" The meaning of the entry is that on that day Moseley registered the forthcoming volume as his copyright, showing a licence for its publication under the hand of Sir Nathaniel Brent (Judge of the Prerogative Court, and one of the licensors of books appointed by the Printing Ordinance of the Long Parliament of June 1643), and showing also the signatures of the two Wardens of the Stationers' Company for the

time being, besides paying sixpence for the formality of the registration. The following is the complete title of the volume when it did appear:—

“Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, compos’d at several times. Printed by his true Copies. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King’s Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick.

‘ - - - Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.’

VIRGIL, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publish’d according to Order. London, Printed by Ruth Raworth, for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms in Pauls Churchyard. 1645.”

From a copy of this first collective edition of Milton’s Poems among the King’s Pamphlets (Thomason Collection of Pamphlets) in the British Museum, bearing a note of the precise day of its publication written on its title-page, I learn that the day was Jan. 2, 1645-6. Milton had then been about four months in his new house in Barbican.

The volume published by Moseley is a very small, and rather neat, book of more than 200 pages. The ENGLISH POEMS come first and fill 120 pages; after which, with a separate title-page, and filling 88 pages, separately numbered, come the LATIN POEMS. The poems contained in the volume, whether in the English or in the Latin portion, include, with two exceptions, all those which have been registered in our successive lists in the MEMOIR as having been written by Milton, at different periods, from his boyhood at St. Paul’s School to the year 1645, when the volume was published. The exceptions are the little elegy “On the death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough” (1626) and the curious little fragment, “At a Vacation Exercise in the Coliege” (1628). It is to be supposed that these two English pieces, both belonging to the Cambridge period of Milton’s life, were not then among Milton’s papers, or that copies of them had been mislaid. But, these excepted, every other scrap mentioned in our lists, as of prior date to 1645, was printed. Nay, more than this: Milton, once he had consented to the publication of the volume, had been careful to give it every chance of a good reception. Prefixed to the volume as a whole, and doubtless with Milton’s sanction, was a very eulogistic preface by Moseley, entitled “The

Stationer to the Reader" (see it at the beginning of the text of the MINOR POEMS in this Edition). Then, before *Comus*, which begins on p. 67 of the volume, there comes a separate title-page to that poem, as if to call attention to it as longer and more important than any of the other included pieces; and, besides this distinction of a separate title-page to *Comus*, there are inserted, as also fit introductions to that masque, a reprint of Lawes's eulogistic dedication of it to Viscount Brackley in the original and semi-private edition of 1637, and a copy, furnished by Milton, of Sir Henry Wotton's remarkable letter to him in April 1638 giving the good Sir Henry's opinion of its eminent merits. Finally, prefixed to the LATIN POEMS in the volume, after the separate title-page which distinguishes them from the English portion, are copies of the commendatory verses, etc., with which Milton had been favoured when abroad by the distinguished foreigners who had seen some of those poems, or otherwise become acquainted with him. First we have the Neapolitan Manso's elegiac Latin distich; then the Roman Salsilli's four Latin lines; then the Roman Selvaggi's Latin distich; then the long and interesting Italian ode by the Florentine Francini; and, lastly, the Latin prose letter of the Florentine Carlo Dati. This collection of foreign testimonials is prefaced by a few Latin words from Milton's own pen, disclaiming the extravagant praises bestowed upon him by his foreign friends, but saying that nevertheless, partly because of his own regard for the givers of the testimonials, and partly in deference to the advice of friends, he had thought it right to publish them.

Milton was never deficient, and avows himself to have been never deficient, in a magnanimous kind of self-esteem. Apart from that, however, it is easy to see why, having consented to Moseley's proposal of a collective edition of his Poems, he took such pains to bespeak a favourable reception for his little book by inserting in it the testimonials from Lawes, Sir Henry Wotton, and his Italian admirers. No one knew better than himself under what a cloud of general obloquy he had been living of late because of his prose-writings, and especially of his Pamphlets on the Church Question, and his Divorce Pamphlets. It was his knowledge of this that actuated him now. For, though his courage and pugnacity in prose controversy were so enormous that he seemed even to exult in the obloquy he had provoked, and to challenge more and ever more of it,—apparently in the belief that it was the predestined lot, and the

real honour, of all pioneers of great principles that they should live and move for a while among their contemporaries in what he called "a world of disesteem,"—he could not but think now and then of the effect which his present unpopularity in the prose element might have on that future time in his career when, as he had pledged himself, he would resume his singing-robcs, and comport himself accordingly, in one or two works of studied worth and magnitude, as the chief English poet of his generation. With this in his mind, what more natural than to conclude that those testimonies to his character and literary abilities, from a few men who had known him in a different capacity from that in which he was now generally regarded, might be of some use meanwhile? Sir Henry Wotton had died in 1639, but had left a memory still held in honour among Royalists and Parliamentarians alike; Lawes was a faithful King's man and on the list of his Majesty's domestic retinue; and some of the Italian friends whose eulogiums were quoted,—Manso, at all events, whose eulogium was put first,—must have been known by name to English scholars. Observe, too, how on the very title-page to Moseley's little volume care was taken to connect a portion of the contents with Lawes's name in particular. "The Songs," it is intimated, with reference to those in *Arcades* and *Comus*, "were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick." This may have been inserted on Moseley's suggestion; but there is another portion of the title-page in which Milton's own hand and deliberation are unmistakable. It is the motto from Virgil:—

"Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

As Milton had been very neat in his selection of a motto from Virgil's Second Eclogue to express the feelings with which he had let Lawes's semi-private Edition of the *Comus* go forth in 1637, so he was again very neat in his selection of this phrase from the Seventh Eclogue to express the feelings with which he had consented in 1645 to Moseley's publication of a Collective Edition of his poems. The phrase may be rendered thus:—

• • • "Some garland round my brow,
Lest ill tongues hurt the poet yet to be."

This version, however, hardly gives the full significance of the original,

as the word *baccare* almost defies exact rendering. The Latin *baccar*, or *baccaris*, was "a sweet herb," or "a plant with a fragrant root," the Dictionaries tell us,—which is so far satisfactory; but whether it was what we now call "my Lady's glove," or "the Clown's spikenard," or "the Celtic valerian," no lexicographer has made out. Suffice it that it was some plant in Greek and Latin field-botany of which a garland could be made, if no nobler foliage, such as ivy or laurel, were at hand, and so that Milton's request was for *some* garland, some green thing or other, however simple, round his brow in the meantime, to mark that he was a poet in aspiration at least, and to keep him, on that account, from the damage of ill tongues till he should deserve the final wreath.

His publisher, Humphrey Moseley, for one, was ready with the required garland. Not the least interesting feature of the new volume was Moseley's preface, entitled "*The Stationer to the Reader.*" The whole of it is worth reading; but it is the closing sentences with which we are here concerned. "That encouragement I have already received," writes Moseley, "from the most ingenious men, in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever green and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal."

Only in one peculiarity of the volume was there a miscarriage. It had been proposed, apparently by Moseley, that there should be a portrait of Milton prefixed; and to this arrangement also Milton, who had no reason to be ashamed of his personal appearance, had consented. Unfortunately, the result was a ludicrous failure. The engraver to whom Moseley had entrusted the thing was a certain William Marshall, who was of some respectability in his profession, and specimens of whose art, in the form of engraved portraits of eminent public persons of his day, and also of fantastic illustrations of some notable books of his day, have come down to us in sufficient

number, some of them by no means bad. Milton had already come into contact with him, and not very pleasantly. One of the books in which Milton had been attacked for his dreadful Divorce doctrine was a treatise against the sect of the Anabaptists or Baptists, published in January 1644-5 by a much respected and very orthodox divine, Dr. Daniel Featley, under the title of *Dippers Dipt, or the Anabaptists duck'd and plung'd over head and eares*. To illustrate the book there was a kind of caricature engraving from Marshall's hand representing various kinds of Sectaries, and ridiculing the Baptists in particular, and their rite of immersion, by the exhibition of a number of persons of both sexes bathing together, with rather plump ostentation, in a pool. Milton, whose *Tetrachordon* was published shortly after Dr. Featley's book, had taken the opportunity, in the dedication of that new Divorce pamphlet of his to the Parliament, of castigating Dr. Featley, and another of his adversaries, for their attacks upon himself. His notice of Dr. Featley, had been somewhat contemptuous. "For which I do not commend his *marshalling*," had been one of the phrases, referring to one of Dr. Featley's statements about the Anabaptists, but with a side-glance at Marshall's engraved caricature. Some months had elapsed since the pun was perpetrated, and Milton was now to experience what *marshalling* was in his own person. For the required portrait of Milton in Moseley's little volume Marshall might have had an excellent original in the oil-painting then in Milton's possession, and from which there have been many engravings since, representing the poet at about his twenty-first year, when he was a Cambridge student, and known, from his graceful appearance, as "the Lady of Christ's College." But, whether Marshall aimed at an adaptation of this, or only concocted something out of his own head, the print which he produced bore no earthly resemblance to Milton, or to any possible human being. Though entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli Effigies anno ætatis vigess. pri.*" ("Portrait of John Milton, Englishman, in the 21st year of his age"), it exhibited a stolid, grim-looking, long-haired gentleman, of about fifty, with a background of trees and a meadow, a shepherd piping, and a shepherd and shepherdess dancing. What Milton thought when this engraving of himself was shown him we can only guess. But, instead of having it cancelled, he let it go forth with the volume,—only taking his revenge by a practical joke at the engraver's expense. He offered him, or he offered Moseley,

some lines of Greek verse to be engraved ornamentally under the portrait; and these lines the poor artist did innocently engrave, little thinking what they meant. They are to be seen in all copies of the portrait to this day, and are as follows:—

Ἀμαθεὶ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύετς βλέπων·
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγόνυτες, φίλοι,
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμύμημα ζωγράφου.

An English translation may run thus—

That an unskilful hand had carved this print
 You'd say at once, seeing the living face;
 But, finding here no trace of me, my friends,
 Laugh at the botching artist's mis-attempt.

Such was the First Edition of Milton's Miscellaneous Poems, published in 1645, when the author was thirty-seven years of age. It seems to have had no great circulation; but it had to suffice as the sole representation of Milton in Poetry till the publication of *Paradise Lost*, two-and-twenty years afterwards, when he was in his fifty-ninth year.

INTERVAL BETWEEN THE FIRST EDITION AND THE SECOND.

Biographically, this interval has been taken account of in the MEMOIR (pp. 26-60); and we revert to it now only *bibliographically*.

I.—From 1645 to the Restoration.

For these fifteen years, divided into sections as in the Memoir, the bibliographical report is as follows:—

In Barbican (1645—1647).—This was his busiest time in pedagogy, and nothing of a literary kind came from his pen except four sonnets and one quasi-sonnet in English, and two pieces of Latin verse.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, High Holborn (1647—1649).—To this time belong one Sonnet and Nine Translated Psalms in English; but he was so occupied with compilations for a Latin Dictionary, a Digest of Divinity, and a History of Britain, that, for the rest, there was no product of a literary kind till the close of his residence in this part of London. Then, in February 1649, just after the execution of Charles I., he flashed out again as a pamphleteer in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, written in defence of the Regicide and of the newly established Commonwealth.

At Charing Cross, in Whitehall, and in Petty France (1649—1653).—This was the time of his Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State of the Commonwealth, and of his miscellaneous literary exertions in connexion with that post, including his *Observations on Ormond's Peace with the Irish Rebels*, his *Eikonoklastes*, his temporary Superintending Editorship of the *Mercurius Politicus*, his First *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* in reply to Salmasius, and his participation with his younger nephew, John Phillips, in a *Responsio* to an anonymous attack upon him in the interest of Salmasius. There was nothing of independent verse from him during these four years, except his Sonnet to Cromwell, written in May 1652, and his Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane, written in June or July of the same year. His blindness had been gradually coming on; and it was total, or all but total, when these Sonnets were written.

Still in Petty France, Westminster (1653—1658).—During those five years of Cromwell's supremacy, first as Military Dictator and then as Lord-Protector, Milton, retained in his post of the Latin Secretaryship notwithstanding his blindness, not only continued to discharge a good part of the duties of that post by composing the text of all Cromwell's more important foreign dispatches, but was able to pursue the Salmasian controversy by the publication of his *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*, upholding the Commonwealth in its new form of the Oliverian Protectorate, and of his *Pro Se Defensio* in castigation of Salmasius's henchman Morus. He was in the first years of his widowhood during these labours of Latin dictation; and his second marriage was in November 1656. Of independent verse through the whole time of his official work for Oliver the amount consisted but of another experiment in Psalm Translation, an English rendering of one short Ode of Horace, and six additional English Sonnets. One of the Sonnets was that "On the late Massacre in Piedmont"; the others were more of a personal kind and on private occasions, the last of them being that to the memory of his second wife, who had died in February 1657-8, fifteen months after their marriage. It is not only the last of his Sonnets, but also the very last in date of all that we now call Milton's MINOR POEMS. About the time when it was written, which was some time in 1658, the last year of Oliver's Protectorate, he had begun in earnest, there is reason to believe, the composition of PARADISE LOST, having decided finally on that as the fittest subject for his intended great English poem, out of the many he had noted and sketched out for consideration eighteen years before, and having decided also in favour of the epic form.

Still in Petty France, Westminster (1658—1660).—Through the twenty months which followed the death of Oliver in September 1658, consisting first of the brief Protectorate of his son Richard, and then of a wretched and ever-increasing anarchy in the form of a struggle for power between the surviving Republicans of the old Rump, bent on a return to a pure Republic, and a cabal of Army-officers, bent on a Military Government, Milton can have made but slow progress with his PARADISE LOST. Not only was there still some official work for him, for a portion of the period at least, in the Latin Secretaryship, though Andrew Marvell was now his colleague in that post; but, with his passion for inserting his own hands into the contemporary course of public affairs, he could not resist the opportunities which were offered at successive points of the ever-varying crisis for new

pamphlets of advice and remonstrance to his countrymen. To a new and enlarged edition of his *Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano*, there succeeded, in the interest of those views of absolute Religious Voluntarism for which he thought he might now again obtain a hearing, his *Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and his *Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*; after which, when the drift towards a Restoration of the Stuart Monarchy, as the only possible end to the Anarchy, had unmistakably declared itself, he threw aside, as of minor importance, the question of State-Church or no State-Church, and every other question respecting the mere constitution of the Republic within itself, and applied his whole soul to the task of urging the preservation of the Republic anyhow and in any shape, and preventing that recall of Charles II. which he regarded as the most fatal catastrophe that could befall England. For this, in the early months of 1660, he fought with open fury in his *Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, and more quietly in his *Brief Notes on Dr. Griffith's Sermon* and in a private appeal to Monk. They were words to the deaf. In May 1660 Charles was in London; and, amid the many things that went down, or were swept out of sight, amid the boundless uproar of his enthusiastic reception, it has required recent research to discover that there were copies of a Second Edition of Milton's *Ready and Easy Way*, which he had caused to be issued from an obscure Republican book-shop, and which was even more vehement against the Stuarts than the First.

For those who are in the habit of distinguishing strongly between Milton as the poet and Milton as the prose-writer and polemic, professing their willingness to join to the utmost in the general admiration of him in the one character, but unable to endure him in the other, the fifteen years, from 1645 to 1660, which we have thus reviewed bibliographically, form, together with the immediately preceding five years from 1640 to 1645, the most disagreeable portion of his whole life. Why should the author of *Comus* and *Lycidas* have condescended to spend twenty of his best years in all but unrelieved prose-pamphleteering, and such prose-pamphleteering? What had such a man to do with the horrible politics of his time, its coarse Puritanisms, its unrespectable sectarianisms, its popular howlings for an abstraction called Liberty, and its insurrection against the sacred rule of Charles I., ending in the public murder of that sovereign and in eleven years of thralldom to a chandlerly Republic and a fanatical Oliverian Despotism? Being a god, why should he have kissed all that carrion? Such, if not always so strongly expressed, is the feeling about Milton still among not a few fastidious persons. Miserable and most unmasonic misjudgment!—possible only from the continuance among us here and there of that mere sycophancy to the Restoration, that strange identifica-

tion of Stuart-worship with proper reverence for total British tradition, which has vitiated so much of our historical scholarship for two centuries, and made real and intimate knowledge of one of the greatest and most instructive ages of British life all but discreditable. No likelihood that all genuine scholars who may apply themselves to the study of that age, or that one half of them, will return from their investigations reporting agreement with all Milton's opinions and acts through it, or with the chief of them, or with the side to which he belonged in its controversies generally. But there may be appreciation without agreement; and what is asserted is that it is only utter ignorance of the real history of that British age, with utter ignorance moreover of those writings of Milton that survive to tell us how he acted in that age, that can prevent perception of the intellectual and moral coequality, and indeed the intrinsic identity, of the Milton of those prose-writings with the Milton of the poems. The very phenomenon of Milton's life that gives it such distinction in English literary history,—a phenomenon that ought to be interesting to all admirers of manliness and magnanimity, however much they may dissent from Milton's political and ecclesiastical views,—is that he so divided himself between the two functions, consenting to the disuse of his right hand for about twenty years of his full manhood, that he might be free for service with his left hand to what he deemed the immediate duty of all honest Englishmen. Was not this example, with the sight which it has transmitted to us of a Milton standing beside a Cromwell at the heart of English affairs through some years of English history, of more worth to posterity than would have been the few additional poems bearing Milton's name of which it has probably deprived us? All this apart from the worth of those prose-writings taken by themselves. But that also has to come into the consideration; and there are some who, besides prizing Milton's prose-writings, or some of them, as among the most magnificent things in English prose-literature, believe that there are ideas and speculations in them the operative virtue of which for good of various kinds is not even yet exhausted.

The precise bibliographical observation for which we have occasion here, however, is that, even should those twenty years of Milton's prose-polemics be voted now to be a mere stretch of morass on an otherwise lovely landscape, there do glitter in the prose morass some poetic jewels casually dropped. For our present fifteen years of the

twenty, we can reckon, as by the preceding inventory, thirteen new English Sonnets, and some six other new pieces of verse in English or Latin. These, all composed since the publication of Moseley's Collection of the Poems in 1645, Milton had by him in manuscript.

II.—*From the Restoration to 1673.*

Milton being remembered now as the author of *PARADISE LOST*, *PARADISE REGAINED*, and *SAMSON AGONISTES*, as well as of so much else, we are apt to forget that at the Restoration those three great poems did not exist, and that, if they had hanged him then, as many wanted to do, for his demerits as a prominent official of the defunct Commonwealth and Protectorate, and a special defender of the Regicide and libeller of the whole family of the Stuarts, it would have been only the author of about a score of English and Latin prose pamphlets, and of one little volume of published poetical miscellanies, that they knew they were hanging. His escape is all the more remarkable, and is proof positive of the high regard in which he must have been held in some powerful quarters on account of these productions, all his political demerits notwithstanding, and of the extraordinary concurrence of influences which there must have been for his rescue.

The rescue effected in August 1660, and Milton having then emerged from his hiding, we follow him next through those seven years of his compulsory obscurity and shifting residences in which his chief known occupation was his labour on *PARADISE LOST*. Strange that the time of leisure to which he had looked forward so long for this declared resumption of his singing-robcs, this dedication of himself to one great poetic achievement on a scale answering to his own ideal, should have come, after all, not with the triumph of the political cause for which he had laboured, but with the utter overthrow and prostration of that cause, and amid the very conditions of English life that were to him most alien and detestable. So it had happened, however; and he accepted the fate. First, for a little while, in lodgings off High Holborn; then in a house in Jewin Street in his old Aldersgate neighbourhood, where, for more comfortable house-management than he could obtain from his three-pitiable young daughters, he married his third wife; and finally in his last London house, in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields: amid these poor surround-

ings it is that we see the blind man, between his fifty-second year and his fifty-ninth, pursuing his great dictation. He has it with him complete, or nearly so, in the country cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles to which he and his family retired for those late months of 1665 when the Great Plague was at its worst in London; but the London disaster of the Great Plague of 1665 was followed by that of the Great Fire of 1666; and not till 1667 did *PARADISE LOST* come forth as a printed book.

PARADISE LOST once published, and copies of it getting gradually into circulation, Milton, whose visitors in his obscurity since the Restoration had been chiefly faithful old friends of his own sort, or younger disciples from various Non-Conforming sects, found himself the object once more of wider public recognition. The concourse of admiring visitors to his house in Bunhill began even to be troublesome; and his slender figure as he was led about in the streets in his usual grey suit, and with the small silver-hilted sword by his side, became one of the interesting sights of that vicinity. Anything new of his in literary shape was now acceptable in the London book-trade. Accordingly, besides his *PARADISE REGAINED* and his *SAMSON AGONISTES*, published together in one volume in 1671, and his new Anti-Popish tract of 1673 entitled *Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, etc.*, one finds him about this time getting rid of various MSS. that had been lying beside him for one knows not how many years, including his *Accidence Commend't Grammar*, his *History of Britain to the Conquest*, and his Latin compilation of Ramist Logic, entitled *Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio*. It was in these circumstances that he naturally bethought himself of a Second Edition of his Minor Poems.

SECOND COLLECTIVE EDITION OF THE MINOR POEMS: 1673.

It was twenty-eight years since the First Edition had been published by Humphrey Moseley; and that excellent man had been long dead. He had died in January 1660-1, leaving as his likeliest successor among the London booksellers, in that business of publisher for the finer Muses only in which he had persevered so unflinchingly and with such reputation, a certain Henry Herringman. This Herringman, whose shop was in the New Exchange, just off the Strand, where there is the present Adelphi, had really by 1673

taken Moseley's place in the London book-trade, and had gathered about him, in his publishing capacity, all the chief Restoration poets and wits, Dryden included. It was not to Herringman, however, that Milton now went. Nor was it to the Samuel Simmons of Aldersgate Street, who had published his *PARADISE LOST*, nor to John Starkey, at the Mitre in Fleet Street, who had published the volume containing *PARADISE REGAINED* and *SAMSON AGONISTES*. The publisher chosen, or who offered himself, for a new Edition of the Minor Poems, was a Thomas Dring, the locality of whose shop appears from the following title-page of the volume when it was actually published :—

"Poems, &c., upon Several Occasions. By Mr. John Milton : both English and Latin, &c. Composed at several times. With a Small Tractate of Education. To Mr. Hartlib. London, Printed for Tho. Dring, at the White Lion, next Chancery Lane End, in Fleet Street. 1673." [So in most copies ; but in a copy which I have seen the latter part of the imprint is varied thus :— "London : Printed for Tho. Dring, at the Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane in Fleet Street. 1673."] 6

In this Second Edition of the Minor Poems in 1673, as compared with the First in 1645, the following particulars are to be noted : (1) There are certain *additions*. The chief of these,—besides the interesting reprint, at the end, of the small prose Tract on Education which had been originally published in 1644,—are, of course, those English and Latin pieces which had been composed by Milton at intervals after the date of the First Edition. But *all* these pieces, written between 1645 and 1673, were *not* included in the new edition. The few scraps of English and Latin verse that had been inserted in the prose-writings for temporary effect were not here reprinted ; and, for reasons obvious enough, Milton did not think it advisable, when Charles II. was on the throne, to publish his sonnets to Fairfax, Vane, and Cromwell, nor that second one to Cyriack Skinner in which he speaks with exultation of his own services in the Republican cause. With these exceptions, however, all the pieces composed since 1645 were now published by Milton himself in this Second Edition. But there were also included those two English pieces which, though written long before the publication of the First Edition, had not appeared in it : viz. the Elegy "On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough," written in 1626, and the fragment, "At a Vacation Exercise in the College," written in 1628. Copies

of these two pieces had recently been recovered by Milton, and their insertion in the new edition was certainly a gain to that edition. (2) To some copies of this Second Edition of the Poems there was prefixed a new portrait of Milton, at the age of sixty-three, by W. Dolle, after Faithorne, superseding the caricature by Marshall prefixed to the First Edition. But the jocular Greek lines which had appeared in the First Edition, engraved by Marshall's own hand under that caricature, were still preserved. Milton would not lose his joke; and they were printed among the *Sylvæ* in the new edition, with the title "*In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*" (3) From the new edition were omitted Moseley's Preface to the First Edition, and also the two pieces of English prose which had been specially inserted there as Introductions to the *Comus*: viz. Lawes's Dedication of the *Comus* to Viscount Brackley in 1637, and Sir Henry Wotton's genial letter of 1638. Milton probably thought that these laudatory introductions were no longer required. He still kept, however, the complimentary verses, etc., of his foreign friends, that had been prefixed to the Latin Poems in the First Edition.

SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF THE MINOR POEMS.

Milton survived the publication of the Second Edition of his Minor Poems only a few months. He died Nov. 8, 1674, one of his last occupations having been the preparation of the Second Edition of his *PARADISE LOST*.

After his death the Minor Poems were not in such demand as the others. It was not till 1695,—by which time *PARADISE LOST*, *PARADISE REGAINED*, and *SAMSON AGONISTES* had passed through several new editions,—that there was published a third edition of the *MISCELLANEOUS POEMS*. This edition was published by Jacob Tonson in sixty folio pages, besides title-page and table of contents, as a companion to the folio editions of *PARADISE LOST*, *PARADISE REGAINED*, and *SAMSON*, published at the same time; with which, accordingly, it is usually found bound up. The example thus set, of reprinting the Minor Poems along with the larger in general editions of Milton's Poetical Works, has been generally followed. Bishop Newton followed it in 1752, by issuing *PARADISE REGAINED*, *SAMSON*, and the *MINOR POEMS* together in one volume, to be added to his two-volume edition of the *PARADISE LOST* in

1749, and so complete the Poetical Works. Separate editions of the MINOR POEMS have been very few. By far the most important of these few were the two editions, in 1785 and 1791 respectively, by Thomas Warton, "with notes critical and explanatory, and other illustrations." Warton's notes in these editions were most careful and valuable; and Todd and all other subsequent editors and biographers of Milton have been greatly indebted to them. Todd's own editing of the MINOR POEMS, after Warton, was not without good results; and in Mr. Keightley's edition of Milton (1859) there is evidence of real pains bestowed upon the MINOR POEMS. The same cannot be said of the reprint of them in the handsome eight-volume edition of Milton from Pickering's press in 1851, with life by Mitford. Not only were the Poems printed there without the original prefaces, etc., of the edition of 1645, but they were printed in an arbitrary order, which was neither that of the original edition, nor intelligible in itself.

To most of the editions of the Minor Poems that have appeared since Milton's own second edition of 1673 there have, of course, been added such pieces of verse, not inserted in that edition, as Milton would himself have included in any final edition. Thus the metrical scraps, whether in English or in Latin, which lay dispersed through the text of his prose-writings, are now generally included among the Poems. Those four English Sonnets, also, which Milton had, from prudential reasons, omitted in the edition of 1673, though they were then in his possession, are now in their places. After the Revolution of 1688 there was no reason for withholding those interesting sonnets from the public; and, accordingly, when Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, published, in 1694, his English translation of the State-Letters which had been written by his uncle in his Latin Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and to Oliver, and prefixed to the book a Memoir of his uncle, he very properly printed the four missing Sonnets as an appendix to the Memoir. From that time they have always been included in editions of the Minor Poems.

THE MILTON MSS. AT CAMBRIDGE.

Even had Milton not given his Minor Poems to the world in print during his lifetime, those interesting productions of his genius would not, perhaps, have been wholly lost. A proportion of them

would have remained recoverable. It is at this point, and more especially in connexion with the Minor Poems, that the reader ought to have some particular account of certain very precious MILTON MSS. now extant at Cambridge.

Milton, from the time when he had first begun to write poems or other things, had carefully kept the MSS. In particular, there was a folio-sized notebook, or set of folio sheets, in which, from about 1632 or 1633, when he began his life of studious leisure in his father's country-house at Horton, and again after his return from his Italian tour in 1639, when he began his independent London life, he was accustomed to keep the first drafts of his English pieces, or copies of them. This book, or set of sheets (with other notebooks or sets of sheets, not now extant, in which he had kept his Latin pieces and of which he also availed himself now and then for a stray English piece), had served him in 1645, when Moseley brought out, "printed by his true copies," the first collective edition of the Minor Poems. The "true copies," however, used by Moseley's printer, were not the drafts in the original MS. book or set of sheets just mentioned, but were amended copies from these made on purpose. The original MS. book or set of sheets remained in Milton's possession, and was occasionally used by him to receive fresh jottings till as late as 1658, —the latest jottings, however, not being in his own hand, but in the hands of the various amanuenses whom he employed in his blindness.

Such MSS. of Milton as came to his widow by his death in 1674 seem to have been dispersed by her, by gift or otherwise, before her final removal from London, in or about 1681, to her native place, Nantwich in Cheshire, where she died in 1727. What became of the bulk of the manuscripts is unknown; but the portion of them in which we are now interested came somehow into the hands of a Sir Henry Newton Puckering, baronet. He was the son of a Sir Adam Newton, who had been tutor to Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.; but he had taken the name of Puckering after his uncle, a Sir Thomas Puckering, of Warwickshire. It is just possible, that he may have had some acquaintance with Milton. He had been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and I find that his uncle and aunt had been neighbours of Milton in Aldersgate Street. At all events, he was a scholar and a book-collector. So scholarly were his tastes, and so strong was his affection for his old college in Cambridge, that, in his eightieth year (about 1697), he desired to be readmitted into it,

and had rooms in it assigned him, where he lived for some time. At his death in 1700, he left his collection of books, amounting to 4000 volumes, to Trinity College Library. In this collection were many MSS., and among them such of Milton's as had come into the old collector's possession. These documents lay neglected among the other MSS., in the College till Charles Mason, a Fellow of the College, and subsequently Woodwardian Professor in the University, took the pains to seek them out and arrange them. Finally, in 1736, another Fellow of the College,—Thomas Clarke, afterwards Knight, and Master of the Rolls,—had them carefully and handsomely bound in morocco in a thin folio volume, with this inscription pasted on the inside of one of the covers: "*Membra hæc eruditissimi et pæne divini Poetæ, olim miserè disjecta et passim sparsa, postea verò fortuito inventa, et in unum denuo collecta a Carolo Mason, ejusdem Collegii socio, et inter Miscellanea reposita, deinceps eâ quâ decuit religione servari voluit Thomas Clarke, nuperrimè hujusce Collegii, nunc verò Medii Templi Londini, Socius. 1736.*" ("These relics of a most learned and almost divine poet, formerly miserably thrown asunder, and scattered about, but afterwards by chance found, and latterly collected into one, by Charles Mason, Fellow of the same College, and placed among the Miscellanies of the Library, are now at length to be preserved with all due piety by the wish of Thomas Clarke, very recently Fellow of this College, and now of the Middle Temple, London. 1736.") Accordingly, this thin morocco-bound volume of Milton MSS. is to this day one of the most valuable curiosities in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is shown to visitors in a glass table-case, arranged so as to gratify them with the sight of a page or two of Milton's autograph. By permission of the Master and Fellows, but only in the presence of one of the Fellows, it may be removed from the case for more leisurely examination. A full account of the volume, and ample specimens of it in facsimile, will be found in the late Mr. Sotheby's sumptuous folio volume entitled *Ramblings in the Elucidation of Milton's Autograph* (1861). It is only to be regretted that Mr. Sotheby, while he was engaged in his task, did not facsimile the volume entire.

The volume consists of fifty-four pages, all of folio size, except an interpolated leaf or two of small quarto. Eight of the pages are blank; all the other forty-six are written on, most of them very closely. The following is an inventory of the contents of the whole

volume, in the order in which they stand as bound up by Clarke's care in 1736:—

MATTER AND HANDWRITING.

- PAGES
- 1—3 Draft of the *ARCADES* in *Milton's own hand*.
- 4—5 "SONG, AT A SOLEMN MUSIC." Three Drafts (two of them erased) in *Milton's own hand*.
- 6—7 PROSE LETTER TO A FRIEND, giving Milton's reasons for hesitating to enter the Church or any other profession. There are two drafts of the letter,—the first containing a copy of his SONNET ON HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE, but the second draft containing only a blank space for the Sonnet. Both the Sonnet and the two prose drafts are in *Milton's own hand*.
- 8 "ON TIME: *to be set on a Clock-case*:" in *Milton's own hand* (apparently a transcript from a former copy).
- „ "UPON THE CIRCUMCISION:" in *Milton's own hand* (apparently a transcript from a former copy).
- 9 SONNET beginning "Captain or Colonel" (1642): in another hand (boyish-looking), save that the title "*When the assault was intended to y^e citty*" is written in Milton's own hand, in lieu of this title, first written, but afterwards erased: "*On his Dore when y^e citty expected an assault*."
- „ SONNET "*To a Lady*," beginning, "*Lady that in the prime*" (1644): in *Milton's own hand*.
- „ SONNET, "*To the Lady Margaret Ley*," beginning, "*Daughter to that good Earl*" (1644): in *Milton's own hand*.
- 10—12 These three pages are blank.
- 13—29 COMUS (1634), much corrected throughout: all in *Milton's own hand*.
- 30—34 LYCIDAS (1637), with corrections throughout: all in *Milton's own hand*.
- 35—41 These seven pages are occupied with those JOTTINGS OF SUBJECTS, AND SKETCHES OF SUBJECTS, FOR SCRIPTURAL TRAGEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF BRITISH HISTORY, to which reference has been already made (see *ante*, p. 16 and p. 84), but to which there will be further reference in the Introductions to *PARADISE LOST*, *PARADISE REGAINED*, and *SAMSON AGONISTES*. The Jottings are wholly in *Milton's own hand*, and were made, it can be proved, in 1640—42.
- 42 This page is blank.
- 43 SONNET TO HENRY LAWES: two drafts—one headed, "*To my freind, Mr. Hen. Lawes, Feb. 9, 1645*," and signed "*J. M.*" (which draft is erased); the other headed, "*To Mr. Hen. Lawes on the publishing of his Aires*" (1645—6). Heading of the second draft in another hand; but both drafts and first heading in *Milton's own hand*.
- „ SONNET "*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certaine*

- PAGES *Treatises*,"—that one of the two under this title which begins "I did but prompt the age" (1645): *in Milton's own hand*.
- 44 SONNET "On the Religious Memorie of Mrs. Catharine Thomson, my Christian friend, deceased 16 December, 1646,"—*i.e.* Sonnet beginning "When Faith and Love": two drafts, both *in Milton's own hand*; the first scored for erasure.
- 45, 46 These two pages consist of an interpolated leaf of small quarto, containing transcripts, *in another hand*, of the three Sonnets last named, together with a transcript, in the same hand, of the Sonnet immediately following on p. 47,—*i.e.* the Sonnet beginning "A Book was writ of late," which now appears as one of the two under the common title, "*On the Detraction*," etc., but which has in this transcript a separate heading, "*On the reception his Book of Divorce met with*." The four Sonnets, though transcribed in this order, have numbers prefixed to them, showing in what order Milton, when the transcript was made, meant them to be printed. The Sonnet "I did but prompt the age" is marked to come first, as No. 11 of the entire series of the Sonnets up to that date; then the Sonnet "A Book was writ of late" is marked as No. 12; then the Sonnet to Lawes, as No. 13; and, lastly, the Sonnet to the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson, as No. 14.
- 47 SONNET "A Book was writ of late" (1645 or 1646); being the draft *in Milton's own hand* (with corrections in another) of which there is a transcript as above.
- ,, SONNET TO FAIRFAX (1648): *in Milton's own hand*, with this title erased, "*On 1st Lord Gen. Fairfax at 1st Siege of Colchester*."
- ,, SONNET TO CROMWELL (1652): *in another hand*; dictated by Milton.
- 48 SONNET TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER: *in another hand*; dictated by Milton.
- ,, LINES ON THE FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE: *in another hand*. A note in Milton's hand in the preceding page directs that these lines should be placed immediately before the Sonnet to Fairfax.
- 49 Last ten lines of the first SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER: *in another hand*.
- ,, Second SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER, beginning "Cyriack, this three years' day" (1655?): *in another hand*; dictated by Milton.
- 50 SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF HIS SECOND WIFE, beginning "Mc-thought I saw" (1658): *in another hand*; dictated by Milton.
- 51—54 These last four pages are blank.

It thus appears that in this precious volume at Cambridge there are preserved (mostly in Milton's own hand, but occasionally in the hands of amanuenses, who either transcribed from his original drafts before he was blind, or, after he was blind, wrote to his dictation) actual MS. copies of all Milton's MINOR ENGLISH POEMS with these exceptions:—*Paraphrases of Psalms CXIV. and CXXXVI.*; *On the*

Death of a Fair Infant; *At a Vacation Exercise*; *On the Nativity*; *The Passion*; *On a May Morning*; *On Shakespeare*; *On the University Carrier* (two pièces); *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*; *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*; *Four of the Sonnets* ("O Nightingale," "On the late Massacre in Piedmont," "When I consider how my light is spent," "To Mr. Lawrence"); *Translation of the Fifth Ode of Horace*; *Translations of Psalms I.—VIII.* (done in 1653); *Translations of Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.* (done in 1648); and *Scraps of Verse from the text of the Prose Pamphlets*.

What has to be specially noted respecting the Cambridge volume of the Milton MSS. is that it does not contain a single original draft of any poem of Milton's known to be of earlier date than 1632, the year when he left Cambridge for his rural retirement at Horton. The Sonnet on his having arrived at the age of twenty-three is only an apparent exception. That Sonnet was certainly written in December 1631: but it is only a transcript of a prior original copy that is included in the *Letter to a Friend*, and this, with the intimation in the Letter itself that the Sonnet had been written "some while since." On the whole, the inference is that the Cambridge MS. volume begins in 1633, just after Milton had settled himself in Horton.

RULES FOR DECIDING THE TEXT OF THE MINOR POEMS.

An editor's duty, in respect to the text of the Minor Poems of Milton, resolves itself into the following rules:—(1) The great majority of the poems, appearing both in the edition of 1645 and in that of 1673, are to be printed according to the text of these editions, wherever it is common to the two; and, if in any case there is a discrepancy, then the text of 1673 ought to have the preference, except where it may appear that the difference between that and the text of 1645 is a mere error in reprinting. For, while, on the one hand, there is evidence that Milton dictated amendments for the later edition, and intended these to be adopted, on the other hand there is the fact that he could revise the proofs of the earlier edition with his own eyes, but could not give the later the same benefit. Between the two editions, however, there is next to no difficulty; and these between them must fix the text of the poems common to both. Whatever other copies of these poems exist,—whether among the Cambridge

MSS., or (as in the cases of *Comus* and *Lycidas*) also in printed form prior to the volumes of 1645 and 1673,—are to be looked upon only as earlier drafts which were superseded, in Milton's own intention, by these printed volumes. (2) Where a poem appears in the volume of 1673, but not in that of 1645, then, on the same principle, it is the text of 1673, and not that of any earlier draft found among the Cambridge MSS., that is to be followed. (3) As respects the few pieces not found in either of Milton's own editions of 1645 and 1673, but added by subsequent editors, the rule might at first sight seem to divide itself. The scraps of verse culled from Milton's prose-pamphlets are, of course, to be printed from the text of the pamphlets in which they occur; but what is the proper text of the four Sonnets first published by Phillips in his memoir of Milton,—to wit, the Sonnets to Fairfax, Vane, and Cromwell, and the second Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner? There are drafts of these Sonnets, though only one of them in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.; and these drafts differ a good deal from the copies printed by Phillips. Which text is to be followed? At one time, though aware that Phillips was not the most accurate of men, I was disposed to assign some value to his text of the four Sonnets, on the supposition that he may have had copies later than those in the Cambridge MSS., and also because, in at least one instance, he has furnished a reading which has generally recommended itself. But a close comparison of Phillips's text throughout with that of the Cambridge MSS. has convinced me that Newton and subsequent editors have been right in abiding by the MS. copies. In most cases of difference, even where Phillips's readings would do, the MS. readings are better. But there are one or two cases where Phillips has reverted to a reading forbidden in the Cambridge MSS. by actual rejection and erasure; and in the Sonnet to Cromwell he has ruined the metrical structure by the omission of a whole line, patching up the break clumsily so as to preserve the continuity of the sense. For the four Sonnets in question, therefore, the Cambridge MSS. must be authoritative, while Phillips's variations may interest in the Notes. (4) From all that has been said it does not follow that no editorial use is to be made of the Cambridge MSS. except for the four Sonnets last spoken of, or that no use is to be made of the early printed copies of *Comus* and *Lycidas* in 1637 and 1638 respectively. On the contrary, it is peculiarly interesting to compare those earlier drafts of some of the poems with the copies as

finally perfected, and to obtain the insight so afforded into Milton's habits of composition, and the critical fastidiousness with which, in each revision of any of his poems, he sought improvements in words or in sound. Hence, in connection with any of the poems of which there is a draft among the Cambridge MSS., an editor, though precluded from letting that draft affect the printed text of the editions of 1645 and 1673, may, with advantage, give a conspectus in his notes of the various readings supplied by the draft, and not only of such various readings as are supplied by the draft in its final state, but even of such as are supplied by the erasures and changes in the MS. before that state was reached. Milton erased and changed so much in the act of writing that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of his habits in this respect except by actual reproduction of the Cambridge MSS. in facsimile. That labour, performed only in part by the late Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby, may yet be performed completely. Meanwhile, an editor must do his best to supply the want by indicating what is of importance in the form of various readings found in the Cambridge drafts.

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE MINOR POEMS SEVERALLY

The Poems divide themselves in this edition, as in Milton's own editions, into two sets :—THE ENGLISH POEMS (with which go five Italian Sonnets and one Italian Canzone) ; and THE LATIN POEMS (with which go three scraps of Greek). We shall divide our Introductions to the Poems correspondingly into two Parts, as follows :—

PART I.—THE ENGLISH POEMS

PART II.—THE LATIN POEMS

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE MINOR POEMS SEVERALLY

PART I

THE ENGLISH POEMS

THE following is the order of the English Poems as published by Milton himself in the editions of 1645 and 1673, an asterisk being prefixed to those which appeared first in the later edition :—

"ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY," with "THE HYMN."

"A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV."

"A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVI."

* "ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH."

"THE PASSION."

"ON TIME."

"UPON THE CIRCUMCISION."

"AT A SOLEMN MUSIC."

"AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER."

"SONG ON MAY MORNING."

"ON SHAKESPEARE."

"ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER."

"ANOTHER ON THE SAME."

"L'ALLEGRO."

"IL PENSEROSO."

"SONNETS :"—

I. "O Nightingale."

II. "*Donna leggiadra.*"

III. "*Qual in colle aspro.*"

"Canzone."

IV. "*Diodati, e te'l dirò.*"

V. "*Per certo.*"

VI. "*Giovane piano.*"

VII. "How soon hath Time."

- VIII. "Captain or Colonel."
 IX. "Lady, that in the prime."
 X. "Daughter to that good Earl."
 * XI. "A Book was writ of late."
 * XII. "I did but prompt the age."
 * XIII. "Harry, whose tuneful."
 * XIV. "When Faith and Love."
 * XV. "Avenge, O Lord."
 * XVI. "When I consider how."
 * XVII. "Lawrence, of virtuous Father."
 * XVIII. "Cyriack, whose grandsire."
 * XIX. "Methought I saw."
 * "THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, *Lih. I.*, ENGLISHED."
 * "AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE."
 * "ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT."
 "ARCADES."
 "LYCIDAS."
 COMUS: "A MASK PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634."
 * TRANSLATIONS OF PSALMS I.—VIII.
 * TRANSLATIONS OF PSALMS LXXX.—LXXXVIII.

English pieces which did not appear in either of Milton's own editions of his Poems, but have been added in later editions, to complete the collection, are the following:—

FOUR SONNETS :—

Sonnet to Fairfax, beginning "Fairfax, whose name."

Sonnet to Cromwell, beginning "Cromwell, our chief of men."

Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane the younger, beginning "Vane, young in years."

Second Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, beginning "Cyriack, this three-years'-day."

SCRAPS OF VERSE FROM THE PROSE PAMPHLETS.

It is difficult to see on what principle Milton arranged the English pieces in his editions of 1645 and 1673. In some degree, however, he attended to chronological order, making the more juvenile pieces, on the whole, precede the later. For example, though the piece *At a Vacation Exercise in the College*, which is one of the interpolations in the second edition, actually occupies pp. 64-68 of that edition, there is a statement in the "Errata" to the effect that it is out of its place there, and should have followed immediately after the *Elegy On the Death of a Fair Infant*, which ends at p. 21. The association thus signified in Milton's mind

between the two pieces is clearly one of time : both pieces belonging to his Cambridge days. And, on the whole, though in neither edition is the chronological principle of arrangement paramount, one can see that a subordinate respect was paid to it. The state of the case may be described by saying that in both editions we see a tendency to the chronological arrangement, interfered with by such motives as might induce an author or a publisher to depart from it in bringing out a collective volume of poems. There was the desire, for example, to open the volume with a poem of some size, like that on the Nativity, giving a sufficient foretaste of the author's quality ; and there was care also to give due mechanical prominence in the sequel to such poems of considerable length as *Lycidas* and *Comus*.

As these reasons, however, need not actuate an editor of Milton now, and as a reprint of the poems in the exact order of the edition of 1673 would on other grounds be confusing, it seems desirable, in an edition like the present, to adopt throughout that chronological principle of arrangement which Milton did to some extent mark with his approval. For all purposes of a study of Milton this principle is the best, and for no purpose is it inconvenient. Accordingly, the arrangement of the Minor English Poems in this volume is, as far as one could well make it, chronological. The deviations are where certain of the poems go naturally in groups. Thus, instead of scattering the SONNETS through the rest of the poems by placing each particular Sonnet in its own chronological niche, it has been deemed best to keep all the Sonnets together, arranged chronologically in their own series.

We shall now enumerate and introduce the English Poems successively in the order in which they stand in this edition :—

PARAPHRASES ON PSALMS CXIV. AND CXXXVI.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

These were done, as the author himself takes care to tell us, "at fifteen years old"—*i.e.* in 1624. They are, in fact, the only specimens now extant of Milton's muse before he went to Cambridge. They are the relics, doubtless, of a little collection of boyish performances, now lost, with which he amused himself, and perhaps pleased his

father and his teachers, when he lived in his father's house in Bread Street, Cheapside, and attended the neighbouring school of St. Paul's. They prove him to have been even then a careful reader of contemporary English poetry, and, in particular, of Spenser and of Sylvester's *Du Bartas*.

Du Bartas, or, to give his name more fully, Guillaume de Sallusté, Sieur du Bartas, was a French Protestant soldier and poet (born 1544, died 1590). His great work, left unfinished, was a religious Poem, consisting first of a description of the Seven Days of Creation, founded on the account in the first chapters of the Book of Genesis, and then of a narrative of Biblical History, from Adam onwards, arranged in seven metaphorical Days, to correspond with the Seven Days of the Creative Week. It was immensely popular abroad, both before the author's death and after, and was translated into many languages. The English translator was Joshua Sylvester (1563-1618), an English Puritan poet of some note by his own writings, who came to be called "Silver-tongued Sylvester." He began the translation of Du Bartas about 1590, and finished it in 1605, when it was published under the title of *Du Bartas: His Divine Weekes and Workes*. The book, which was published by Humphrey Lownes, a well-known printer of Bread Street Hill, close to Milton's father's house, was as popular in England as the original was on the Continent. It went through several editions while Sylvester lived, and there were few pious English households of literary tastes and good means that did not possess a copy. Dryden tells us that even in his boyhood (about 1650) Sylvester's *Du Bartas* remained a popular favourite; and Milton's acquaintance with the same book thirty years earlier cannot be doubted. It was first distinctly argued, however, by the Rev. Charles Dunster, in his volume entitled *Considerations on Milton's Early Reading*, published in 1800.

Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, with all its quaint encyclopædic learning and its real poetical richness, is a book of often uncouth and absurd taste. Dryden, quoting these lines as "abominable fustian" in his mature life, tells us that he had been "rapt into ecstasy" with them in his boyish readings of the book:—

"Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallise the Baltic océan,
To glaze the lakes and bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods."

But young Milton had a corrective in Spenser. His early familiarity with Spenser might be presumed from the fact that, from Spenser's death in 1596, on for fifty years, the Spensefian influence was all-dominant in the English world of Poetry, outside the pale of the Drama. But there is more than presumptive proof. Milton's earlier poems are saturated with Spenser; in his manhood he spoke of Spenser with reverence; and, in his later life, he told Dryden that Spenser had been his first master. It may not be unworthy of remark, in this connection, that Alexander Gill, senior, the head-master of St. Paul's School while Milton was a pupil there, was a devoted admirer of Spenser. This is shown by the number of quotations from Spenser given as examples of the figures of rhetoric in Gill's *Logonomia Anglica*, a curious English Grammar in Latin, first published in 1619.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

(First printed in the Edition of 1673.)

Over this poem Milton has himself placed the words "*Anno ætatis 17*," implying that it was written in his 17th year. Now, as Milton entered his seventeenth year on the 9th of December 1624, and ended it on the 9th of December 1625, this would place the poem between those two dates. But, when Milton placed Arabic figures after the phrase *anno ætatis* in these headings of his poems, it was his habit, as might be proved in this particular case, and as we shall see indubitably hereafter (Introductions to the second and third of the Latin Elegies and to the first piece in the *Sylvarum Liber*), to give himself the benefit of a year by understanding the figures as noting cardinal and not ordinal numbers. "*Anno ætatis 17*" meant, with him, not strictly "in his seventeenth year," but "at 17 years of age." The present poem, accordingly, was actually written in the winter of 1625-6, or during Milton's second academic year at Cambridge. It is the first of his preserved English pieces of the Cambridge period, but seems not to have been written at Cambridge, but in the course of a brief visit made to London between the Michaelmas Term and the Lent Term of the academic year,—i.e. between Dec. 16, 1625, and Jan. 13, 1625-6.

That the "fair infant" was a little girl we learn from the poem

itself; but we are indebted to Phillips, in his memoir of Milton, for the interesting information that the little girl was the poet's own niece. "One of his sister's children, who died in infancy," are Phillips's words: *i.e.* she was Phillips's own sister, of whom he had heard as born before himself, and cut off in her babyhood. The circumstances, more particularly, are these:—In the course of 1624, or just before Milton had gone to Cambridge, his only surviving sister, Anne Milton, several years older than himself, had been married to a Mr. Edward Phillips, a native of Shrewsbury, but resident in London, where he held a situation of some responsibility in the Government Office called the Crown Office in Chancery. To this couple there had been born, after about a year's marriage, their first child, a little girl, making the young poet an uncle, and making his father, the scrivener of Bread Street, a grandfather. When in town from Cambridge, Milton had seen the "fair infant," whether in his father's house in Bread Street, or in his sister's own house, which was "in the Strand, near Charing Cross." But the life of the little creature was to be short. The autumn of 1625 was a particularly unhealthy one in London,—the Plague, that intermittent scourge of European towns in old times, then raging in London with such violence that as many as 35,000 persons were said to have died of it during that season within the London Bills of Mortality. There is an allusion to this prevalence of the Plague in the last stanza but one of the poem. Not to the Plague, however, but to the general inclemency of the succeeding winter, did the delicate little blossom fall a victim. She died "of a cough,"—*i.e.* of some affection of the lungs. This and all the other circumstances of the case,—the cold, snowy winter, after the autumn of Plague, &c.,—are poetically indicated in the beautiful little elegy with which the young Cambridge student sought to console the sorrowing mother at the time, and which has preserved for us the fact of the existence of this "fair infant" at whom the poet had looked with interest.

The poet's sister, Anne Phillips, addressed so affectionately in the last stanza of the poem, had several subsequent children by the same husband,—two of whom, Edward and John Phillips, survived to be known in connection with their uncle. After the death of that husband, which happened in 1631, while she was still a young woman, she contracted a second marriage with a Mr. Thomas Agar, who had been bred up in the Crown Office in Chancery with Phillips,

and who succeeded to Phillips's last and highest post in it as Deputy Clerk of the Crown.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

(First printed in the Edition of 1673.)

The heading prefixed to this piece by Milton is, more completely, as follows:—" *Anno ætatis 19: At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English: the Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*" If the phrase "*Anno ætatis 19*" were to be understood strictly, according to modern custom, as meaning "in his nineteenth year," we should have to refer the piece to some time between Dec. 9, 1626, and Dec. 9, 1627. But here again, just as in the heading of the preceding poem (see Introduction to it), we have to remember Milton's habit of dating not from the current year of his age, but from the year which he had completed. The piece, in fact, was written in 1628, or during Milton's fourth academic year at Cambridge, and, as the title implies, was but a fragment of a much longer and more composite exercise or discourse, the greater part of which was in Latin, written for some ceremonial at Christ's College in the vacation of that year,—*i.e.* after the close of the Easter Term on the 4th of July.

Can we restore the fragment to its proper place and connexion? Fortunately, we can: fortunately, for otherwise the drift of the piece and various allusions in it would have been unintelligible. The fragment, though printed by Milton himself, as we now have it, separately among his Minor English Poems, was originally a part of one of a few very curious Latin writings of his College-days, which appear in all good collected editions of his prose-works under the title of *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* (*i.e.* Rhetorical Essays), but have been less read than any of his other literary remains. As the history of those *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* connects itself intimately with the fragment under notice, it must be here told:—

In the year 1674, the last year of Milton's life, when anything bearing the name of the author of *Paradise Lost* was likely to be a fair speculation for a publisher, a certain London bookseller, Brabazon Aylmer, of "The three Pigeons" in Cornhill, brought out a little volume of Milton's "*Epistolæ Familiares*," or Latin Letters to

Private Friends. It was Aylmer's intention, and probably Milton's also, to append to these private Latin letters his more important "Letters of State": viz. the Latin Letters to Foreign Princes and Governments which he had drafted in his capacity of Secretary to the Council of State of the Commonwealth, and to Oliver and Richard Cromwell. It was found, however, that the authorities then in power,—to wit, the Government of Charles II.,—would not permit the publication of those questionable documents of the Interregnum. They remained, in fact, unpublished till 1676, two years after Milton's death, when they were piratically printed by a bookseller who had got hold of copies. Aylmer was consequently placed in a difficulty. The nature of this difficulty and the way in which he overcame it are explained by him in a Latin preface in his own name to the little volume which he did publish. "When I found the Familiar Letters by themselves," he says, "to be somewhat too scanty for a volume even of moderate size, I resolved to treat with the Author through a particular friend of both of us, in order that, if he chanced to have by him any little matter in the shape of a treatise, he might not grudge throwing it in, as a make-weight, to counterbalance the paucity of the Letters, or at least to fill the blank. He, influenced by the adviser, having turned over his papers, at last fell upon the accompanying juvenile compositions, scattered about, some here and others there, and, at my friend's earnest request, made them over to his discretion. These, therefore, when I perceived that, as they were sufficiently approved by the common friend in whom I trusted, so the author did not seem to think he ought to be ashamed of them, I have not hesitated, juvenile though they are, to give to the light,—hoping, as it is very much my interest to do, that they will be found not less vendible by me than they were originally, when recited, agreeable to their auditors."

The compositions with which Milton thus obliged Aylmer in his difficulty, and which were published in the same volume with the *Epistolæ Familiæres*, were certain Latin College-exercises which had remained among his papers for more than forty years. "*Ejusdem, jam olim in Collegio adolescentis, Prolusiones Quædam Oratoriæ*," is the title given to them in the volume,—i.e. "Some Rhetorical Essays of the same Author long ago when he was a youth at College." The Essays or *Prolusiones* are seven in number, and are all interesting as

throwing light on Milton's career at the University, and as specimens of his Latinity, and proofs of his success in those public debates and discussions on scholastic and philosophical topics which formed in those days so important a part of College and University training. "*Utrum Dies an Nox præstantior sit*" ("Whether Day or Night is the more excellent") is the thesis of the first of the Essays; "*De Sphærarum Concentu*" ("Of the Music of the Spheres") is the title of the second; and so on. But the one with which we are immediately concerned here is the sixth, entitled "*In Feriis Æstivis Collegii, sed concurrente, ut solet, totâ fere Academiæ juventute, Oratio: Exercitationes nonnunquam ludicras Philosophiæ studiis non obesse*"; which may be translated thus, "*In the Summer Vacation of the College, but in the presence, as usual, of a concourse of nearly the whole youth of the University, an Oration to this effect: That occasional sportive exercises are not inconsistent with philosophical studies.*"

The Essay, as the heading informs us, was an actual speech delivered by Milton in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, on an occasion of periodical revel, when not only his fellow-collegians, but a crowd of students from other colleges, were present. Milton had then nearly completed his undergraduate course, and had his degree of B.A. in prospect; and he was probably chosen to lead the revels on account of his pre-eminent reputation among the undergraduates of Christ's. "The revels," we say; for, in reading the speech itself, we become aware that the circumstances were those of some annual academic saturnalia, when the college hall was a scene of festivity, practical joking, and fun of all kinds, and when the president,—styled, in academic phrase, "the Father" for the nonce,—was expected to enliven the proceedings with a speech full of jests and personalities, and to submit in turn to interruptions, laughter, and outcries from his noisy "sons." Milton, though confessing in the course of his speech that fun was hardly his element, and that his "faculty in festivities and quips" was very slight, seems to have acquitted himself in his character of "Father," or elected master of the revels, with unusual distinction. At all events he took trouble enough. His entire discourse must have taken at least an hour and a half for the delivery. As originally delivered, it consisted of three parts: first, a serio-comic essay, in Latin prose, on the theme "*That sportive exercises on occasion are not inconsistent with the studies of Philosophy*"; secondly, a more expressly comic harangue, also in

Latin prose, in which he assumes the character of Father of the meeting, addresses his sons jocularly, and leads off the orgy; and, thirdly, a conclusion in English, partly verse and partly prose, consisting of dramatic speeches.—(1) In the opening Latin essay, besides an interesting discussion of the theme selected, we find Milton thanking his fellow-collegians for the honour done him in making him president on the occasion,—an honour which he appreciates the more because he had had reason to fancy that until then he had not been altogether popular with the majority of them. There is also an expression of his exultation, and yet his diffidence, in finding himself in so conspicuous a place in an assembly of “so many men eminent for erudition, and nearly the whole University.” (2) In the middle part, or Latin comic harangue, we find, amid many coarse jocosities, and now unintelligible personal allusions to individual fellow-students, the following passage explanatory of what is to follow: “I turn me, therefore, as Father, to my sons, of whom “I behold a goodly number; and I see too that the mischievous “little rogues acknowledge me to be their father by secretly bobbing their heads. Do you ask what are to be their names? I “will not, by taking the names of dishes, give my sons to be eaten by “you, for that would be too much akin to the ferocity of Tantalus “and Lycaon; nor will I designate them by the names of parts of “the body, lest you should think that I had begotten so many bits “of men instead of whole men; nor is it my pleasure to call them “after the kinds of wine, lest what I should say should be not “according to Bacchus. I wish them to be named according to the “number of the Predicaments, that so I may express their distinguished birth and their liberal manner of life.” The meaning of the passage seems to be that it was the custom at such meetings for the “Father” to confer nicknames for the nonce on such of his fellow-students as were more particularly associated with him as his “sons,” and, as such, had perhaps to take a prominent part under him in the proceedings, and that Milton, instead of following old practice, and calling his sons by such rigmarole names as *Beef*, *Mutton*, *Pork*, etc. (names of dishes), or *Head*, *Neck*, *Breast*, etc. (names of parts of the body), or *Sack*, *Rhenish*, *Sherris*, etc. (names of wines), proposed to call them after the famous Ten Predicaments or Categories of Aristotle. These Predicaments or Categories,—viz. varieties of cogitable existence, or different heads under one or other of which

everything must fall that can be made an object of thought or predication by man at all,—were all regarded as subdivisions of the one supreme category of ENS or BEING. This ENS was subdivided into the two general categories of *Ens per se* or *Substance*, and *Ens per accidens* or *Accident*; and then, by further divisions and subdivisions, *Accident* was made to split itself into nine subordinate categories,—Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place where, Time when, Posture, and Habit. Prefix to these nine categories, developed out of *Accident*, the one unbroken category of *Substance*, and you have the Ten Aristotelian Categories or Predicaments, once so famous in the schools. What Milton said, therefore, was virtually this:—I, as Father, choose to represent myself as ENS or Being in general, undivided Being; and you, my sons, Messrs. So and So and So and So (to wit, certain students of Christ's acting along with Milton in the farce), are to regard yourselves as respectively Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place, Time, Posture, and Habit. Thus I have assigned you your parts in what is to follow of our proceedings. (3) We have here, then, the key to the dramatic speeches in English with which Milton's address was wound up. After apologising for having detained the audience so long with his Latin harangue, he announces that he is about to break the University statutes (which ordained that all academic discourses, etc., should be in the learned tongues) by "running across" from Latin to English. At this point, therefore, he suddenly exclaims

" Hail ! native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st," etc.

He continues this episodic address to his native speech through a goodly number of lines, but then remembers that it is a divergence from the business on hand, and that his Sons are waiting to hear him speak in the character of ENS. Accordingly, he does speak in this character, calling up the eldest of his ten sons, *Substance*, and addressing him in fit terms. Whether *Substance* made any reply we are not informed; but the next two Predicaments, *Quantity* and *Quality*, did speak in their turn,—not in verse, however, but in prose. It seems most natural to conclude that these speeches were made by the students of Christ's who represented the Predicaments in question,—Milton himself speaking only in his paramount

character as ENS. In this character, at all events, he finally calls "by name" on the student who represented the fourth category,—*i.e.* *Relation*; and with this speech of ENS to *Relation*, the fragment, as we now have it, abruptly ends. "The rest was prose," we are informed; which means that whatever was said by *Relation*, and whatever was said to or by the six remaining Predicaments, was in prose form and has not been preserved. For some further elucidations, see our Notes on the fragment, and in particular the Note on the words "RIVERS, arise" in line 91, where an account is given of a neat little discovery by which it has been ascertained what was the name of that fellow-student of Milton at Christ's College who acted the part of *Relation* in the performance.

This is a somewhat long introduction to so brief a piece. But the piece is so curious in its kind, and has remained so obscure hitherto, that the introduction is not unnecessary. Let the reader observe, in conclusion, how it happened that the piece came to be detached from the Latin *Prolusio* with which it originally stood connected. There can be no doubt that, though the volume containing the *Epistolæ Familiares* and the *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* bears date 1674, the printing of the volume had begun in 1673, when Milton had also at press the second edition of his *Minor Poems*. Milton, we can see, was engaged on this new edition of his *Minor Poems* when the publisher Aylmer, brought to a stop in the other volume by the impossibility of adding, as was originally intended, the "Letters of State" to the "Familiar Letters," applied to him through a friend for something else that might fill up the blank. Willing to oblige Aylmer, and searching among his papers, he finds his old College *Prolusiones Oratoriæ*; and these he makes over to Aylmer, with but one exception. The exception is that he clips off from the sixth *Prolusio* its English ending, preferring to insert that bit, because it is English and mainly in verse, in the edition of his *Minor Poems* then in the hands of another publisher, Thomas Dring. As it is too late, however, to insert the newly found old metrical bit in its proper chronological place in Dring's volume,—which would have been at p. 21,—he inserts it at p. 64, remedying the mischance by a direction among the *Errata*. Convenient though this partition of the sixth *Prolusio* between Aylmer's volume and Dring's may have been to Milton at the time, the dissociation of the English metrical fragment from the Latin prose essay to which it originally belonged

has been the chief cause why the metrical fragment has been hitherto such a puzzle to modern readers.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This magnificent Ode, called by Hallam "perhaps the finest in the English language," was composed, as we learn from Milton's own heading of it in the edition of 1645, in the year 1629. Milton was then twenty-one years of age, in his sixth academic year at Cambridge, and a B.A. of a year's standing. There is an interesting allusion to the ode by Milton himself, when he was in the act of composing it, in the sixth of his Latin Elegies. In that elegy, addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, then residing in some country place, in answer to a metrical epistle which Diodati had sent to him on the 13th of December 1629, there occurs the following passage:—

" At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere si quid agam).
Paciferum caninus cælesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis secula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa;
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;
Tu mihi cui rectem iudicis instar eris."

Here we have a distinct description of the *Ode on the Nativity*, as then finished or nearly so, and ready to be shown to Diodati, together with the express information that it was begun on Christmas-day 1629,—information according with that given in the first line of the ode itself:—

" This is the month and this the happy morn."

No farther introduction to the poem is here necessary, unless we may ask the reader to note particularly the treatment of the gods of heathen mythology in the closing stanzas of the "Hymn." It is curious to observe how Milton's imagination was possessed thus

early with an idea which he was afterwards to develop so fully in his *Paradise Lost*. He had already, we can see, been strongly fascinated by that fancy of the theologians which assumed the identity of the gods of the various heathen religions with the devils or fallen angels of Scripture, holding that these had been permitted, after the human race had become corrupt, to leave their "infernal jail" under the earth, and to range the upper world of land and air in the guise and office of gods for the misbelieving nations.

THE PASSION.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This piece, as the opening stanza implies, grew out of the Ode on the Nativity, and is a kind of sequel to it. It was probably written for Easter 1630. It is but the fragment of an intended larger poem, for which, after the young writer had proceeded so far, he thought his powers insufficient.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This little piece is also assigned, but only conjecturally, to the year 1630. If this is correct, the exact date is May 1, 1630. There is some reason for thinking, however, that this date is too early, and that the piece may possibly belong to May 1633, Milton's first May at Horton.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and earlier printed copy prefixed, anonymously, to the second folio edition of Shakespeare in 1632.)

This famous little piece is sometimes spoken of as Milton's "Sonnet on Shakespeare"; but it is not even laxly a Sonnet, as it consists of sixteen lines. In its anonymous printed form among the commendatory verses prefixed to the Shakespeare Folio of 1632 (see *ante*, p. 78), it is entitled "An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare." That it was written two years before its publication in so distinguished a place appears from the date "1630" appended to its shorter title in the original editions of Milton's Poems. It seems to me not improbable that Milton originally wrote the lines

in a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare in his possession, and furnished them thence to the publisher of the Second Folio. They are the first thing of Milton's known to have been given to the public in print; and, but for his having reclaimed them thirteen years later by inserting them among his Minor Poems, one might have been reading them now in copies of the Second Folio Shakespeare without any knowledge of their authorship.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

The two pieces on this subject are chiefly remarkable as specimens of Milton's muse in that facetious style in which, according to his own statement in his Sixth *Prologus*, he was hardly at home. They celebrate an incident which must have been of considerable interest to all Cambridge men of Milton's time,—the death of old Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge University carrier.

Born in 1544, or twenty years before Shakespeare, Hobson had for more than sixty years been one of the most noted characters in Cambridge. Every week during this long period he had gone and come between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London, driving his own wain and horses, and carrying letters and parcels, and sometimes stray passengers, both ways. All the Heads and Fellows of Colleges, all the students, and all the townspeople, knew him. By his business as a carrier, and also by letting out horses, he had become one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge,—owner of houses in the town and of other property. He had also such a reputation for shrewdness and humour that, rightly or wrongly, all sorts of good sayings were fathered upon him. Thus, the well-known saying "Hobson's choice; this or nothing," is referred, on Steele's authority in the *Spectator* (No. 509), to Hobson, the Cambridge carrier. "Being a man of great ability and invention," says Steele, "and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow,

“ as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling ; but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice ; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next the stable-door ; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice : from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say “ ‘ Hobson’s Choice ! ’ ” Sometimes a horse of Hobson’s was let for the whole journey to London and back ; and on such occasions, when Hobson, standing at the stable-door, saw a college-man go off at a rate which he thought too fast for the horse, he is said to have had one phrase in his mouth. “ *You will get to London time enough,* ” he used to say, “ *if you don’t ride too fast,* ”—a saying which looks like another version of that which Bacon, in his Essay Of Despatch, quotes from a wise man of his acquaintance. “ I knew a wise man,” Bacon there says, “ that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, ‘ *Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.* ’ ”

With all his wit, wealth, and prudence, Hobson could not last for ever. Till his eighty-sixth year the hale old man had persisted in driving his carrier’s waggon himself. But, in April or May 1630, a stop had been put to his journeys. The Plague, after an interval of five years, was again in England ; it was rife in Cambridge this time, so that the colleges had been prematurely closed and all University exercises brought to an end ; and one of the precautions taken was to interdict the continued passage of Hobson, with his letters and parcels, between Cambridge and London. Though many of his neighbours among the townspeople died of the Plague, the tough old carrier escaped that distemper. But the compulsory idleness of some months was too much for him. Some time in November or December 1630, just as the colleges had reassembled, and, the Plague having abated, he might have resumed his journeys, he sickened and took to his bed. On the 1st of January 1630-31, he died, aged eighty-six. Before he died he had executed a will, in which he left a large family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren (one of his daughters married to a Warwickshire baronet), well provided for. Nor had he forgotten the town in which he had made his fortunes. Besides other legacies for public purposes to the town

of Cambridge, he left money for the perpetual maintenance of the town-conduit; and to this day the visitor to Cambridge sees a handsome conduit, called after Hobson's name, in the centre of the town, and runnels of clear water flowing, by Hobson's munificence, along the sides of the footways in the main streets. In some respects, Hobson is still the *genius loci* of Cambridge. In London also Hobson was long remembered. At the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate Street, where he used to put up, there was to be seen, in Steele's time, and long afterwards, an effigy of the old Cambridge carrier, with a money-bag under his arm. There are engravings of this effigy.

Little wonder that the death of such a worthy as old Hobson made a stir among the Cambridge dons and undergraduates, and that many copies of verses were written on the occasion. Several such copies of verses have been recovered; but none so remarkable as Milton's. Milton seems to have had a fondness for the old man, whose horses he must have often hired, and by whom he must often have sent and received parcels. The title of Milton's two pieces is exact to the circumstances of the case. "*On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.*" The gist of the poems themselves, too,—in which, through all their punning facetiousness, there is a vein of kindliness,—is that Hobson died of *ennui*. Both pieces must have been written in or about January 1630-31. The second of them, according to Todd, appeared in a small book published in London in 1640 under the title of *A Banquet of Jests*, the first words being altered from "Here lieth one" to "Here Hobson lies," so as to make the piece intelligible without its companion.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.¹)

• The date of the composition of this poem is determined by that

¹ I have seen a draft, apparently of earlier date, in a MS. volume of poems transcribed for private use by some lover of poetry in the first half of the seventeenth century. The volume is among the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum, and is numbered 1446 in that collection; and this particular poem occurs at pp. 72-74, and has this superscription, "*On the Marchionesse of Winchester, whoe died in childbedd, April 15, 1631,*" and this subscription, "*Jo. Milton, of Chr. Coll. Cambr.*"

of the event to which it refers,—the death, in child-birth, of Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester. This lady, who was but twenty-three years of age when she died, and was much spoken of for her beauty and accomplishments, was a daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, by his wife, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers. Her husband, the Marquis of Winchester, who had succeeded to the title in 1628, was a Roman Catholic; he subsequently attained great distinction by his loyalty during the civil wars; and he did not die till 1674, forty-three years after he had been made a widower by the death of this, his accomplished (first) wife. That event occurred on the 15th of April 1631, in circumstances thus communicated in a contemporary news-letter,¹ dated the 21st of the same month:—"The Lady Marquis of Winchester, daughter to the Lord Viscount Savage, had an imposthume upon her cheek lanced; the humour fell down into her throat, and quickly despatched her, being big with child: whose death is lamented, as well in respect of other her virtues as that she was inclining to become a Protestant." An unusual amount of public regret seems to have been caused by the lady's melancholy death. It was the subject of a long elegy by the poet-laureate, Ben Jonson, printed in his "Underwoods"; and there were verses on the occasion by Davenant and other poets.² How Milton, then in his twenty-third year, and still at Cambridge, came to be so interested in the event as to make it the subject of a poem, is not known. Warton had been told that there was a Cambridge collection of verses on the occasion, and that Milton's elegiac ode first appeared among these; and some expressions in the ode might countenance the tradition; but no such volume has been found. Whether Milton was the only Cantab who wrote on the subject, or whether he wrote in conjunction with others, the poem which he did write will not suffer in comparison with even that of the veteran poet-laureate on the same occasion. Here is a portion of Ben Jonson's corresponding elegy:—

¹ Letter, of date "London, April 21, 1631," from John Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., of Priory, Warwickshire; quoted in the *Court and Times of Charles I.*, vol. ii. p. 106.

² Care must be taken not to confound this Marchioness with another Marchioness of Winchester, who would have been *this one's mother-in-law* had she been still alive, but who had died as early as 1614. Verses on *her* death have been quoted, by mistake, as verses on the death of Milton's Marchioness.

"What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,
 And, beckoning, woos me from the fatal tree
 To pluck a garland for herself or me?
 I do obey you, beauty! for in death
 You seem a fair one. O that you had breath
 To give your shade a name! Stay, stay! I feel
 A horror in me; all my blood is steel;
 Stiff, stark, my joints 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose daughter? Ha! great Savage of the Rock!!
 He's good as great. I am almost a stone;
 And, ere I can ask more of her, she's gone!
 Alas! I am all marble! write the rest
 Thou would'st have written, Fame, upon my breast:
 It is a large fair table, and a true;
 And the disposure will be something new,
 When I, who would the poet have become,
 At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.
 She was the Lady Jane, and Marchioness
 Of Winchester (the heralds can tell this),
 Earl Rivers' grandchild! 'Serve not forms, good Fame!
 Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
 Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
 And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
 I durst not aim at that. . . .

* * * * *
 Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
 Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
 Were like a ring of Virtues 'bout her set,
 And Pietie the centre where all met.
 A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
 A dazzling, yet inviting, majesty:
 What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
 Could sum to a perfection, was her act.
 How did she leave the world! with what contempt!
 Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
 From all affection! When they urged the cure
 Of her disease, how did her soul assure
 Her sufferings, as the body had been away,
 And to the torturers, her doctors, say:—
 'Stick on your cupping-glasses; fear not; put
 Your hottest caustics to; burn, lance, or cut:
 'Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I into the world all soul was sent!"

It will not be difficult to decide whether Ben Jonson's rough strength here, or the simple and sweet delicacy of Milton's lines, was

the more appropriate to the occasion. But how did it appear to the family? The widowed young Marquis was pretty sure to see Ben Jonson's lines. Did he ever see Milton's? When Milton first printed them in his volume of 1645, the Marquis was again married, and all England was ringing with the fame of his obstinate Catholicism, and his resolute loyalty to Charles, turned into ruin at last by the storming and sacking of his magnificent house of Basing in Hampshire by Cromwell's army in October 1645. From that date he lived on, magnificently Royalist and Catholic as ever; and, in 1673, when the *Elegy* on his young first Marchioness was reprinted in the second edition of Milton's *Poems*, he was still alive, with a third Marchioness beside him, children by the second around him, and the image of his young first bride dim in the distance of more than forty years.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

These were written as companion-pieces, and are to be read together. There is some doubt as to the time of their composition, there being no drafts of them among the Cambridge MSS. In the edition of 1645 they follow immediately after the pieces on Hobson, and precede the *Arcades*, with the intervention, however, of the ten Sonnets printed in that edition. With great probability they are assigned to the period immediately subsequent to Milton's student-life at Cambridge, *i.e.* to the time of his studious seclusion in his father's country-house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, near Windsor. Milton retired thither in 1632, after taking his degree of M.A., and he mainly resided there till the beginning of 1638. If the pieces were written at Horton, they were probably written in the autumn of 1632, just after he had settled there. That they were written in some peaceful country neighbourhood, amid the sights and sounds of quiet English landscape and English rural life, is rendered likely by their nature. A claim has been put in for Forest-hill near Oxford as the place of their composition; and the scenery in that neighbourhood is insisted on as according with the scenery of the poems and furnishing hints for it. But, though Milton's family connexions with Oxford were of old date, and he had probably visited that neighbourhood several times, it was not till 1643 that his

marriage with Mary Powell brought him on that special visit to the neighbourhood on the tradition of which commentators, neglecting dates, have built the supposition that *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were written at Forest-hill. On the whole, the scenery of Horton accords quite as well with the scenery of the poems as any scenery round Oxford. "In the morning scene in the *Allegro*," as I have elsewhere remarked, "nearly all the details of the landscape are such as Horton would furnish to this day; and, though other localities in Southern England would furnish most of them quite as well, one or two might be claimed by Horton as not so common. The 'towers and battlements'

"Bosomed high in tufted trees"

"are almost evidently Windsor Castle; and a characteristic sound of Horton to this day is that of 'the hounds and horn' from Windsor Park when the royal huntsmen are out." The fact is, however, that, though the landscape of Horton may in a general way be conceived as the landscape of *L'Allegro*, and the same landscape by moonlight may pass in a general way for the landscape of *Il Penseroso*, there are features in the landscape of both poems which neither Horton nor any other one actual neighbourhood that may compete for the honour of the poems can possibly have yielded. Where, in the flat vicinity of Horton, or round Oxford, shall we find the

"Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest"

of the *Allegro*? Or, if these mountains were found, what place, furnishing them, would furnish at the same time the Gothic cathedral required in the *Penseroso*—

"The high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light?"

In short, it is a mistaken notion of the poems, and a somewhat crude notion, to suppose that they must contain a transcript of the scenery of any one place, even the place where they were written. That place (and we incline to think it was Horton) may have shed its influence into the poems; but the purpose of the poet was not to describe actual scenery, but to represent two *moods*, and to do so by

making each mood move, as it were, amid circumstances and adjuncts akin to it and nutritive of it. Hence the scenery is visionary scenery, made up of eclectic recollections from various spots blended into one ideal landscape. It is, indeed, the exquisite fitness with which circumstances are chosen or invented,—or, let us rather say, passively occurred to the poet,—in true poetic affinity with the two moods, that makes the poems so beautiful, and secures them, while the English language lasts, against the possibility of being forgotten.

The poems, we have said, are companion-pieces, and must be read together. Each describes an ideal day,—a day of twelve hours. But *L'Allegro* is the ideal day of the mind of an educated youth, like Milton himself, in a mood of light cheerfulness. And observe at what point that day begins. It begins at dawn. The first sound heard is the song of the lark; the first sights seen round the rustic cottage, or in the walk from it, are those of new-waked nature, and of labour fresh afield. Then the light broadens on to mid-day, and we have the reapers at their dinner or the haymakers busy in the sun. And so, through the afternoon merry-makings, we are led to the evening sports and junkets and nut-brown ale round the cottage bench; after which, when the country-folks, old and young, have retired to rest, the imaginary youth of the poem, still in his mood of cheerfulness, may protract his more educated day by fit reading indoors, varied by sweet Lydian music. Contrast with all this the day of *Il Penseroso*. We see the same youth, but in a mood more serious, thoughtful, and melancholy. The season of the year, too, may be later. At all events, the ideal day now begins with the evening. It is the song of the nightingale that is first heard; lured by which the youth walks forth in moonlight, seeing all objects in their silver aspect, and listening to the sounds of nightfall. Such evening or nocturnal sights and sounds it is that befit the mood of melancholy. And then, indoors again we follow the thoughtful youth, to see him, in his chamber, where the embers glow on the hearth, sitting meditatively, disturbed by no sound, save (for it may be a town that he is now in) the drowsy voice of the passing bellman. Later still, or after midnight, we may fancy him in some high watch-tower, communing, over his books, with old philosophers, or with poets of grave and tragic themes. In such solemn and weirdly phantasies let the whole night pass, and let the morning come, not gay, but sombre and cloudy, the winds rocking the trees, and the

rain-drops falling heavily from the eaves. At last, when the sun is up, the watcher, who has not slept, may sally forth; but it is to lose himself in some forest of monumental oaks or pines, where sleep may overtake him recumbent by some waterfall. And always, ere he rejoins the mixed society of men, let him pay his due visit of worship to the Gothic cathedral near, and have his mind raised to its highest by the music of the pealing organ.

The studied antithesis of the two pieces has to be kept in mind in reading them. It needs only be added that Warton, Todd, and other commentators suppose that Milton may have been aided in his conception of the two poems, and in the composition of *Il Penseroso*, by some passages in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. and in particular by a poem prefixed to that work, and entitled "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy, or a Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain." Here are four stanzas of the poem :—

"When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Gleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

* * * *

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

* * * *

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies, shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

* * *

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my phantasy

Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
 Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
 Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
 My sad and dismal soul affrights.
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 None so damned as Melancholy."

Milton had, doubtless, read these stanzas, but the reader will judge for himself how far he may, in the present case, have been indebted to them. Very little indeed, I should say ! The same may be said of his supposed obligation to the following song in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama of *Nice Valour* ; which is itself, it will be noted, a kind of echo of Burton's stanzas : --

" Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's not in this life sweet,
 If wise men were to see't,
 But only melancholy.
 O sweetest melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes ;
 A sigh that, piercing, mortifies ;
 A look that's fastened to the ground ;
 A tongue chained up without a sound ;
 Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves ;
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
 A midnight bell, a parting groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon :
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy."

It is quite possible that Milton may have had in his recollection other poems, by Withers or the like, in the same pensive strain, and in the simple measure which he had chosen for his two companion pieces. At all events, he had in recollection the pretty little poem by Marlowe, called *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, and beginning

" Come live with me and be my love,"

and Sir Walter Raleigh's answer to the same, called *The Nymph's Reply*. Those two little pieces had been popular favourites in England for forty years, and had been often imitated ; and both

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* end with a refrain caught from them.
Thus Marlowe's piece ends

"If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

And *L'Allegro* ends

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

ARCADES.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and earlier draft, in Milton's own hand,
among the Cambridge MSS.)

"*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her Family*," are the words added by Milton himself to the title of the poem, to explain its nature. In other words, it is part, and only part, of a masque presented before a venerable lady at her country-seat by some members of her family who had chosen this way of showing their affection and respect for her. The rest of the masque has perished; only this fragment of it, supplied by Milton, remains.

About the date of the piece there is some room for doubt. From its intimate connexion with *Comus*, it has always, very properly, been associated with that poem; and the association has been extended to the particular of time. The date of *Comus* being certainly known to have been in 1634, and the *Arcades* being, as we shall see, an earlier and slighter thing done to oblige the same noble family for whom *Comus* was written, it has been thought best to assume that the interval between the two pieces must have been short, and so that the *Arcades* was written either somewhat earlier in 1634 than *Comus*, or in the immediately preceding year, 1633. Against this general and very natural conclusion the only argument of any consequence known to me is that which was urged by the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby in his beautiful folio of 1861 entitled "*Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*." The *Arcades* being the very first piece in the Cambridge volume of preserved Milton MSS., occupying pp. 1-3 of that volume, and being followed there

by three drafts of the song *At a Solemn Music*, occupying pp. 4-5, and then, on pp. 6-7, by the two drafts of that *Prose Letter to a Friend* in which Milton gave his reasons for shrinking from the Church or any other profession (see *ante*, p. 105), it was argued by Mr. Sotheby that this arrangement of the pieces necessarily implies that the composition of the *Arcades* preceded that of the *Prose Letter to a Friend*, inasmuch as Milton could hardly have first written the *Prose Letter* on pp. 6-7 and then used pp. 1-3 of the same volume for a later composition. But, if so, we are shut up to the conclusion, Mr. Sotheby thought, that the *Arcades* must have been written as early as 1631, or at latest in 1632,—i.e. rather in the Cambridge period of Milton's literary life than in the Horton period. For does not one of the drafts of the *Prose Letter* incorporate Milton's *Sonnet on having arrived at the age of twenty-three*, while the other draft leaves a blank space for that Sonnet; and, as Milton arrived at the age of twenty-three exactly on the 9th of December 1631, does not that fact date the Sonnet, and consequently the *Prose Letter to a Friend*?—Though this argument weighed with me at one time, reconsideration has robbed it of its plausibility. The 9th of December 1631 is certainly the date of the Sonnet; but it does not follow that it is the date also of the *Prose Letter*. The copy of the Sonnet in one of the drafts of the *Prose Letter* is a clean transcript, without correction or erasure; and the *Prose Letter* only quotes the Sonnet as conveniently expressing some of Milton's thoughts "*some while since*" on the subject of the letter, "because they come in not altogether unfitly." The words "*some while since*" certainly imply a not very long interval between the composition of the Sonnet and the writing of the Letter in which it is quoted; but they are quite consistent with the supposition that the Letter was written in 1633. If this is a correct supposition, then the *Arcades* and the Song *At a Solemn Music* might have been written a little earlier in the same year, and the arrangement of the three pieces in the Cambridge volume of MSS. is fully accounted for.—On the whole, then, with our present lights, we may accept the year 1633 as the most probable date of the *Arcades*, remembering also, as not unimportant, the general conclusion respecting the Cambridge volume of Milton MSS. as a whole which that dating of the *Arcades* will involve. As it is the first piece in the volume, it will follow that, as has been already stated (*ante*, p. 107), it was in 1633 that Milton began the

use of that particular set of paper sheets for the reception of the drafts of such new things as he wrote in English verse, and consequently that all those others of the Minor English Poems of which there are drafts in the Cambridge volume are subsequent in date to 1633, or at least to that point of 1633 which the *Arcades* marks. Less obviously, but pretty surely, it will follow, on the other hand, that those of the Minor English Poems of which there are no drafts in the Cambridge volume may be taken, except in cases where there is distinct proof to the contrary, as having been composed *before* the *Arcades* and before 1633, the sheets on which they were originally written being now lost. What the few exceptions to this last rule are will be seen on referring to our list, at pp. 106-7, of the Minor English Poems *not* represented in the extant Cambridge drafts.—Were one obliged to shift the *Arcades* out of 1633, a shift forward into 1634, the year of *Gomus*, would be more plausible than a shift backwards to a point so distant from *Comus* as 1632 or 1631. For, after all, the close connexion between the *Arcades* and the *Comus* is the main matter. So close is the connexion that the rest of this Introduction to the *Arcades* will be necessarily, in great part, an Introduction also to the *Comus*.

The lady before whom the masque was presented of which *Arcades* forms part was Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby, who, in 1633, was about seventy-two years of age. The life of this lady had been one that would have made her venerable in the social and literary history of England, even had there not been this association of her later years with the youth of Milton. Born, about the year 1560, one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Northamptonshire,—from whom are descended the Earls Spencer and their branches,—she had been married in early life to Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of the fourth Earl of Derby. One of her sisters, Elizabeth Spencer, was then, by marriage, Lady Carey, and another, Anne Spencer, was Lady Compton. The three sisters seem to have at that time been especially well known to the poet Spenser, who, indeed, claimed to be related to the Spencers of Althorpe. Spenser's *Muiopotmos* (1590) was dedicated to Lady Carey; his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (1591) was dedicated to Lady Compton; and to the youngest of the three sisters,—the one with whom we are at present concerned,—was dedicated in the same

year (1591) his *Teares of the Muses*, a poem of peculiar interest now, on account of its allusions to the state of English poetry when it was written, and to English poets then alive. In paying this honour to Alice, Lady Strange, Spenser had regard not only to her own accomplishments and his connexion with her family, but also to the reputation of her husband, Lord Strange. No nobleman of the day was of greater note in the world of letters than Lord Strange. He was himself a poet; among the dramatic companies of the time was one retained by him and known as "Lord Strange's Players"; and among his clients and panegyrists were Nash, Greene, and others of Shakespeare's seniors in the English Drama. All this is recognised in Spenser's dedication of the *Teares of the Muses* to Lady Strange. "Most brave and noble Lady," he says, "the things that make ye "so much honoured of the world as ye be are such as, without my "simple lines' testimony, are throughly known to all men: namely, "your excellent beauty, your virtuous behaviour, and your noble "match with that most honourable Lord, the very pattern of right "nobility. But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me, "to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular "bounties and also some private bonds of affinity which it hath "pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge. . . . Vouchsafe, noble "Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of "yourself, yet such as perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, you may "hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your "own excellent deserts." Some time after this dedication,—to wit, in September 1593,—the lady so addressed rose still higher in the peerage by the accession of her husband to the Earldom of Derby on his father's death. Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, however, enjoyed his new dignity but a few months. He died on the 16th of April 1594, in his thirty-sixth year, much regretted. From that day his widow was known as Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby. The Earldom of Derby went to the next male heir; and the Countess-Dowager, with her three young daughters by her deceased husband,—Lady Anne Stanley, Lady Frances Stanley, and Lady Elizabeth Stanley,—lived on to form new alliances. Spenser, who had honoured her during her husband's life, continued to honour her in her widowhood. In his pastoral of *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* (completed in 1595), the poet, having enumerated the chief "shepherds" or poets of the British Isle, and having proceeded

thence to a mention of some of the chief "shepherdesses" or "nymphs," introduces three of these ladies thus :

" Ne less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie,
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis the fair is eldest of the three ;
The next to her is beautiful Charillis ;
But the youngest is the highest in degree."

These three ladies are evidently the three married daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, honoured some years before by dedications of Spenser's earlier poems to them respectively ; and there is next to no doubt that Amaryllis, the youngest of them, and "the highest in degree," is the one to whom he had dedicated his *Tears of the Muses*,—then Lady Strange, but now Countess-Dowager of Derby. Indeed, there are special allusions in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* to the widowed condition of this lady. Among the "shepherds" of the British Isle mentioned in the poem is one "Amyntas," spoken of as having been, while he lived, a poet and a patron of poets, but as now, unfortunately dead ; and we chance to know that "Amyntas" was the pastoral name by which other writers of the day besides Spenser,—such as Nash,—used to designate Lord Strange. Hence, when Spenser says,

" Amyntas quite has gone and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone,"

the identification of Amaryllis with the Countess-Dowager of Derby is complete. We can thus better understand the following lines, in which Spenser, having praised the two elder sisters, Phyllis and Charillis, goes on to praise the widowed Amaryllis :—

" But Amaryllis whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands adventure dread ?
Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praised diversely apart,
In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
And sealed up in the treasure of her heart."

In other words, Amaryllis, the youngest of the three sisters and "the

highest in degree," was the favourite of Spenser, and it was a speculation with him whether she would ever marry again. He seems to have thought it unlikely. Since the death of Amyntas she was dreading the "adventure of new bands."

The lady, however, did marry again. In 1600, when Spenser was no longer alive to approve or to regret, she contracted a second marriage with Sir Thomas Egerton,—then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, but afterwards (1603) Baron Ellesmere and Lord Chancellor to King James, and finally (1616) Viscount Brackley. This eminent lawyer and statesman had already been twice married, and was a man of about sixty years of age, with grown-up children, when he made his splendid match with the Countess-Dowager of Derby. They were not then strangers to each other, for he had been connected with the Derby family as their legal adviser while Lord Strange was alive. The match, though not one of juvenile affection, and though we hear of certain family differences which it involved, had advantages on both sides. On the one hand it brought an increase of fortune and influence to the grave Lord Keeper; and, on the other hand, the Countess-Dowager of Derby,—who, of course, retained that title in her new condition as the Lord Keeper's wife,—was brought once again conspicuously into society by her husband's connexion with public affairs. In 1601 she and her husband jointly purchased the estate of Harefield in Middlesex,—a charming property, with a fine mansion upon it, on a spot of well-wooded hill and meadow, on the river Colne, about four miles from Uxbridge. Here, or in London, the Lord Keeper and his wife mainly resided, doing the honours of their position, and receiving in turn the recognitions due to persons of their rank. One very memorable incident in their life at Harefield was a visit paid them there by Queen Elizabeth, beginning on the 31st of July 1602, when all sorts of pageants were held for her Majesty's recreation. A long avenue of elms leading to the house was the scene of a kind of masque of welcome at the Queen's reception, and of another of leave-taking on her departure, and was ever afterwards known as "the Queen's Walk." Throughout the reign of James I. there were similar recognitions of the high social rank of the Chancellor and his noble wife, besides not a few of a literary character, in the shape of poems, or dedications of poems, to them. It was not only their own marriage, however,—a marriage which proved childless,—that now connected the pair.

Not long after that marriage had taken place, the ties of family between the two had been drawn closer by the marriage of the Lord Keeper's son,—then Sir John Egerton,—with Lady Frances Stanley, the Countess's second daughter by her former husband the Earl of Derby. Thus, while the Countess-Dowager was the wife of the father, one of her daughters was the wife of the son. Her other two daughters made marriages of even higher promise at the time. The eldest, Lady Anne Stanley, had married Grey Bridges, fifth Lord Chandos; and the youngest, Lady Elizabeth Stanley, had married, at a very early age (1603), Henry, Lord Hastings, who, in 1605, succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Huntingdon, and possessor of the fine estate of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire.

This last-named marriage seems to have given peculiar satisfaction to all concerned, and not least to the Countess-Dowager. Accounts remain of a splendid reception given to her on her first visit to Lord and Lady Huntingdon's seat at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in August 1607. The poet Marston had been employed to prepare a masque for the occasion,—the MS. of which is still preserved and bears this title: "The Lorde and Ladye of Huntingdon's Entertainement of their right noble Mother, Alice, Countesse-Dowager of Darby, the firste nighte of her Honour's arrivall at the House of Ashby."¹ There were trumpet-bursts of welcome "when her ladyship approached the park-corner"; then, within the park, where "an antique gate" had been erected, "an old enchantress attired in crimson velvet, with pale face and dark hair," seemed to forbid her entrance, but was checked by Saturn, who, recognising the visitor, exclaims

"Peace, stay! it is, it is, it is even she,"

and then addresses her in a cordial speech. There was more allegory and speech-making "on the stairs leading to the great chamber"; and then, within the great chamber, the main masque itself, "presented by four knights and four gentlemen," with Cynthia descending in a cloud "in a habit of blue satin, finely embroidered with stag and clouds," Ariadne rising to meet her, etc. Introduced into the masque was a complimentary poem to the Countess in thirteen stanzas, spoken by thirteen ladies in succession; among whom were Lady Huntingdon, her sister Mrs. Egerton, Lady Hunsdon (*i.e.* the

¹ The masque is included in Mr. Halliwell's edition of Marston's works, 1856. The MS. is in the Bridgewater Library.

Countess's sister, formerly Lady Carey and Spenser's *Phyllis*, Lady Compton (the Countess's other sister, Spenser's *Charillis*), and Lady Berkeley (Lady Hunsdon's daughter).

The masque is a poor affair to read now ; but Marston appears to have done his best upon it, and there is a dedication of the MS. in his own hand to the Countess-Dowager of Derby. She was in the habit of receiving such compliments. In 1609, Davies of Hereford dedicated his *Holy Rood, or Christ's Cross*, "to the Right Honourable well-accomplished Lady Alice, Countess of Derby, my good lady and mistress, and to her three right noble daughters by birth, nature, and education, the Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Huntingdon, the Lady Frances Egerton, and the Lady Anne, wife to the truly noble Lord Grey Chandois that now is." Other such instances of the Countess's connexion with the literature of the reign of James I. might be cited. In Feb. 1609-10, for example, she and her daughter, Lady Huntingdon, assisted in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, performed at James's Court by the Queen and her ladies. But "the peerage-book of this Countess," says Warton truly, "is the poetry of her times."

On the 15th of March 1616-17 the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, then just created Viscount Brackley, died, and the Countess-Dowager of Derby commenced her second widowhood. She was then probably over five-and-fifty years of age, and she survived for twenty years more. These twenty years she spent chiefly in retirement at Harefield, where she endowed almshouses for poor widows, and did other acts of charity, but was surrounded all the while, or occasionally visited, by those numerous descendants and other relatives who had grown up, or were growing up, to venerate her, and whose joys and sorrows constituted the chief interest of her declining years. By the year 1630, when she was about seventy years of age, she had at least twenty of her own direct descendants alive, besides collateral relatives in the families of her sisters, *Phyllis* and *Charillis*. (1) One group of the venerable lady's direct descendants consisted of her eldest daughter, Lady Chandos, and that daughter's four surviving children by her first husband, Lord Chandos. Her first husband, we say ; for that daughter, having been left a widow by the death of Lord Chandos in early manhood in 1621, had married, three years afterwards, for her second husband, Mervyn Tuchet, Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven in the Irish peerage, then a widower with six children,—a union

of unexampled wretchedness, which closed in circumstances of infamy in 1631, when the Earl was tried and executed on charges hardly paralleled in the criminal annals of England. "There are letters in the aged Countess-Dowager of Derby's hand, still extant in the State Paper Office, that prove how sorely her heart was wrung by the disgrace of this affair, which did not leave even her daughter unstained in the eyes of the world. From these letters we learn that she consented, in the course of 1631, though not without reluctance, to receive that daughter, twice widowed now, but still calling herself Lady Chandos, into the shelter of her house at Harefield; where already were domiciled three of that daughter's children by her first husband: viz. George Bridges, now Lord Chandos, a boy of about twelve years of age, and a younger brother and sister. The estate of Harefield itself, we also learn, was to descend, after the Countess-Dowager's death, to Lady Chandos, otherwise left "destitute," and so to her son, young Lord Chandos. (2) An additional group of relatives, also sharing the affections of the venerable Lady of Harefield, but needing her help less than the children of her secluded and unfortunate eldest daughter, consisted of the children of her youngest daughter,—that Countess of Huntingdon who, with her husband, had received her so splendidly, three-and-twenty years before, on her first visit to their seat at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The Countess, who seems to have inherited much of her mother's talent and goodness, and to whom Donne had addressed poems, had now four grown-up sons and daughters: Ferdinando, Lord Hastings, twenty-four years of age in 1633, and heir-apparent to the Earldom of Huntingdon; his younger brother Henry, afterwards Lord Loughborough; a daughter, Alice, married to Sir Gervase Clifton; and another daughter, Elizabeth. These four grandchildren would sometimes be on visits to their grandmother at Harefield from their own homes in London, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and elsewhere. (3) There was still a third group of relatives around the venerable lady. At or near the time when she herself had married the Lord Keeper Egerton, her second daughter by her former husband, Lady Frances Stanley, had, as we have seen, married the Lord Keeper's son, Sir John Egerton. When the Lord Keeper was raised to the peerage as Baron Ellesmere (1603), this Sir John Egerton had become "baron-expectant,"—a designation which rose to the higher one of "Lord Egerton" when his father was made Viscount Brackley (1616). On his father's death, a few months

afterwards (March 1616-17), he succeeded him as Viscount. But his dignities did not stop at that point. In May 1617 an earldom which had been intended for the father, in recognition of his long services as Lord Chancellor, was bestowed on the son, and he became Earl of Bridgewater. Thus, the Countess-Dowager of Derby saw her second daughter, as well as her youngest, take rank as a Countess. A far larger family of children had been born to this daughter than to either of her sisters. Out of fifteen children, born in all, at least ten were alive in 1633, in order of age as follows: the Lady Frances Egerton, married to Sir John Hobart, of Blickling, Norfolk; the Lady Arabella, married to Lord St. John of Bletso, son and heir of the Earl of Bolingbroke; the Ladies Elizabeth, Mary, Penelope, Catharine, Magdalen, and Alice, yet unmarried,—the last, Lady Alice, being in her thirteenth or fourteenth year; John, Viscount Brackley, the son and heir, in his twelfth year; and his brother, Mr. Thomas Egerton, about a year younger. The London head-quarters of this numerous family, or of such of them as were unmarried, were the Earl of Bridgewater's town-house in the Barbican, Aldersgate Street; the country residence of the family was the Earl's mansion of Ashridge, Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles from Harefield. Visits of the Bridgewater family to their aged relative at Harefield might be frequent either from London or from Ashridge.

We are now prepared to understand the exact circumstances of the *Arcades*. Some time in 1633, we are to suppose, some of the younger members of the different groups of the relatives of the Dowager-Countess of Derby determined to get up an entertainment in her honour, at her house at Harefield. The occasion may have been the aged lady's birthday, or it may have been some incidental gathering at Harefield for a family purpose.¹ Whatever it was, the young people had resolved to amuse themselves by some kind of festivity in compliment to the venerable lady of whom they were all so proud.

¹ Had we been able to conclude that 1634 was the year of the *Arcades*, the following memorandum by the topographer Lysons might have suggested a fit occasion for such a gathering:—"On the 10th of April 1634 Mr. Hugh Calverley, " afterwards Sir Hugh, was married at Harefield to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, " one of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, and grand- " daughter of the Countess of Derby." But the evidence, we have seen, is for 1633 as the likeliest year.

What should the form of the thing be? What could it be but a masque? Harefield, with its avenue of elms called "the Queen's Walk" in memory of Queen Elizabeth's visit, and with its fine park of grassy slopes and well-wooded knolls, was exactly the place for a masque; besides which, was not the Countess accustomed to this kind of entertainment? Would it not be in good taste to remind her of the masques and similar poetical and musical entertainments that had pleased her in her youth, when she had been the theme of Spenser's muse, and had sat by the side of her first husband, Lord Strange, beholding plays brought out under his patronage? Would it not be pleasant to remind her, also, of such incidents of her subsequent life as the royal visit to her and the Lord Keeper at Harefield in 1602, when the mansion and the grounds were for four days a scene of dramatic pageantry, and her own motherly visit to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, five years later, when that masque of Marston's the MS. of which was still kept in the family was performed in her honour? Masques, indeed, were even more in fashion now, in the reign of Charles I., than they had been in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and a masque in a noble family on any occasion of family-rejoicing was the most natural thing in the world.

There was, then, to be a masque, or at least a bit of a masque, at Harefield; and the actors were already provided. But for a good masque, or even a good bit of a masque, more is required than willing actors. Who was to write the words for the little masque, and who was to set the songs in it to music?

The latter question may be answered first. There can be little doubt that the person to whom the young people of the family of the Countess-Dowager of Derby trusted for all the musical requisites of the masque, if not the person who suggested it originally and entirely superintended it, was Henry Lawes, gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and one of his Majesty's private musicians. Farther particulars respecting this interesting man, one of the most celebrated musical composers of his day, will be given in the Introduction to that one of Milton's Sonnets which is addressed to him (Sonnet XIII). What we have to attend to here is that, though Lawes was well known and very popular through English society on account of his musical eminence, and had professional connexions as a composer and teacher of music with not a few aristocratic families, there is proof

that by far the most lasting and intimate of his connexions of this latter kind was with the Bridgewater branch of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's family. As late as 1653, when Lawes published the first part of perhaps his chief musical work, called *Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voices*, he dedicated the volume "to the Right Honourable the two most excellent sisters, Alice, Countess of Carbery, and Mary, Lady Herbert of Cherbury and Castle-island, daughters to the Right Honourable John, Earl of Bridgewater." The dedication runs thus: "No sooner had I thought of making " these public than of inscribing them to your Ladyships, most of " them being composed when I was employed by your ever-honoured " parents to attend your Ladyships' education in music; who (as in " other accomplishments fit for persons of your quality) excelled " most ladies, especially in vocal music, wherein you were so " absolute that you gave life and honour to all I set and taught you, " and that with more understanding than a new generation, pretend- " ing to skill, (I dare say) are capable of." Now, the two ladies thus addressed are no other than two of those enumerated above as constituting the third group of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's relatives and descendants, surrounding her, or occasionally visiting her, at Harefield, about 1633. They were (Mary) the fourth and (Alice) the eighth of her granddaughters of the Bridgewater branch, young and unmarried in 1633, but, when Lawes wrote the dedication, married and matronly. The dedication certifies that Lawes was a teacher of music in the Bridgewater family when these two ladies were unmarried girls. How far back does that carry the connexion of Lawes with the Bridgewater family? Not to mention documentary evidence showing that in 1642 the relationship of the musician to the family was already peculiarly intimate and of old standing, we have positive proof in *Comus* that it was fully established in 1634. The songs in that masque were set to music by Lawes; he was one of the actors in it, and the manager of the affair generally; and, besides the above-mentioned Lady Alice Egerton, he had for his fellow-performers in the masque two other pupils of his in the Bridgewater family: viz., her brothers and juniors, young Lord Brackley and young Mr. Thomas Egerton. (For farther particulars, see Introduction to *Comus*.) As early as 1634, therefore, Lawes was on the friendliest professional footing with the Bridgewater family, much in their society, and superintending not only their musical studies, but

all their tasteful relaxations. All that is farther necessary for our present purpose is the supposition that the connexion had then lasted a year or two. And this is sufficiently likely. Not only in Lawes's dedication of *Comus* by itself to Lord Brackley in 1637 do we hear of the "many favours" with which he had been "*long* obliged" by Lord Brackley's parents, the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater (see the Dedication, prefixed to *Comus*); but it seems fair to assume that he who in 1634 was the successful and respected musical teacher of the three youngest of the family (Lady Alice, Lord Brackley, and Mr. Thomas Egerton), and who is known to have been the teacher of at least one of the family who was considerably older (Lady Mary), had been already for some time before 1634 connected with the family, and may have taught other members of it besides the four mentioned. In short, if we throw all the known facts into the strictest likelihood, it takes this form:—In 1633, Henry Lawes, then about thirty-three years of age, and already of distinction in the English musical world, though with much of his reputation still to make, reckoned among his chief patrons and employers the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater, who were the stepson and own daughter of the Countess-Dowager of Derby; and among his most hopeful pupils were several of the children of the Earl and Countess, grandchildren of the Countess-Dowager. Others of the Countess-Dowager's grandchildren may have been pupils of Lawes; but those of the Bridgewater branch were the most musical in their tastes, and it was to them, in their town-house in the Barbican, or in their country-seat at Ashridge, that Lawes's visits were most frequent. Quite possibly, it was they, the most numerous group of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's grandchildren, that originated the notion of a masque in her honour. But, even if some of her relatives of the other groups were concerned in the plan, or admitted into it, the singing parts would fall to the Bridgewaters, and the arrangement of the music, and the general management, to their instructor, Lawes. Business of this kind was part of the profession of musical composers in those days, and Lawes, as we shall find (Introd. to *Comus*), was an expert in it.

An additional argument in favour of the idea that Lawes was the manager of the entertainment and arranged its music is found in the fact that the poetry for it was furnished by Milton. It has been imagined, indeed, that there may have been some bond of acquaint-

anceship between Milton and the Bridgewater family, or between Milton and others of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's numerous progeny, independently of Lawes. Might not such a bond have arisen from business-relations of Milton's father, the scrivener, with the noble house? All that we can say is that such *may* have been the case, for every life has minute ramifications not recoverable by biography. But it is mere conjecture, whereas Milton's intimacy with Lawes is a known fact. The friendship between the two, of which many interesting proofs remain, may have begun even in Milton's boyhood. As Milton's own father was a noted musician, there can have been few musical artists in London that were not occasional visitors in the house in Bread Street; and there were many things in Lawes, when once he and the younger Milton were brought together, to rivet an attachment to him. Often, when in London from Cambridge in vacation-time, Milton would see Lawes, to talk with him on musical and poetical matters (for Lawes could write verse as well as compose airs), and to learn what songs of Herrick, Carew, or other living or dead English poets he had been last setting to music. Possibly already he had done that honour to some little pieces of Milton's own; and, at all events, Milton's poetical powers were known to him. Accordingly, when the notion of the entertainment at Harefield had been started, and when Lawes and his Bridgewater pupils, if our idea is correct, were busy over the project, it was to Milton that Lawes applied for the necessary words or *libretto*. We can see what happened. Lawes explained to Milton the circumstances of the proposed entertainment and the kind of thing that was wanted,—a speech and a song or two, to form the poetical core of some larger pageant or show; and Milton, having meditated the affair for a few days, produced *Arcades* or *The Arcadians*.

Let the reader now go back in imagination to Harefield on a spring or summer evening two centuries and a half ago. Certain revels or pageants in the grounds have perhaps preceded, and the time, we say, seems now to be evening. Harefield House is lit up; and in front of it, on a throne of state, arranged so as to glitter in the light, is seated the aged Countess, with the seniors of the assembled party around her as spectators. Suddenly torches are seen flickering among the trees in the park, and out from among those trees, towards where the Countess is sitting, there bursts a

band of nymphs and shepherds. They are, in fact, "*some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state.*" When they have approached near enough, they pause, as if overcome by the splendour of the vision before them; and then one voice breaks out from the rest in recognition of the Countess. This is the first Song:—

"Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that" etc.

This song ended, the nymphs and shepherds renew their approach to the object of their wonder; but, "*as they come forward, the Genius of the Wood [Lawes?] appears, and turning toward them speaks.*" The speech of this Genius of the Wood is in eighty-three lines of blank verse. In it the Genius first addresses the shepherds, or male performers in the masque, and tells them he recognises them, through their disguise, as noble Arcadians; then he addresses the nymphs in a similar strain; then, after introducing himself as the Genius of the Wood, describing his occupations in that capacity, and descanting on his particular affection for music, and his desire to do his best in that art in praise of her whom he has often admired in secret as the Queen of the place, and whom his auditory have come to gaze upon, he offers to lead them to her. Accordingly, lute or other instrument in hand, he advances, with this song, probably in solo:—

"O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me" etc.

Following him, the masquers do obeisance to the Lady, and range themselves round her; whereupon there is a third and concluding song, probably by many voices, madrigal-wise, and ending with a repetition of the final words of the previous song:—

"Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen."

The entertainment was probably not yet over; but whatever more of it there was, out-of-doors or within-doors, was not of Milton's composition.

Had Milton gone to Harefield to see his *Arcades* performed? It would be interesting to think that he had, and that the eyes of the

venerable lady who, in her youth, had known Spenser and seen Shakespeare, may have rested with liking on this, their successor among English poets. There is one piece of evidence, however, which seems to debar the pleasure of any such romance. The original draft of the poem in Milton's own hand among the Cambridge MSS. was entitled at first simply "*Part of a Maske*"; and the title ARCADES is an after-insertion with his pen, in what can be proved to be his later handwriting, some time between 1639 and 1645. Now that insertion takes this form: "ARCADES: *Part of an Entertainment at* ———"; a blank being left for the name of the place, as if Milton had forgotten it, or had never ascertained it. Before he could complete the title, as it now stands, for the edition of his Poems in 1645, he had probably to apply to Lawes. Of course, however, he cannot have forgotten that it was in honour of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, Spenser's *Amaryllis* in her youth, that he had written the poem. And in this fact alone there is romance enough for us now. It brings Spenser and Milton picturesquely together within one length of Time's outstretched hand. "Vouchsafe, noble Lady," Spenser had said to Lady Strange in 1591, when dedicating to her his *Tears of the Muses*, "to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of yourself, yet such as perhaps, by your acceptance thereof, you may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts." May we not fondly construe these words into a prophecy in 1591 of Milton's *Arcades* in the same lady's honour in 1633?

The Countess-Dowager of Derby survived the entertainment only a year or two. She died at Harefield, Jan. 26, 1636-7, at the age of about seventy-five. After her death the estate of Harefield descended to Lady Chandos, then her only remaining daughter; at whose death, in 1647, it came to her son, Lord Chandos. He bequeathed it, at his death in 1655, to his wife Jane, Lady Chandos, who married, for her second husband, Sir William Sedley, Bart., and for her third, George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire. In 1673 she vested her estates in her third husband and his heir; and, in 1675, she being still alive, Harefield was sold to Sir Richard Newdegate, Bart., of Arbury, Warwickshire. By this purchase Sir Richard Newdegate only re-acquired property which had formerly been in the possession of his family. They had parted with it in 1585 to a Chief

Justice Anderson, who had sold it in 1601 to Lord Keeper Egerton. Harefield is still in possession of the Newdegates. The place is worth visiting, not only as the scene of the *Arcades*, but for other reasons. Harefield House indeed has disappeared. It was burnt down in 1660, in consequence, it is said, of the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was then on a visit to the place, and indulged in his habit of reading in bed. But the pedestrian on the road from Uxbridge to Rickmansworth may still identify the site of the House by two mounds, an old garden, and a large cedar of Lebanon, on the quiet slopes behind Harefield Church; and in the church itself he may see, besides other antiquities of interest, the tomb of the heroine of the *Arcades*. It is a richly-sculptured and heraldically emblazoned marble monument, exhibiting the effigy of the Countess, in a crimson robe and gilt coronet, recumbent under a canopy of pale green and stars, and, on the side, effigies of her three daughters in relief and also painted. The Countess is represented as in her youth, beautiful, and with long fair hair. The three daughters have the same long fair hair, and like features.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and four earlier Drafts, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This piece must have been written after the *Arcades*, for the original draft of it in Milton's own hand follows the original draft of the *Arcades* in the Cambridge volume of preserved Milton MSS. There are, indeed, in that volume no fewer than four drafts of the piece, exhibiting, in perhaps a more extraordinary manner than any other extant specimen of Milton's autograph, his extreme fastidiousness in composition, his habit of altering, correcting, rejecting, erasing, and enlarging, till he had brought a piece to some satisfactory perfection of form. The title, "At a Solemn Music," may be translated "At a Concert of Sacred Music." Milton, as we know, had been a musician from his childhood, accustomed to the society of musicians, and with opportunities of access to the best musical performances in London or Westminster. The present seems to be his testimony to the effects of one such performance. The metrical structure of the piece is peculiar, and without precedent in the

Minor Poems hitherto. It is not in mere couplets, nor in stanzas, but is a single continuous burst of twenty-eight lines of Iambics of varying length, interlinked irregularly in rhyming pairs. It seems to have been a new metrical experiment of the author.

ON TIME.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and early Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This piece looks like a continuation of Milton's mood of new metrical experimentation. Like the last piece, it is a single continuous burst of Iambic lines of different lengths, rhyming irregularly in pairs. This fact, with the fact that the copy of the piece in Milton's hand in the Cambridge volume follows the drafts of the last piece, seems to certify that the date of the composition was the end of 1633 or the beginning of 1634. The copy in the Cambridge volume bears the title, "*On Time: to be set on a Clock-case*"; and in the beginning of the piece itself the poet seems to be thinking of the mechanism of a clock, and watching the slow swing of the pendulum.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and early Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This follows the last piece in the Cambridge volume of drafts, and is therefore assignable perhaps to Circumcision Day, or January 1, 1634. The mood of metrical experimentation visible in the two preceding pieces seems still continued; for, though the piece breaks itself into two symmetrical stanzas, each stanza is a complex combination of fourteen Iambic lines of varying lengths, rhymed capriciously.

COMUS :

"A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales."

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; prior printed edition of 1637; and two MS. copies, —one, which was probably the family-copy or Lawes's stage-copy, in the library at Bridgewater House, and the other, which is the original draft in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS. The Bridgewater copy was printed in a special edition of *Comus*, published at Canterbury in 1798, by the Rev. H. J. Todd, afterwards well known as the editor of all Milton's Poetical Works.)

The history of this, the most important of all the minor poems of Milton, is closely connected with that of the *Arcades*, and our introduction to the *Arcades* is partly also an introduction to the *Comus*. What of more specific introduction is necessary remains to be given here.

One branch of the relatives of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, the heroine of the *Arcades*, consisted, as we have seen, of the members of the noble family of Bridgewater: to wit, John, 1st Earl of Bridgewater, the Countess's stepson, being the son of her second husband, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere; this nobleman's wife, the Countess's second daughter, Lady Frances Stanley, by her first husband, Ferdinando, 5th Earl of Derby; and the numerous children born to this pair,—two of them daughters already married and with houses of their own, but other daughters still unmarried, and residing, together with their two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, sometimes at their father's town-house in the Barbican, and sometimes at his country-seat of Ashridge in Hertfordshire. It is with these members of the Bridgewater family that we have chiefly to do in the *Comus*.

The Earl of Bridgewater, now about fifty-four years of age (he had been born in 1579), had a place among the nobility of the Court of Charles I. for which he was probably indebted to the fame and long services of his father, the Lord Chancellor. Already a Privy Councillor, etc.; he had, on the 26th of June 1631, been nominated by Charles to the high office of the Viceroyalty of Wales, or, as it was more formally called, the office of "Lord President of the Council in

the Principality of Wales and the Marches of the same." This office,—including military command and civil jurisdiction, not only over the Welsh principality itself, but also over the four contiguous English counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire,—had been filled, in Elizabeth's reign, by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip Sidney, and after him by Henry, 2d Earl of Pembroke; and men of scarcely inferior note had held it since. The official seat of the Lord President was the town and castle of Ludlow in Shropshire, about twenty miles south from Shrewsbury, and beautifully situated in one of those tracts of green hilly country which mark the transition from England proper into Wales. The town, which was formerly walled, is mainly on an eminence near the junction of two streams, the Teme and the Corve, whose united waters flow on to meet the Severn in Worcestershire. On the highest ground of the town, and conspicuous to a great distance over the surrounding country, is Ludlow Church, a large, cathedral-looking building of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Near it, at a point where the ascending slope on which the town is built ends in a precipitous rock overhanging a steep valley through which the river runs, is Ludlow Castle, now a romantic ruin, but once a garrisoned place of strength, separately walled in from the town, and approached by a gateway from a kind of esplanade at the top of the main street. It was this Castle, with its outer court, inner court, keep, barracks, drawbridge, etc., that was more immediately the residence of the Presidents of Wales. The older portions of the castle dated from the Conquest, when they had been built by the Conqueror's kinsman, Roger de Montgomery; and there was hardly a part of the edifice but had its interesting legends and associations,—legends and associations connected with the old wars of race between the Welsh and the Norman-English, or with those subsequent Wars of the Roses in which the Welsh had taken so active a share. Thus there were shown in the Castle certain rooms, called "the Princes' Apartments," where Edward, Prince of Wales, and his young brother, the sons of Edward IV., had lived from 1472 to 1483, when they left Ludlow on that fatal journey which ended in their murder in the Tower. Arthur, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Henry VII., had also resided in Ludlow Castle, with a court and under guardianship, by his father's arrangement; and Henry, himself a Welshman, had often visited his son there before the death of the Prince in 1502 made his brother, Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., the

heir-apparent. In short, Ludlow Castle was, by long tradition, the proper seat of the government of Wales under the English crown; and, after the duties of that government ceased to be nominally by the Princes of Wales and a Council under them, and came to be exercised by officials styled "Lords-President of the Council of the Principality and its Marches," the Castle was still kept in repair as a kind of palatial residence for these Lords-President.

Although appointed Lord President of Wales in June 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater does not seem to have assumed his functions actively, or to have gone near Ludlow, till some time afterwards. * On the 12th of May 1633, his powers in his office were defined afresh by a Royal Letter of Instructions, which was also to regulate the future proceedings, judicial and administrative, of the Council over which he presided. This Council was ostensibly to consist of upwards of eighty persons named in the Letter, among whom were many bishops and the chief state-officers of England, besides a number of knights and gentlemen of the Welsh border. But the real functionaries, under the Lord President, and responsible along with him, or in his absence, were to be these four salaried officers: Sir John Bridgman, Chief Justice of Chester; Sir Marmaduke Lloyd, Second Justice; Sir Nicholas Overbury; and Edward Waters, Esq. In all proceedings of the Council three were to be a quorum; of which three the President, or, in his absence, the Vice-President, or Chief Justice of Chester, must always be one. There can be no doubt that this re-definition, in May 1633, of the powers and constitution of the Welsh Presidency was part of that general scheme of a strong government, wherever possible, by officials acting directly for the Crown, which Charles found it the more necessary to depend upon since he had determined (1629) to have nothing more to do with English Parliaments. He had the very pattern of such a Lieutenant for the Crown in Wentworth, who had been "President of the Council in the North," or, in other words, chief administrator of all England north of the Trent, with York for his head-quarters, since 1628, and had more recently (1632) been made also Viceroy of Ireland. It was hoped, perhaps, that the Earl of Bridgewater would be as efficient for the Crown in Wales and its borders as Wentworth had been in Yorkshire and the adjacent parts, and promised to be in Ireland.

In October 1633 the Earl sent his new Letter of Instructions to his Council at Ludlow, to be read and registered before his own

arrival. At what time he followed in person we do not accurately know; but, when he did follow, the ceremonial of his inauguration was unusually splendid. He was attended "by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry": *i.e.*, we may suppose, by all of his Council then in those parts, and by other persons of local consequence. He had brought his Countess with him, and probably his whole family, from London or Ashridge, including, as we certainly know, his youngest daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton, a beautiful young girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, and her two younger brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The festivities and hospitalities proper to such an occasion as the Earl's inauguration would naturally protract themselves over a considerable time. They did protract themselves, at all events, to Michaelmas-night, the 29th of September 1634, when all Ludlow was astir with an unusual thing in those parts,—nothing less than a complete masque, or poetical and musical entertainment, performed in the great hall of Ludlow Castle, by members of the Earl's family, before the Earl and an audience of assembled guests..

That there should be a masque at Ludlow to celebrate the Earl's entry on his Welsh Presidency was, in the circumstances of the family and with its musical and artistic tastes, almost a matter of course. Indeed, at this particular time, the English Court and aristocracy may be said to have been masque-mad. Popular though masques had been in Elizabeth's reign, and through James's, and most of all in Charles's, they were never more in fashion than in the years 1633 and 1634. Prynne's famous attack on theatres and all connected with them in his *Histrionastix* (1633) had just then caused a reaction at Court and among families of rank in favour of theatrical entertainments. By way of resenting Prynne's supposed insult to Queen Henrietta Maria in that book, on account of her having acted in a private pastoral at Somerset House, the courtiers and public men took double delight in getting up pastorals and masques, and in acting in them. Nothing so magnificent, for example, in the shape of a pageant, had ever been seen in England as that got up by the lawyers of the Four Inns of Court in February 1633-4 "as an expression of their love and duty to their Majesties." Months were spent in the preparation. Shirley was engaged to write the poetry; Mr. Simon Ivy and Mr. Henry Lawes to compose the music; Inigo Jones to construct the machinery; while some of the ablest and most

eminent lawyers of the time, such as Selden, Attorney-General Noy, Bulstrode Whitlocke, and Mr. Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), acted zealously on the Committee of General Management. When the day came,—Feb. 3,—there was a gorgeous afternoon and evening procession of the masquers, with painted chariots, flaming torches, music, and wondrous grotesque accompaniments, from Holborn down Chancery Lane to Whitehall, the whole population of London having gathered along the route to see and to cheer; and, afterwards, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, the main masque itself, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, was performed before their Majesties with every possible magnificence. The whole affair cost the Four Inns of Court £21,000; whereof £1000 were spent on the music,—Lawes and his fellow-composer receiving £100 apiece (worth about £350 now) for their shares.¹ The actors in this masque were chiefly handsome lawyers of the Four Inns, whose names are now unknown. But, a fortnight later, in the same Banqueting-house at Whitehall, there was another masque, of scarcely inferior magnificence, given by their Majesties themselves, and in which the actors were the King, fourteen of the chief nobility, and ten young sons of noblemen. This was Carew's *Cælum Britannicum*, performed on Shrove-Tuesday night, Feb. 18, 1633-4. The music to this masque was by Henry Lawes; the machinery by Inigo Jones; and among the young noblemen who took juvenile parts in it were the Earl of Bridgewater's two sons, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and their cousin Lord Chandos.

With a recollection of the *Arcades*, and probably of many other such private theatrical delights, traditional in the Bridgewater family; with the two young boys fresh from the glory of their small parts in the recent royal masque of *Cælum Britannicum*; above all, with Lawes, the musical tutor of the family, radiant from his musical success in that masque and in its more gorgeous predecessor, the masque of *The Triumph of Peace* by the Four Inns of Court;—what more natural than that it should be resolved to seize the opportunity of the Earl's entry on his Welsh Presidency for a masque on a great scale, that should astonish the Welsh and all the West of England? The youngsters and Lawes probably devised the thing; and, the Earl having given his consent, all was arranged. The preparations

¹ Whitlocke's Memorials, *sub anno* 1633; and Shirley's Works, by Dyce, vol. vi. pp. 257-261.

must have been begun months before the masque actually came off, —probably while the family were yet in London. Lawes, of course, was to take care of the music and was to be general manager; and the other actors and singers were to be the young people of the family. But who should write the poetry? Who but Lawes's friend, Mr. Milton, who had already in the *Arcades* given such satisfactory proof of his fitness for the kind of composition that was wanted? In fact, whether to please himself, or to oblige Lawes, or to oblige the Earl of Bridgewater and his family on account of some bond of acquaintance with the family now not recoverable, Milton did undertake to write the masque. The composition of it, we must suppose, occupied him at Horton for some weeks, or even a month or two, in the early part of 1634.

On undertaking to write the masque, Milton would think of some appropriate story, to be shaped into a dramatic pastoral of the required kind, for representation on a stage in the hall of a great castle by young lords and ladies, and with songs interspersed, to be sung by some of these performers to airs by his friend Lawes. The nature and circumstances of the occasion would be vividly present to his imagination: the Earl entering on his office as President of the ancient Principality; his retinue, with Welsh and West-of-England gentry among them; the town and castle of Ludlow, and their neighbourhood, as conceived by him from descriptions, or perhaps seen by him (who knows?) in some tour of his own into those parts; the proximity of the place to Welsh scenery, and the connexion of the occasion with ancient British memories and legends. He would, doubtless, co-operate with Lawes, and would give or receive hints. But how the actual story of *Comus* occurred to Milton,—the story of the young lady parted from her two brothers at night in the depths of a wild wood, found there by Comus and his crew of evil revellers, and lured and detained by their enchantments, until the Brothers, instructed by a good Attendant Spirit in the shape of their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis, rush in and rescue her,—how this story occurred to Milton we can but vaguely surmise. He may have derived the conception of such a plot from some of his readings, and may have seen its fitness for his purpose; and commentators have referred more particularly to certain books which may have suggested the plot to him, or details in the treatment. A somewhat different theory is that Milton, in his *Comus*, only dramatised a real incident.

The popular tradition round about Ludlow still is that the Lady Alice Egerton and her two young brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, were actually benighted in Haywood Forest, near Ludlow, as they were on their way to Ludlow from a visit to the house of their relatives, the Egertons, in Herefordshire, and that the Lady Alice was for some time lost by her brothers in the forest. Milton, the tradition adds, had heard of this incident, and constructed his *Comus* upon it. Far more likely, however, that the story of the loss of Lady Alice and her brothers in Haywood Forest grew out of the *Comus* than that the *Comus* grew out of the story. The story was current more than a hundred years ago; but it consists with our knowledge of the way in which such legends arise to suppose that by that time the parting of the lady and her brothers in the masque had been translated, by prosaic gossip on the spot, into a literal incident in the lives of those for whom the masque was written.

In whatever way suggested, the masque was written with most definite attention to the purpose for which it was required. The characters to be represented were as follows:—

- THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT: *first appearing as such, but afterwards in the dress of the shepherd THYRSIS.*

COMUS, *with his Crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph of the Severn river, with attendant Water-nymphs.*

Here, if we omit the “crew of Comus” and Sabrina’s “attendant water-nymphs,”—parts of mere dumb show, which may have been assigned to supernumeraries,—there were six speaking and singing parts to be filled up. How were these parts cast? As to four of the parts we have definite information from Lawes. The part of THE LADY, which is the central part in the masque, was given to the Lady Alice Egerton; and the parts of the FIRST BROTHER and the SECOND BROTHER fell to Lady Alice’s two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The important part of THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards* THYRSIS, was taken by Lawes himself. This leaves but two parts unassigned,—those of COMUS and SABRINA. The part of COMUS is important, and a good actor was needed for it; that of SABRINA is less important, and required chiefly a good singer. There was, we may assume, among the connexions

of the Bridgewater family, some handsome gentleman who did not object to act as the disreputable Riot-god, son of Bacchus and Circe, for the opportunity of luring away the sweet Lady Alice even for a little while; and among Lady Alice's sisters there were more than one fit for the part of the River-nymph. It is a pity, however, that the names of the actors in those two parts have not been preserved.

Suppose Milton's MS. of the masque finished (the draft, in his own hand, now among the Cambridge MSS.); suppose that Lawes has copies for his own use and that of his pupils (one of those copies, perhaps that now in the Bridgewater Library, which Todd believed to be in Lawes's hand); suppose the rehearsals over (some of which may have been in London or at Ashridge, before the actors went to Ludlow); and suppose the memorable Michaelmas-night, Sept. 29, 1634, arrived. The great Hall of Ludlow Castle is filled with guests. It is a noble apartment, sixty feet long and thirty wide, in which, according to tradition, the elder of the two Princes murdered in the Tower had been proclaimed King, with the title of Edward V., before commencing his fatal journey to London. It is the place of all great state-meetings of the Council of the Presidency. But on this evening it is converted into a theatre and brilliantly lighted. While the Earl and Countess and the rest of the seated audience occupy the main portion of the hall, one end of it is fitted up as a stage, with curtains, etc. Here the performance begins. "*The first scene discovers a wild wood: The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.*" Such is the stage-direction; the meaning of which is that, the stage having been darkened to signify that it is night, and there being paintings or other contrivances in the background to represent a wood, Lawes "descends or enters." In the printed copies, and also in the Cambridge MS., he begins with a speech; but in the Bridgewater MS. this speech is preceded by a song of twenty lines, the opening lines of which are—

" From the heavens now I fly,
And thou happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky."

There is no doubt that the Bridgewater MS., being the stage-copy, here represents what did actually happen. Milton had intended the

masque to begin with a speech ; but Lawes, thinking it better for stage purposes to begin with a song, had taken the liberty of transferring to this point a portion of that which now stands, and which Milton intended to stand, as the *final* song or *epilogue* of the Attendant Spirit at the end of the masque. In that final song or epilogue, as we now have it, the Attendant Spirit, announcing his *departure* when the play is over, says—

“ To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky ”—

which lines, with a part of their sequel, Lawes, it will be seen, converted cleverly into a prologue, or song of *arrival*, by the change of “ *To the ocean* ” into “ *From the heavens* .” He doubtless thought it more effective to “ descend ” on the stage, singing this prologue ; after which, when *on* the stage, he made the speech announcing the purpose for which he had descended. In that speech, after introducing himself in his character as an attendant Spirit of Good, sent down to Earth from Jove’s realms on a special errand, he thus informs the audience at the outset as to the general drift of the play they are about to witness, and connects it gracefully with the actual circumstances of the Earl of Bridgewater’s presence among them, and of his entry on so high a British office as the Welsh Presidency—

“ Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot ’twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep ;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father’s state
And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way

Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was despatched for their defence and guard."

Prepared by these words, and by the farther explanation of the Attendant Spirit that the wood is haunted by the god Comus and his crew of revellers, who waylay travellers and tempt them with an enchanted liquor which changes the countenances of those who partake into the faces of beasts, the audience see the story developed in action before them. They see Comus and his crew appear in the wood with torches, making a riotous and unruly noise : Comus with a charming-rod in one hand and a glass in the other ; and his crew, a set of monsters, with bodies of men and women in, glistening apparel, but headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts. They see the crew knit hands and dance, and the dance broken off by the orders of Comus, at the sound of a light footstep approaching. They see the crew then disappear among the trees, leaving their master alone, who knows that the footstep is that of some benighted virgin, and who, after throwing his "dazzling spells" (some blaze of blue light?) in the direction in which she is coming, also steps aside to watch. Then they see "the Lady" enter,—the sweet Lady Alice, received, of course, with rapturous applause. They hear her explain how she has lost her brothers since sunset, how it is now midnight, how the rude sounds of revelry have attracted her to the spot, and how the darkness and the silence would alarm her, were it not for her trust in a higher Power, guarding virtuous minds. As she speaks there comes a gleam through the grove ; and, thinking her brothers may be near, she will guide them to her by a song. Accordingly, she sings the song beginning "*Sweet Echo*,"—the first song in the masque, according to Milton's arrangement of it, but the second in Lawes's stage-arrangement. It is not her brothers that the song brings to her, but Comus, who has been listening in admiration. Appearing before her in the guise of a shepherd, he tells her that he has seen her brothers, and offers to lead her to them, or to lodge her in his humble cottage till they can be found in the morning. Scarcely has she accepted the offer, and left the scene with Comus, when her two brothers,—the boys, Viscount Brackley and Mr.

Thomas Egerton, also greatly cheered, of course,—appear. They discuss with great anxiety the situation of their sister, the elder comforting the younger, till their conversation is interrupted by a far-off holloa. Lest it should be a robber, they draw their swords. But it is their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis; or rather they think it is he: for, in reality, it is the good Attendant Spirit, who has been taking note of all that has befallen the lady, and who, on meeting the brothers, has assumed the disguise of one well known to them. He explains the state of affairs, and greatly alarms the younger brother by his account of Comus and his crew. The elder, though more steady, is for rushing at once to the haunt of the magician and dragging him to death. But the Attendant Spirit, as Thyrsis, explaining that such violence will be vain against the craft of a sorcerer, proposes rather that they should avail themselves of the power of a certain precious plant, called *Hæmony*, of which a portion had once been given him by a certain skilful shepherd-lad of his acquaintance. He had tested the virtue of this plant to ward off enchantment's, for he had already approached Comus safely by means of it; and he now proposes that they should all three confront Comus with its aid. The Brothers agree, and they and the supposed Thyrsis go off. Then the scene changes before the eyes of the audience, representing "a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music; tables spread with dainties"; the Lady in an enchanted chair, with Comus pressing her to drink out of a glass, while his rabble stand around. There is a matchless dialogue between the Lady and Comus,—an argument of Purity or Abstinence against Sensuality, in which Purity overcomes and defies its enemy. The Sorcerer, awed, but still persevering, prays the Lady only to taste, when her brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest the glass from his hand, and dash it to pieces. Comus and his crew resist slightly, but are driven away and dispersed. Thyrsis then, coming in after the Brothers, finds that unfortunately they have not attended to his instruction to seize the enchanter's wand. The Lady is still marble-bound to her chair, from which the motion of the wand might have freed her. To effect this, Thyrsis proposes a new device. It is to invoke Sabrina, the nymph of the adjacent and far-famed Severn river. Who so likely to succour distressed maidenhood as she, that daughter of Locrine, the son of Brutus, who, as ancient British legends told, had flung herself, to preserve her honour, into the

stream which had since borne her name? By way of invocation of Sabrina, Thyrsis (*i.e.* Lawes) sings what is now the second song in the masque, but is the third in Lawes's arrangement,—the exquisite song beginning "*Sabrina fair.*" Obeying the invocation, Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings the song "*By the rushy-fringed bank,*"—the third song in Milton's arrangement, the fourth in Lawes's. She then performs the expected office of releasing the Lady by sprinkling drops of pure water upon her, and touching thrice her lips and finger-tips. Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises from her seat. But, though she is now free from the spell of Comus in his enchanted wood, it remains to convey her and her brothers safely to their father's residence, where their arrival is waited for. Accordingly, after an ode of thanks to Sabrina for her good service, with blessings on the stream that bears her name, the supposed Thyrsis continues:—

" Come, Lady ; while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground.
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through the gloomy covert wide ;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wished presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort.
 We shall catch them at their sport ;
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste ! the stars grow high,
 But Night is monarch yet in the mid sky."

Thyrsis, the Lady, and the two Brothers, here leave the stage, and are supposed to be gradually wending their way, through the wood, while it is still night, or very early morning, towards Ludlow Castle. While the spectators are imagining this, the journey of some furlongs is actually achieved ; for straightway "*the scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle : then come in country-dancers :*

after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady."

In this stage-direction it seems to be implied that the spectators now looked on some canvas at the back of the stage, representing Ludlow Town, and the exterior of the very castle they were sitting in, all bright on a sunshiny morning, and that, as they looked, there came in first a bevy of rustic lads and lasses, or representatives of such, dancing and making merry, till their clodhopping rounds were interrupted by the appearance among them of the guardian Thyrsis and the three graceful young ones. This is confirmed by what Thyrsis says to the dancers in the song which stands fourth in the printed masque, but must have been the fifth in the actual performance :—

“ Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play
Till next sunshine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.”

So dismissed, the clodhoppers vanish ; and there remain on the stage, facing the Earl and Countess and the audience, only (we may drop the disguise now, as doubtless the audience did in their cheering) the musician Lawes, the Lady Alice, and her brothers Viscount Brackley and Master Thomas Egerton. Advancing towards the Earl and Countess, Lawes presents to them his charge with this continuation of his last song :—

“ Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,” etc.

There seems still to have been a dance at this point, to show off the courtly grace of the young people after the energy of the clodhoppers ; for at the end of Lawes's song there comes this last stage-direction, “ *The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.*” That is to say, Lawes, relapsing into his character of the Attendant Spirit who had descended from Heaven at the beginning of the piece, and had acted so beneficially through it in the guise of the shepherd Thyrsis, winds up the whole by a final speech or song as he slowly recedes or reascends. In our printed copies the Epilogue is a longish speech ; but, as part

of that speech had been transferred, in the actual performance, as we have seen, to the beginning of the masque for the Spirit's opening song, so in the actual performance the closing lines of the Epilogue as we now have it served as the Spirit's song of reascent or departure in two stanzas :—

“ But now my task is smoothly done :
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue ! She alone is free :
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime ;
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

“ With these sounds left on the ear, and a final glow of angelic light on the eye, the performance ends, and the audience rises and disperses through the Castle. The Castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clammers or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses ; but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court ; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by enchantment, and the swains danced in welcome of the Earl, and the Spirit ascended gloriously to his native heaven. More mystic still it is to leave the ruins, and, descending one of the winding streets of Ludlow that lead from the Castle to the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to Castle and Town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realise that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shaken into the air of England.—So I wrote a good many years ago, when the impressions of a visit I made to Ludlow were fresh and vivid ; and, as I copy the words now, they bring back, as it were in a dream, the pleasant memory of one bygone day. I remember my first sight of the hilly town as I walked into it early on a summer's

morning, when not a soul was astir, and the clean streets were all silent and shuttered ; then my ramble at my own will for an hour or so over the Castle ruins and the green knoll they crown, undisturbed by guide or any figure of fellow-tourist ; then my descent again, past and round the great church and its tombs, into the steep town streets, now beginning their bustle for a market-day ; and, finally, the lazy circuit I made round the green outskirts of the town, through I know not what glens and up their sloping sides, the ruined Castle always finely distinct close at hand, and in the distance, wherever the eye could range unopposed, a fairy horizon of dim blue mountains.

Perhaps there has not been sufficient recognition of the importance of the production of *Comus* at Ludlow Castle at the Michaelmas of 1634 as an epoch in Milton's life. That it was by far the most considerable thing that Milton had yet written, and that the date and the circumstances of the accession of such a poem to the previous stock of the best English Poetry deserve to be carefully marked in the History of our Literature, we do indeed recognise. But, if we transfer ourselves back historically to that date and its circumstances, we ought to recognise something more. We ought to recognise that some beginnings of that feeling about Milton which *we* now have must then have arisen among those who witnessed the performance of *Comus* or were involved in the rumour of it. Here, far away on the Welsh border, at the inauguration of the Earl of Bridgewater in his Welsh Presidency, there had been produced a masque, by an unknown author, as extensive as Carew's recent masque of *Caelum Britannicum* or Shirley's of *The Triumph of Peace*, both recently acted in London before Royalty, and from the splendours of which London theatre-goers were only recovering their composure. Nay, not only as extensive as these masques, but, in every respect of pure poetical beauty, artistic construction, and sweetness of moral influence, beating these masques, or even the best of Ben Jonson's, veteran and laureate though he was, into mere mediocrity, if not into vulgarity and slipshod !. No probability that as much as this was actually said ; for the unknown has always to make its way, and Shirley and Carew were then established somebodies, and the large Ben Jonson was in his well-merited ascendancy in the literature of England. But, within the circle that saw *Comus* acted or heard of it, something tending in this direction must have been felt. Among the gentry of the Welsh

border, not to speak of the accomplished and musical members of the Bridgewater family itself, there must have been critics capable of forming an opinion of a poem like *Comus* at the moment, and generous enough to spread it by talk afterwards. True, there was no horse-play in the masque, such as a motley audience likes; the machinery and the decorations can have been nothing so splendid as those of the recent masques at Court; and it may even have been a trial of patience to sit for two or three hours listening to speeches recited and songs sung by six actors, three of whom were mere children. But the quality of the songs and the speeches must have asserted itself with the best judges through all that disadvantage; a great deal depended upon Lawes himself and his songs; and the Bridgewater children, besides being interesting personally to the spectators, may have been effective little elocutionists. On the whole, we cannot doubt that the masque was a success, and a week's wonder at Ludlow.

There is no evidence that Milton himself had taken the journey of 150 miles from London or Horton in order to be present at the performance. It is possible that he had done so; but it is just as possible that he had not, and even that the authorship of the masque was kept a secret at the time of its performance, known only to Lawes, or to Lawes and the Earl's family. But the Earl of Bridgewater's masque began to be talked of beyond Ludlow; as time passed, and the rumour of it spread, and perhaps the songs in it were carried vocally into London society by Lawes and his pupils of the Bridgewater family, it was still more talked of; and there came to be inquiries respecting its authorship, and requests for copies of it, and especially of the songs. All this we learn from Lawes. His loyalty to his friend Milton in the whole affair was admirable; and he appears to have been more proud, in his own heart, of his concern with the comparatively quiet Bridgewater masque than of his more blazoned and well-paid co-operation in the London masques of the same year. The music which he composed for the songs in *Comus* still exists, written out in his own hand and signed with his name, on a single sheet of old music paper (Add. MSS., Brit. Mus., No. 11,518), with this heading—"Five Songs set for a Mask presented at Ludlo Castle before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of the Marches: October 1634."¹ It is probably but one of many copies

¹ The five Songs in this MS. answer, with one omission, to the enumeration

which he made to gratify his musical friends. But there were many friends of his, it appears, who were not satisfied with copies of the songs and their music only, but wanted complete copies of the masque. To relieve himself from the trouble so occasioned, Lawes resolved at length to publish the masque. He did so in 1637 in a small, and now very rare, quarto of 40 pages, with this title-page:—

“A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse Night, before the Right Honourable John, Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, Lord President of Wales, and one of his Majesties most honourable Privy Counsell^r.”

‘*Æheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus Austrum
Perditus—*’

London: Printed for Humphrey Robinson, at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in Paul’s Churchyard, 1637.”

The volume was dedicated by Lawes to the Earl’s son and heir, young Viscount Brackley, who had acted the part of Elder Brother in the masque. The Dedication in complete form is prefixed to *Comus* in the present edition; but its opening sentences may be quoted here. “My Lord,” says Lawes to the young Viscount, still but a boy of fifteen years, “this Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view.” From this we learn that the proposal of publication was Lawes’s own, and that Milton still preferred the shelter of the anonymous. That Lawes had Milton’s consent, however, is proved by that motto on the title-page, taken from Virgil’s Second Eclogue, to the significance of which we have already called attention in the GENERAL INTRODUCTION; where this English paraphrase was offered for want of something closer and better:—

of the Songs in their series given in our description of the masque as performed. They are:—(1) *From the heavens*. (2) *Sweet Echo*. (3) *Sabrina fair*. (4) *Back Shepherds, back*, with its continuation *Noble Lord and Lady bright*. (5) *Now my task*. The Song wanting is the Song of the nymph Sabrina, *By the rushy-fringed bank*.

“ Ah ! wretched and undone ! Myself to have brought
The wind among my flowers ! ”

Milton must himself have supplied this Virgilian motto ; and it hints his fear that he had perhaps done ill in letting his *Comus* go forth at all, even anonymously. Though he was now twenty-eight years of age, it was actually, if we except his lines on Shakespeare, his first distinctly public venture in print.

He had no reason to regret the venture. “ *Comus*,” says Hallam, “ was sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries.” Such a strong statement was easily made when Hallam wrote ; but there may have been some in England capable of forming the same opinion when so clear an expression of it would have needed more courage, *i.e.* in 1637 (the year of Ben Jonson’s death), when modest copies of Lawes’s anonymous edition were first in circulation. We know of one Englishman, at all events, who did then form and express an equivalent opinion. This was Milton’s near neighbour at Horton, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College. Born in 1568, mixed up with political affairs in Elizabeth’s reign, and in the height of his active career through that of James,—when he had been English Ambassador to various foreign Courts, but had resided, in that capacity, most continuously at Venice,—Sir Henry, since Charles came to the throne, had been in veteran retirement in the quiet post of the Eton provostship, respected by all England for his past diplomatic services, but living chiefly on his memories of those services, his Italian experiences in particular, and in the delights of pictures, books, scholarly society, and constant smoking of tobacco. Some chance introduction having, as we saw (*ante*, pp. 81-82), brought Milton and the aged Knight together for the first time early in 1638, the consequence was that, on the 6th of April in that year, when Milton was preparing for his journey to Italy, he sent to Sir Henry a letter of leave-taking, with a copy of the *Comus*, by way of parting gift and acknowledgment of courtesy received. Sir Henry, as we saw, had read the poem in a previous copy, without knowing who the author was ; and, writing in reply to Milton on the 13th of April, just in time to overtake him before he left England, he mentioned this fact, and expressed his pleasure at finding that a

poem that he had liked so singularly well was by his neighbour and new acquaintance. The words he used may be quoted again. "A dainty piece of entertainment," he calls the *Comus*; "wherein I should much commend the tragical part [*i.e.* the dialogue] if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." From such a man as Sir Henry Wotton, this was a certificate not to be despised.

When, in 1645, six years after his return from Italy, Milton, then in the very midst of his pamphleteering activity, and of the obloquy which it had brought him, consented to the publication by Moseley of the first Collective Edition of his Poems, *Comus* was still, in respect of length and merit, his chief poetical achievement. Accordingly, he not only reprinted it in that edition, but gave it the place of honour there. He put it last of the English Poems, as a considerable poem by itself, occupying as much space as all the rest together (pp. 67-120); and he gave it a separate title-page, thus:—
"A Mask of the same Author, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales: Anno Dom. 1645."
 The title-page of Lawes's edition of 1637 was, of course, cancelled by this new one; but Lawes's Dedication of that edition to young Viscount Brackley was retained, and there was inserted also, by way of pendant to that Dedication, Sir Henry Wotton's courteous letter of April 13, 1638. The courteous old Sir Henry was then dead, but Milton rightly considered that his word from the grave might be important in the circumstances. And so this Second Edition of the *Comus*, thus distinguished and set off as part of the First Collective Edition of the Poems, served all the demand till 1673, when the Second Collective Edition of the Poems appeared. *Comus* was, of course, retained in that edition, as still the largest of Milton's Minor Poems; but it was made less mechanically conspicuous than in the earlier edition. It did not come last among the English Poems, being followed by two sets of Psalm-translations; and it had no separate title-page, but only the heading, "*A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, etc.*" Lawes's Dedication of the edition of 1637 and Sir Henry Wotton's Letter of 1638 were likewise omitted.

In none of the three early editions, it will be observed (Lawes's of 1637, Milton's of 1645, and Milton's of 1673), is the poem entitled

COMUS. Nor is there any such title in Milton's original draft of the Masque among the Cambridge MSS., nor in that Bridgewater transcript which is supposed to have been the stage-copy. "*A Mask presented*," etc. : such, with slight variations in the phrasing, was the somewhat vague name of the piece while Milton lived. It was really inconvenient, however, that such a poem should be without a briefer and more specific name. Accordingly, that of COMUS, from one of the chief persons of the drama, has been unanimously adopted.

Although the word *comus*, or κῶμος, signifying "revel" or "carousal," or sometimes "a band of revellers," is an old Greek common noun, with various cognate terms (such as κωμάζω, "to revel," and κωμῳδία, comedy), the personification or proper name COMUS appears to have been an invention of the later classic mythology. A passage is indeed cited from the Agamemnon of Æschylus (1191—1193) where κῶμος may be construed in a personal sense ; but such a construction of that passage is rather forced. So far was Κῶμος from being a distinct deity among the older Greeks that the κῶμοι or revels we most frequently hear of among them were revels in honour of Bacchus. Gradually, however, when mythology became more of a conscious poetical art, *Comus* emerged as a person, the God of Mirth, just as we might raise our common noun *revel* to the personage *Revel* by the use of a capital letter. In the *Eikónes*, or Descriptions of Pictures, by Philostratus, a Greek author of the third century of our era, COMUS is represented as a winged god, seen in one picture "drunk and languid after a repast, his head sunk on his breast, slumbering in a standing attitude, and his legs crossed" (Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.). But, in fact, poets were left at liberty to fancy Comus, or the god Revel, very much as their own notions of what constitutes mirth or revel might dictate ; and the use of this liberty might perhaps be traced in the tradition of Comus, and the allusions to him in the poetry of different modern nations, down to Milton's time. He is an occasional personage among the English Elizabethan poets ; and he figures especially in Ben Jonson's masque of "*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*," which was presented at Court before King James in 1619. •

In this masque of Ben Jonson's the scene was a mountain, all snow and frost atop, and the rest wood and rock. Just beneath the snowy top was a grove of ivy : "out of which, to a wild music of "cymbals, flutes, and tabors, is brought forth COMUS, the god of

“ Cheer or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crowned with roses
 “ and other flowers, his hair curled : they that wait upon him crowned
 “ with ivy, their javelins done about with it : one of them going with
 “ Hercules’s bowl borne before him, while the rest present him
 “ [Comus] with this Hymn, full chorus :—

“ Room, room ! make room for the Bouncing Belly,
 First father of sauce and deviser of jelly,
 Prime master of arts and the giver of wit,
 That found out the excellent engine the spit.

* * * * *

Hail, hail, plump paunch ! O the founder of taste
 For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or paste ;
 Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or sod ;
 An emptier of cups, be they even or odd :
 All which have now made thee so wide in the waist
 As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced ;
 Bht, eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
 Then break’st all thy girdles, and break’st forth a god.”

This is Ben Jonson’s ideal of Comus, or Revel, very characteristic of Ben himself, and sustained through the rest of the short masque. Milton may have read that masque and helped himself to any suggestion it could give him. How little that can have been will appear to any one who will take the trouble to read the masque in Ben Jonson’s Works.

A work to which it is more likely that Milton was in some small degree indebted is a Latin extravaganza, called “ *Comus, sive Phagesipposia Cimmerica : Somnium*,” by the Dutch Erycius Puteanus. This writer, whose real name was Hendrik van der Putten, was born at Venlo in Holland in 1574, and, after having been for some time in Italy, became Professor of Eloquence and Classical Literature at Louvain, where he died in 1646. He was “the author of an infinity of books,” says Bayle (Dict : Art. Puteanus) ; among which was the one whose title we have given. It was first published in 1608 ; but there were subsequent editions, including one brought out at Oxford in 1634, the very year of Milton’s masque. “The subject of the piece of Erycius Puteanus, which is written mostly in prose, with a mixture of verse, is the description of a dream in which Comus, the genius of Love and Cheerfulness, appears to the author, declares himself the lord of the whole wide realm of pleasure, and briefly expounds his voluptuous idea of life. As the amazed author is

"wishing himself wings that he might quickly be off, he is veiled in
 "a cloud, and carried away into the region of Night, the land of the
 "Cimmerians. The cloud parting, he sees in a retreating valley a
 "wondrous structure, the palace of Comus. His friend Aderba now
 "comes up, and both go in to mingle with the crew of bacchants
 "rioting within. There follow them Night, Darkness, Sleep, Silence,
 "Fear and Horror; who, however, at the entrance, are scared away
 "by the light of torches and the flash of metal. Within are found
 "the godheads of Love, Pleasure, Joy, Rapture, and Delight, with
 "Jest and Laughter. A feast is celebrated, the guests at which are
 "masked; but those that one takes for men are Dæmian and Getu-
 "lian wolves, dangerous monsters by their bite, hiding their true
 "nature under masks and hypocritical appearances. After this, the
 "two find, at the door to a sanctuary, a youth standing with amphora
 "and cups, which he tenders to those entering. The two enter with
 "the rest, after having drunk of the wine. Aderba, anxious to know
 "who are the gods there worshipped, learns on inquiry that they are
 "*Hortorum Deus, Virginensis, Subjugus, Prema, Pertunda*. Comus,
 "whose image represents him half in light, half in darkness, as
 "in the struggle of night with day, is found at a brilliant table
 "surrounded by all the refinements of luxury. There arrives now a
 "friend of the two that have hitherto been spectators, called Tabutius,
 "and, afterwards, yet another, named Hylæus. Tabutius, an old man,
 "who has acquired wisdom from a joyfully spent youth, explains in
 "detail that Comus is a tyrant over fresh youth and manhood, who,
 "by pretence of friendliness and false show of pleasure, captivates
 "souls, but enervates them, banishing candid Sincerity, and giving
 "reception on the contrary to Seeming and Deceit, and that his
 "companions, Luxury and Lust, enslave men and stifle in them
 "everything noble. The festival dedicated to the honour of Comus
 "takes the name of *Phagesia* or *Phagesiposia*, and consists in a mere
 "banquet; but, after it, Lust is honoured with drunken dances.
 "During the feast Comus sings an ode on the mysteries of his wor-
 "ship, composed throughout in Catalectic Iambic Dimeters [Latin
 "Anacreontics]. Then Tabutius begins to moralize prolixly, and
 "continues with slight interruptions. The themes which he handles
 "are drunkenness, excess in eating, frequent banquets, ill assort-
 "ment of guests, conversation at table; then dancing, costliness of apparel,
 "and the like. From page to page the expositions protract them-

"selves. The end comes in the form of a boundless banquet led on
 "with noise and fury. When all is going topsy-turvy, Comus, who
 "has seen himself despised, disappears, with Luxury and Lust.
 "Night breaks, and the dreamer awakes at length to the renewed
 "enjoyment of light."¹

The Comus of the Latin Extravaganza of the Dutch Puteanus, it will be seen, is a more graceful and mystic personage than the lumbering god of good cheer in Ben Jonson's masque. He also, like Ben Jonson's Comus, is represented with curled and rose-crowned hair; but he is "soft-gestured and youthful," and personates a more subtle notion of Revel. Now, there certainly *are* touches of likeness between Puteanus's god, his guise and retinue, and the Comus of Milton, with his charming-rod and glass, and his rout of men and women headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts; and, as may be pointed out in the Notes, there are occasional phrases in Milton's masque so like suggestions from passages in the prose or the verse of Puteanus's little performance that it is difficult to imagine that Milton had not read those passages. Indeed, Ben Jonson may have read them too. After all, however, Milton's Comus is a creation of his own, for which he was as little indebted intrinsically to Puteanus as to Ben Jonson. Here is his myth of the birth and life of Comus, put into the mouth of the Attendant Spirit at the opening of the masque, and introduced, it will be observed, with words which distinctly claim the myth as of his own invention:—

"I will tell you now

What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's Island fell. (Who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?).
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks

¹ I have abridged this sketch of the plot of the Extravaganza of Puteanus from a learned little book by Dr. Immanuel Schmidt, published at Berlin 1860, under the title of *Milton's Comus; uebersetzt, und mit einer erläuternden Abhandlung begleitet*. Todd refers to Puteanus and quotes a few passages from him, but gives no such coherent account of the story.

With ivy-berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And, in thick shelter of black shade embowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art ;
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were ;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty."

Here Milton, for the purpose of his masque at Ludlow Castle, is bold enough to add a brand-new god, no less, to the classic Pantheon, and to import him into Britain, and particularly into Shropshire. Observe his parerage. *Comus*, the god of Sensual Pleasure, is not, with Milton, mere Gluttony, as he is in Jonson's masque ; nor is he the mere modification of Feast and the Wine-god pictured by Philostratus and adopted by Puteanus. He is a son of the Wine-god certainly, but it is by the sorceress Circe ; and, though he has much of his father's nature, he has more of the thrilling mercilessness and magical subtlety of his mother's. It is not for nothing that Milton, in his account of him, almost cites the description of Circe and her enchanted Island in the 10th Book of the Odyssey. There will be found throughout the masque more of real borrowing from Homer's picture of the experience of Ulysses and his companions on Circe's Island than from the *Extravaganza* of Puteanus. Thus, to give but one instance, the magical root *Hæmomy*, by whose powers, explained to the two Brothers by the Attendant Spirit (lines 617—656), they are enabled to defy the spells of Comus and attempt the rescue of their sister, is an avowed adaptation of the divine herb *Moly* given by

Hermes to Ulysses (*Odyss. X. 286 et seq.*) to enable him to withstand those drugs of Circe that had wrought such woe on his companions.

In the entire myth of Comus, as invented and developed by Milton for the purposes of his masque, one sees a feat of poetic genius singularly characteristic of the author, singularly Miltonic. What are the apparent circumstances? A young man of five-and-twenty, known to be a poet, is asked to write a drama, to be performed, chiefly by the young members of an English Earl's family, in a castle on the Welsh border, by way of entertainment to a gathering of gentlemen and ladies from the counties round. Well, he produces exactly what is wanted, a masque full of the required local colour and allusion, and with the incidents of the occasion woven in with the most graceful tact. But he does more: he produces a real poem, a phantasy of delicious richness and daintiness, interspersed with strains of the most exquisite lyric beauty. But he does more still. Phantasy of the purest poetic kind regnant undeniably through all, the hand of the artist and the lover of beauty perceptible in every scene and in every line, he yet contrives to make the whole a serene spiritual lesson, a construction to one moral, and that moral the deepest and most treasured idea of his own private philosophy. What is the myth as developed? It is the myth of Comus, the god of sensual delirium, withstood in the thickest wood of his enchantments and wiles by the native power of maiden innocence, and visibly foiled and routed at last by the Guardian Spirit that has been sent down from Heaven for the protection of that innocence. Into an inculcation of this moral was the festivity at Ludlow Castle lured or compelled. The Earl of Bridgewater's incipient Welsh Presidentship, the prepared stage, the scenery, the coloured lights, Lawes's music and managership, the sweet Lady Alice's acting and singing, the boyish elocution of the brothers, the cheering and clapping of hands among the spectators (many of whom, doubtless, were Comus's own disciples, trapped theatrically into momentary treason to him): all these, by the skill of the resolute young Plato of Horton, were made to subserve a principle that had taken possession of himself. That sensual indulgence is intellectual and spiritual ruin; that the most-essential outfit for a powerful and worthy life of any kind is fastidious scrupulousness of personal behaviour; that the true root of real magnanimity, or of the highest human degree of endeavour or attainment, is unsullied conscience, and such personal strictness as may be named even by the mystic

name of virginity ; that Virtue will always in the long run beat Vice even in this world, unless the whole frame of things is rottenness, God a delusion, and the world not worth living in, or dying in, or thinking about :—ransack all Milton's writings from the very earliest, and this will be found, in one form or another, the idea ever deepest with him, and most frequently recurring. It breaks out in prose passages, sometimes general, sometimes autobiographic ; and it arrests one in his juvenile poems. Here, throughout *Comus*, it is inculcated at length, softly and poetically, but yet unmistakeably. The entire myth of the Revel-god, and his home in one enchanted British wood, and the adventures of the sweet Lady in that wood, is an invention in its interest. And so with the express discourses into which the dialogue runs. We may refer to such passages as those at lines 210—220, 373—385, 420—475, 586—599, and 780—799. These are not to be regarded as merely poetical rhapsodies ; they express Milton's young belief. And indeed he ends the whole drama with a quiet lyrical reiteration of the same lesson. The stanza has been quoted once, but may be quoted again :—

“ Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue ! She alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Commentators have found traces in *Comus* of Milton's acquaintance with two other writings besides the *Somnium* of Erycius Puteanus and Ben Jonson's masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* : viz. George Peele's comedy of *The Old Wives' Tale* (1595) and Fletcher's pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, originally produced before 1625, and revived as a Court play and acted in the London theatres in 1633-4. In neither of these pieces is *COMUS* a character ; but in the first there is a story of two brothers wandering in search of their lost sister and releasing her from the spell of an Enchanter, and in both there are passages in which one may descry or fancy some slight resemblance to some in *Comus*. Any recognition of these that may be necessary may be left for the Notes ; and it will be a fitter close of this Introduction to sketch the subsequent fortunes of some of those who were concerned with the masque at its original production in 1634.

Omitting the musician Henry Lawes, about whom we shall have to give farther information in the Introduction to one of Milton's Sonnets (Sonnet XIII.), we have to take account here of these five persons: the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater, and their children, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, who performed as the two Brothers in the masque, and Lady Alice Egerton, who performed as the Lady.

(1) *The Earl and Countess of Bridgewater.*—The Countess did not long survive the induction to the Welsh Presidency. She died March 1635-6 in her fifty-third year, about a year before the death of her mother, the aged Countess-Dowager of Derby, heroine of the *Arcades*. She was buried in the church of Little Gaddesden in Hertfordshire, where the inscription on her tomb certified, and perhaps still certifies, that she was "unparalleled in the gifts of "nature and grace, being strong of constitution, admirable for "beauty, generous in carriage, of a sweet and noble disposition, "wise in her affairs, cheerful in her discourse, liberal to the poor, "pious towards God, and good to all." Her husband, the widowed Earl, lived fourteen years longer, performing during a portion of this time the duties of his Welsh Presidency and his Privy Councillorship to Charles, but latterly involved, like other nobles, in the troubles of the Civil War, and reduced by these troubles to greater straits than most. Though he was loyal to Charles, we find him acting no conspicuous part; sorely pinched for a time by the demands made upon him by the King for money, and pleading his poverty; and at length ousted from his Presidency and leading an invalid life of retirement, sometimes at Ashridge, but chiefly in his London house in the Barbican. His solace was in his books and in the society of his children. Of these, at the time of their mother's death, seven were married daughters, in houses of their own, who could be with him but occasionally; but the three youngest,—Lady Alice, Viscount Brackley, and Mr. Thomas Egerton,—were still but children. In 1640, however, Viscount Brackley, when only in his nineteenth year, married a bride still younger than himself: the lovely Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the famous Royalist Earl, afterwards Marquis and Duke, of Newcastle. The birth of a son to this young pair in 1642 was the occasion, as Todd found from a MS. still extant in the Bridgewater Library, of "A Hymeneal Song, or a Celebration of the Nuptials of the Right Honble. John, Lord Brackley, and his virtuous

Lady, after the birth of their first son, performed by the Lady Alice Egerton, his Lordship's sister, and Henry Lawes, an humble servant to that Honble. Family." The dramatic and musical instincts of the family, one sees, were deep and persistent. After Viscount Brackley's marriage, only Lady Alice and Mr. Thomas Egerton continued to reside habitually with the Earl. He lived to see the execution of Charles I., died Dec. 4, 1649, aged about seventy, and was buried beside his wife in Little Gaddesden church. The inscription on his tombstone certified that "he was of incomparable parts, both natural " and acquired, so that both nature and art did seem to strive which " should contribute most towards making him a most accomplished " gentleman: he had an active body and a vigorous soul; his deportment was graceful; his discourse excellent, whether extemporary " or premeditate, serious or jocular, so that he seldom spake but he " did either instruct or delight those that heard him; he was a profound scholar, an able statesman, and a good Christian." These are sepulchral superlatives; but many interesting books, still to be seen in the Bridgewater Library or elsewhere, with the Earl's careful signature upon them, attest his scholarly tastes and habits.

(2) *The Two Brothers*.—Without interpreting too literally the complimentary description of the two boys, young Viscount Brackley and his brother Mr. Thomas Egerton, we may suppose that in their masque dresses they were very handsome boys:

" I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fiery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds."

Portraits of somewhat later date, which still exist, are said to exhibit them as dark-haired, intelligent youths, such as we should fancy the two boys of the masque when grown a little older. The countenance of the younger is described by Todd, from his portrait, as "very engaging" and "full of remarkable expression." This youth, however, did not live to manhood. He died in his father's lifetime, in his twenty-third year and unmarried, leaving the perpetuation of the family in the male line to the only remaining son, Viscount Brackley.

This nobleman, the Elder Brother in *Comus*, succeeding his father in 1649, when he was about twenty-seven years of age, became known as the 2d Earl of Bridgewater. Through the period of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate he appears to have lived on quietly, much as his father had done, amid books and literary relaxations, in the family town-house in Barbican or the country-seat at Ashridge. That he was, all the while, a Royalist and a hater of the Revolutionary Government is proved, among other evidences, by one which ought to be interesting to us here. There had come down in his possession, with other books of his father's, the MS. of that original stage-copy of *Comus* which had probably been made by Lawes for the use of the family at the performance at Ludlow in 1634. This MS. was probably valued by the Earl, and, with Lawes's printed edition of 1637, dedicated to himself, may have been looked at occasionally by him with recollections of his boyish part in the masque. At all events, it bears, in his hand, at the bottom of the title-page, the words "*Author Jo. Milton.*" But at least one other and later writing of Milton's came into the Earl's hands, which excited very different feelings, and may even have reflected disgust on the innocent masque itself. This was a copy of Milton's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium*, or First Defence of the Regicide and Commonwealth Government, published in 1651. "*Liber igne, Author furcâ, dignissimi*" ("*Book most worthy of the fire, Author of the gallows*") are the emphatic words which the Earl wrote on the title-page of his copy of that work, and which are yet to be seen there, I believe, in his own hand. The strength of the Earl's Royalism, of which this is an instance, may have been partly owing to his marriage with the daughter of the splendid Royalist, and exile for Royalism, the Marquis of Newcastle. Between the Earl and his Countess, at all events, there was an attachment singularly strong and constant, which is yet one of the traditions of the family of the Egertons. At length, with the Restoration, days of greater publicity and prosperity dawned on the Earl and his wife, as on other Royalist houses. He entered on public life in the Court and Parliament of Charles II., and was chosen, in May 1663, High Steward of the University of Oxford. In that year, however, there befell him the greatest calamity of his life. His Countess died in childbirth, June 14, at the age of thirty-seven, leaving papers of pious meditations on the Bible, which are yet preserved, and six children, surviving out of nine whom she had borne in all.

With these children, styled, on her tombstone, "the living pictures of their deceased mother, and the only remaining comforts of their disconsolate father," the Earl lived on for three-and-twenty years longer, filling various public offices, besides that of Privy Councillor, under Charles II. and James II., and acting some part in the House of Lords. He died in 1686, and was buried, beside his wife, at little Gaddesden; where, by his own desire, this was the memorial on his monument: "Having, in the 19th year of his age, married the Lady " Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter to the then Earl, since Marquis, and " after that Duke, of Newcastle, he did enjoy, almost 22 years, all " the happiness that a man could receive in the sweet society of the " best of wives, till it pleased God, in the 41st year of his age, to " change his great felicity into as great misery, by depriving him of " his truly loving and entirely beloved wife, who was all his worldly " bliss; after which time, humbly submitting to, and waiting on, the " will and pleasure of the Almighty, he did sorrowfully wear out 23 " years, 4 months, and 12 days, and then, on the 16th of October, in " the year of our Lord 1686, and in the 64th year of his own age, " yielded up his soul unto the merciful hand of God who gave it. " Job xiii. 15: *Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*" Collins, from whose *Peerage* (edit. 1779) this and the other sepulchral records of the family are taken, adds the following account of the Earl, given by Sir Henry Chauncey, who knew him well, in his *History of the County of Hertford*:—"He was a person of middling stature, somewhat corpulent, with black hair, a round visage, a modest and grave aspect, a sweet and pleasant countenance, and a comely presence." "He was a learned man, delighted much in his library, and allowed free access to all who had any concerns with him. His piety, devotion in all acts of religion, and firmness to the Established Church of England, were very exemplary; and he had all other accomplishments of virtue and goodness." He was succeeded by his eldest son, John, as 3d Earl of Bridgewater.¹

¹ The Earldom of Bridgewater, after having been held by this John, the 3d Earl, till 1701, came to his son, Scroop, as 4th Earl; who, in 1720, was created Duke of Bridgewater and Marquis of Brackley. On his death in 1745, the Dukedom descended to his son, John; who was succeeded, in 1748, by his brother, Francis, the Duke of Bridgewater so celebrated for his enterprise in canals and his patronage of Brindley. On his death, without issue, in 1803, the Dukedom became extinct; but the Earldom was continued in another branch of the Egerton family, descended from the fifth son of the 3d Earl. This branch

(3) *The Lady Alice*.—The beauty of the young girl who acted the part of the lost Lady in the masque is sufficiently implied in the masque itself; but her exquisite singing is most dwelt on. Thus, of her *Echo-song* in the enchanted wood, as it is supposed to affect the listening Thyriss :—

“ At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence.
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death.”

More than one portrait of this sweet Lady Alice Egerton are yet in existence. One, which I remember looking at again and again in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1866,—numbered 753 in that collection,—represented her as a young girl, in a white dress and blue scarf, very pretty, and with very fair, almost lint-white, hair. She remained unmarried later than any of her sisters, residing with her father, in his house in the Barbican or at Ashridge, while he lived, and witnessing, as we have seen, while still in her youth, the early marriage of her brother Lord Brackley, and the death of her younger brother. In or about 1653, four years after her father's death and the accession of her only surviving brother to the Earldom, and when she was about thirty-three years of age, she married a nobleman considerably older than herself. This was Richard Vaughan, 2d

also became extinct in the Rev. Francis Henry, the 8th Earl, who died in 1829, and is remembered as the eccentric founder of the *Bridgewater Treatises*. The name of Egerton was assumed, by royal warrant, in 1833, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, youngest son of the 1st Duke of Sutherland, and already, by bequest from his relative, the last Duke of Bridgewater (whose sister, Lady Louisa Egerton, had been 1st Marchioness of Stafford and mother of the 1st Duke of Sutherland), possessor of much of the Bridgewater property; and in 1846 this Lord Francis Gower was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley. The new line of Earls of Ellesmere thus created are the present representatives of the old Egerton family and inheritors of its memorials, including Bridgewater House and its library. Old Bridgewater House in the Barbican was burnt down in 1687; some time after which the family town-residence was transferred to Cleveland House, St. James's, with its name changed to Bridgewater House. On this site the present edifice of the name was built, in 1847-50, by the 1st Earl of Ellesmere.

Earl of Carbery in the Irish Peerage, and also, since 1643, Baron Vaughan of Emlyn in the English Peerage. He had been conspicuous for his Royalism in the Civil War, had been twice married before, and had thirteen children by these previous marriages. It was in 1653, shortly after this marriage of the Earl of Carbery to Lady Alice Egerton, that Lawes dedicated to her, in conjunction with her elder sister, Mary, Lady Herbert of Cherbury, his musical "Ayres and Dialogues" (see *ante*, p. 147); and there is evidence that these two ladies continued to show much kindness to Lawes. The Earl of Carbery himself was known as a patron of struggling merit. It was on his estate of the Golden Grove in Caermarthenshire that Jeremy Taylor had found shelter after the ruin of the Royalist cause in the Civil War, supporting himself by keeping a school; and here, during a residence of some years, that famous divine had written some of his works, including the manual of Devotions to which he gave the name *The Golden Grove*, and to which, when it was published in 1656, there was a frontispiece by Hollar representing the Earl of Carbery's house and the surrounding scenery (Wood's Ath., Bliss's Edition, III. 783—785). This residence of Jeremy Taylor's on the Earl of Carbery's Caermarthenshire estate was before the Earl's marriage with his third wife, the Lady Alice Egerton; but Taylor's continued intimacy with the family is attested by the dedication of many of his writings to the Earl after this third marriage. The Earl surviving the Restoration, and having his property chiefly in Wales, the reward to which he was entitled for his long-proved loyalty took the form of his appointment to the revived office of the Welsh Presidency, that office having been in abeyance since it had been held by his wife's father, the first Earl of Bridgewater. Thus, by a romantic chance, the Countess of Carbery re-entered Ludlow Castle, and graced once more, as mistress of the Castle, the very hall in which, twenty-six years before, in her early girlhood, she had acted and sung her part in Milton's *Comus*. But this is not all the surprise. If tradition is correct, the secretary of the Earl of Carbery in the beginning of his Welsh Presidency, and the acting steward of Ludlow Castle under him through 1661 and 1662, was Samuel Butler, an elderly man, of whom the world had heard nothing as yet, but who was soon to be known as the author of *Hudibras*. To this day, I believe, they point out at Ludlow a little room in the entrance-gateway to the Castle as the place where Butler is supposed to have written portions of his immortal

burlesque. When the First Part of *Hudibras* was published in 1663, and all London was laughing over it, can any rumour of this connexion of its author with Ludlow Castle and the Carbery family have reached the blind Milton in his obscure London suburb; and, if so, did it ever occur to him as odd that this new favourite of the Restoration should have been walking so recently, with his steward's wand in his hand, and perhaps with pieces of the forthcoming *Hudibras* in his pocket, through the very hall in which *Comus* had been performed, and in the company of the very lady who had been the star of that performance as the young Lady Alice Egerton? Of the fact of her reconnexion in her mature life with the scenes she could remember so well from those days of her girlhood there is other, and less fanciful, proof. "To the Right Honourable Alice, Countess of Carbery, on her enriching Wales with her presence" is the title of one of the pieces among those *Poems of Mrs. Katherine Philips* ("The Matchless Orinda" of her contemporary admirers) of which there was a surreptitious edition in 1664, though the legitimate edition did not come out till 1667. Even more interesting is the fact that, when a posthumous book of Lady Carbery's old music-teacher and Milton's friend, Henry Lawes, appeared in 1669, with the title *Select Ayres and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo-Lute or Bass-Viol*, it was found to contain a song by her husband, Lord Carbery, which he had addressed to her some time after their marriage. There may be other traces of Lady Carbery in her later years; but these are enough. Her husband died in 1687; the date of her own death I have not found.

LYCIDAS.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; prior printed copy in a volume of Cambridge Memorial Poems of 1638; and original Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

On the 9th of June 1626, when Milton had been for about sixteen months a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, there were admitted into that college, as appears from its records, two brothers, named King, sons of a Sir John King, knight, who was then living in Dublin, as a member of the Privy Council of Ireland and Secretary to the Irish Viceregal Government. The family was English; but various members of it besides Sir John held offices in Ireland. Sir John's brother, Edward King, for example, was bishop of the Irish see of Elphin. Both the young men had been born in Ireland: the elder, named Roger, near Dublin; and the younger, named Edward after his uncle, at Boyle in Connaught. At the date of their admission into Christ's College, Roger was sixteen years of age, and Edward fourteen. They had previously been pupils of Mr. Thomas Farnaby, one of the most noted schoolmasters of the time, whose school was then in Goldsmith's Rents, Cripplegate, London. The tutor under whose care they were put at Christ's College was Mr. William Chappell, who was also Milton's first tutor there, and who became afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dean of Cashel, and finally a bishop in the Irish Church.

Edward King, the younger of the two brothers, seems to have been one of the most popular young men in Christ's College during Milton's residence there. He and Milton must have seen much of each other. They must have had frequent meetings in hall, at lecture, and in each other's rooms, and frequent walks about Cambridge together. Milton, we know, was indubitably the chief ornament of the little community, its ablest and noblest youth, supreme in everything; and, before he left college as M.A. in July, 1632, aged twenty-three, this had come to be recognised. But, among those who had been his fellow-students in college, and whom he left behind him there, there were several of whom high things were expected. John Cleveland, afterwards known as a metrical satirist,

was one; and the future "Platonist," Henry More, who had joined the college just as Milton was about to leave it, was another. Probably, however, no one was more liked in the college, both by dons and by students, than Edward King. Indeed, before Milton left the college, King, by what looks now like a promotion over Milton's head, had become himself one of the dons. On June 10, 1630, the following royal mandate was addressed to the Master and Fellows of Christ's College: "Charles R.—Trusty and Well-beloved, We greet you well.—Whereas We are given to understand that the Fellowship of Mr. Andrew Sandelands of your college is shortly to be made void, and being well ascertained both of the present sufficiency and future hopes of a young scholar, Edward King, now B.A., We, out of Our princely care that those hopeful parts in him may receive cherishing and encouragement, are graciously pleased so far to express Our royal intention towards him as hereby to will and require you that, when the same Fellowship shall become void, you do presently admit the said Edward King into the same, notwithstanding any statute, ordinance, or constitution to the contrary." Had such college honours then gone by merit, Milton, then a B.A. of two years' standing, would have had a superior claim. As it was, however, King, though his junior by three years, and only just out of his undergraduateship, received the Fellowship, and thus took nominal precedence of Milton during Milton's last two years at Christ's. The royal mandate in King's favour was clearly owing to his family connexions and influence; but to so popular a young scholar the preferment does not appear to have been grudged. Not only was he a favourite on account of his amiable character; he really was, as the royal mandate represented him, a youth of "hopeful parts." This we learn, however, rather from tradition than from any specimens of his ability that have come down to us. The earliest of such specimens that I have found are in a volume put forth by the Cambridge University press late in 1631 under the title *Gnethliacum illustrissimorum principum Caroli et Mariae a Musis Cantabrigiensibus celebratum*. It consists of complimentary Latin pieces by some scores of Cambridge men, of different colleges, on the recent birth of the Princess Mary, the third child of Charles I., but with retrospective reference to the birth in the previous year (May 29, 1630) of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. Among the contributors is Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College. He

contributes four short Latin pieces,—one in hexameters, one in Horatian verse, and two in elegiacs. They are not very poetical or elegant, and indeed are rather bluntly prosaic. But in such customary verses of compliment to Royalty one had not much scope; and King had probably written better things, in Latin and in English, known to his fellow-collegians in Christ's, and to Milton among them. When Milton left the college, there seems to have been no one in it for whom he had a higher regard, morally at least, than Edward King.

Five years had elapsed since then; during which Milton, living chiefly at his father's country place, at Horton in Buckinghamshire, some sixty miles from Cambridge, can have seen King but occasionally. He would still hear, however, of King's progress and continued popularity in his Fellowship. In July 1633, we find, King took his full degree of M.A.; and there are subsequent traces of him in the records of the college, while he was qualifying himself for the Church,—the profession for which Milton also had been originally destined, but which he had abandoned. He was Tutor in Christ's College, as well as Fellow; and in 1634-5 he was "prælector," and the admissions into the college for that year are still to be seen in his handwriting in the college-books. At least six more specimens of his Latin versification are extant, belonging to this period. There is a copy of Latin Iambics by him in a volume of Cambridge University verses on the King's recovery from smallpox (1633); he furnished another copy of Latin Iambics to a similar collection of academic congratulations on the King's return from his coronation-visit to Scotland (July 1633); there are some commendatory Latin Iambics of King's prefixed to *Senile Odium*, a Latin play by Peter Hausted, M.A. of Queen's College, acted at Cambridge in 1631, but not published till 1633; he has a set of Latin elegiacs in a Cambridge collection of verses on the birth of the Duke of York (Oct. 1633); he has some Horatian stanzas in a similar volume on the birth of the Princess Elizabeth (Dec. 1635); and the latest thing of his I have seen is a copy of Latin Iambics in a collection of pieces, by no fewer than 140 Cambridge scholars, put forth on the birth of the Princess Anne (March 1636-7). Milton's hand does not appear in any of these collections,—verses eulogistic of Royalty not having been in Milton's way; but he may have seen some of the collections, and read King's contributions to them. He cannot, I am pretty

sure, have thought much of them, any more than of their predecessors in the volume of 1631. But, as I have said, he liked King personally, and probably knew him to be capable of better things.

Suddenly, this youth of golden opinions from all sorts of people, this young hope of Christ's College, was cut off. It was the Long Vacation of 1637, and he had arranged to visit his friends in Ireland. Proceeding by way of the English midland and western counties, and perhaps seeing friends in those parts, he took a passage on board a vessel sailing from Chester Bay for Dublin. The vessel had gone but a little way, was still on the Welsh coast, and not out into the open channel, when, on the 10th of August, in perfectly calm weather, she struck on a rock, not far from land, and foundered. Some seem to have escaped in a boat; but most went down with the ship, and among them Edward King. His body was never recovered.

The news caused a profound sensation among all King's friends. As it was the time of the University vacation, when his college-fellows were scattered, it must have reached them separately, and some of them circuitously. Milton, we are to fancy, heard it at Horton, late in August 1637, or in the course of the following month. It had already been a sad year in the Horton household. The Plague, which had broken out in 1636, and whose ravages in various parts of England, and especially in London, were very alarming in 1637, had caused an unusual number of deaths in the neighbourhood of Horton. In the same unhealthy season, though not by the Plague itself, Milton's mother had died. She was buried, on the 6th of April, in Horton parish church, where the inscription "*Heare lyeth the Body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April 1637*" may be read to this day on a plain blue stone on the floor of the chancel. Milton was still walking about Horton with this loss in his mind, and the stone, with its inscription, may have just been put down over the grave, when there came the news of the shipwreck in the Irish Seas and of the drowning of Edward King with the other passengers.

When the Cambridge colleges reassembled in Oct. 1637 after the Long Vacation, the melancholy death of poor King of Christ's was one of the first subjects of talk. It was proposed by somebody, or it suggested itself to more than one at once, that a volume of Memorial Verses should be prepared in his honour and published

from the University press. Among the contributors to this volume were to be, of course, some of King's more immediate associates of Christ's College, from whom he had parted so lately on his fatal journey; but friends of his in other colleges, and relatives and former acquaintances out of Cambridge, might be expected to co-operate. Either Milton was thought of and applied to, or he had heard of the project and had volunteered his assistance. In November 1637, as appears from a dating at the head of the original draft of *Lycidas* in Milton's own hand among the Milton MSS. at Cambridge, he wrote that poem, entitling it simply "LYCIDAS." This was to be his contribution to the intended memorial volume.

The volume, probably because other contributors were not so ready as Milton, did not appear till early in 1638. It consisted of two collections of pieces, printed by the University printers, Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel, and separately paged, so that they might be bound either separately or together. The one was a collection of twenty-three Latin and Greek pieces occupying 35 pages of small quarto, and entitled "*Justa Edovardo King naufrago ab amicis mærentibus, amoris et mævias χόρον*" ("Rites to Edward King, drowned by shipwreck, in love and remembrance by his sorrowing friends"); the other consisted of thirteen pieces of English verse, occupying 25 pages of the same size, and with this title, bordered with black, on the front page: "*Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom. 1638.*" Prefixed to the Latin and Greek collection is a Latin paragraph, in one long and very involved sentence, of which, on account of the particulars contained in it, we give a translation, as follows:—"P.M.S.—Edward King (son of John, knight, and "Privy Councillor for the Kingdom of Ireland to their Majesties, "Elizabeth, James, and Charles), Fellow of Christ's College in the "University of Cambridge, happy in the consciousness and in the "fame of piety and erudition, and one in whom there was nothing "immature except his age, was on a voyage to Ireland, drawn by "natural affection to visit his native country, his relatives and his "friends,—chiefly, his brother, Sir Robert King, knight, a most "distinguished man; his sisters, most excellent women, Anne, wife "of Lord G. Caulfield, Baron Charlemont, and Margaret, wife of "Lord G. Loder, Chief Justice of Ireland; the venerable prelate "Edward King, Bishop of Elphin, his godfather; and the most "reverend and learned William Chappell, Dean of Cashel and

“ Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, whose hearer and pupil he had
 “ been in the University,—when, the ship in which he was having
 “ struck on a rock, not far from the British coast, and being stove in
 “ by the shock, he, while the other passengers were fruitlessly busy
 “ about their mortal lives, having fallen on his knees, and breathing
 “ a life which was immortal, in the act of prayer going down with
 “ the vessel, rendered up his soul to God, Aug. 10, 1637, aged 25.”

The following were the contributors to the Latin and Greek collection, in the order of their pieces as they were printed :—Anon. ; N. Felton ; R. Mason, of Jesus College ; J. Pullen ; William Iveson, B.A. of Christ's (Greek) ; John Pearson, of King's ; R. Brown ; J. B. ; John Pots, of Christ's (Greek) ; Charles Mason, of King's ; —Coke ; Stephen Anstie ; John Hoper ; R. C. ; Henry More, of Christ's (Greek) ; Thomas Farnaby, the former schoolmaster of the deceased ; Henry King, one of the brothers of the deceased ; J. Hayward, Chancellor and Canon-Residentiary of Lichfield Cathedral ; Michael Honeywood, Fellow of Christ's (two pieces) ; William Brierley, Fellow of Christ's ; Christopher Bainbrigge, Fellow of Christ's ; and R. Widdrington, of Christ's. The contributors to the English collection, also in the order of their pieces, were these thirteen : —Henry King, the deceased's brother, again ; Joseph Beaumont, Fellow of Peterhouse, afterwards more known ; Anon. ; John Cleveland, of Christ's, afterwards known as poet and satirist ; William More ; W. Hall ; Samson Briggs, M.A., Fellow of King's ; Isaac Olivier ; J. H. (J. Hayward, the Lichfield Canon, again, who addresses his lines to the deceased's sister, the Lady Margaret Loder) ; C. B. (perhaps Christopher Bainbrigge again) ; R. Brown, again ; T. Norton of Christ's ; and “ J. M.” This last is Milton, who signs with his initials only. The last piece in the collection, in fact, and much the longest,—for it spreads over six pages (pp. 20—25), while only one of the others extends over more than two,—is Milton's *Lycidas*. It begins on the same page on which Norton's piece ends, and without any title, or other formal separation from the pieces that precede it. All the more striking must it have been for a reader who had toiled through the trash of the preceding twelve pieces (I have read them one and all, and will vouch that they *are* trash) to come at length upon this opening of a true poem :—

“ Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear."

This poem of Milton's, published half-anonymously in 1638 in the Cambridge Volume of Memorial Verses to Edward King, was in circulation just as Milton was going abroad on his Italian journey. It, and his *Comus*, printed for him quite anonymously in the previous year by his friend Henry Lawes, the musician, were all but the only poems of Milton in print till 1645, when the first edition of his collected Poems was given to the world by Humphrey Moseley. In that edition, and in the subsequent edition of 1673, *Lycidas* is printed with its present complete title, thus: "LYCIDAS. *In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*" A portion of this extended title (from "In this Monody" to the date "1637") appears in the original MS. draft of the poem at Cambridge, inserted, clearly by way of afterthought, in Milton's own hand under the heading LYCIDAS: the words "Novemb. 1637," which had originally accompanied that heading, being then deleted as superfluous.

The poem is a Pastoral. It is the most pastoral in form of all Milton's English poems, more so considerably than the *Arcades* and *Comus*. It is not a direct lyric of lamentation by Milton for the death of King; it is a phantasy of one shepherd mourning, in the time of autumn, the death of a fellow-shepherd. The mourning shepherd, however, is Milton himself, and the shepherd mourned for is King; and, through the guise of all the pastoral circumstance and imagery of the poem, there is a studious representation of the real facts of King's brief life and his accidental death, and of Milton's regard for him and academic intimacy with him.

“ Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks.”

Here is the recollection, pastorally expressed, of their companionship at Cambridge, their walks and talks together there, and their common exercises. In the same manner it has already been hinted to us that among those common exercises was poetry. One reason why *Lycidas* was now lamented in song was that he himself had known how “to sing and build the lofty rhyme.” All the more inexplicable was his loss. Where had the Nymphs been when this loved votary of theirs was drowned? Not, certainly, anywhere near the scene of the disaster. Not on the steeps known to the old Bards and Druids (the mountains of North Wales), nor on the shaggy top of Mona (the Isle of Anglesey), nor by the wizard stream of the Deva (the river Dee and Chester Bay). The topographical exactness here, under the poetic language, is worthy of remark, and is one of Milton’s habits. But, had the Nymphs been there, what could they have done? Had the Muse herself been able to save her son Orpheus? Dwelling a little on this thought, of the non-immunity of even the finest intellectual promise from the stroke of death, Milton works it into one of the most beautiful, and most frequently quoted passages of the poem, “Alas, what boots it,” etc. (lines 54–84). That strain, he says, at the end of the passage, had been “of a higher mood,” rather beyond the range of the pastoral; but now he will resume his simple oaten pipe and proceed. There pass then across the visionary stage three figures in succession. First comes the Herald of the Sea, Triton, who reports, in mythological terms, which yet veil exact information, that the cause of King’s death was not tempestuous weather, for the sea was as calm as glass when the ship went down, but either the unseaworthiness of the ship itself or some inherited curse in her very timbers. Next comes Camus, the local deity of the Cam, footing slowly like his own sluggish stream, and with his bonnet of sedge from its banks, staying not long, but uttering one ejaculation over the loss to Cambridge of one of her darling sons. Lastly, in still more mystic and awful guise, comes St. Peter, the guardian of that Church of Christ for the service of which King had been destined,—the apostle to whom the Great Shepherd himself had given it in charge

"Feed my sheep." Not out of place even *his* grave figure in this peculiar pastoral. For has he not lost one of his truest, under-shepherds, lost him too at a time when such an under-shepherd could ill be spared, when false shepherds, hireling shepherds, knowing nothing of the real craft they professed, were more numerous than ever, and the flocks were perishing for lack of care, or by the ravages of the stealthy wolf? It is to the singularly bold and stern passage of denunciation here put into St. Peter's mouth (lines 113-131), and especially to the last lines of the passage, prophesying speedy vengeance and reform, that Milton referred, when, in the title prefixed to the poem on its republication in 1645, he intimated that it contained a description of the state of England at the time when it was written, and foretold the ruin of the corrupted English clergy then in their height. In 1638 it had been bold enough to let the passage stand in the poem, as published in the Cambridge memorial volume, without calling attention to it in the title. But, indeed, this passage too had transcended the ordinary limits of the quiet pastoral. Of that the poet is aware. Accordingly, when "the dread voice is past" that had so pealed over the landscape and caused it to shudder, he calls on, Alpheus and the Sicilian Muse, as the patrons of the pastoral proper, to return, and be with him through the pensive remainder. Beautifully pensive it is, and yet with a tendency to soar. First, in strange and evidently studied contrast with the stern speech of St. Peter which has just preceded, is the exquisitely worded passage which follows (lines 143-151). For musical sweetness, and dainty richness of floral colour, it beats perhaps anything else in all Milton. It is the call upon all valleys of the landscape, and the banks of all the secret streamlets, to yield up their choicest flowers, and those dearest to shepherds, that they may be strewn over the dead body of Lycidas. Ah! it is but a fond fancy, a momentary forgetfulness. For where, meanwhile, is that dead body? Not anywhere on land at all, so that it can be strewn with flowers and receive a funeral, but whelmed amid the sounding seas, either sunk deep down near the spot of the shipwreck, or drifted thence, perhaps northwards to the Hebrides, or perhaps southwards to Cornwall and St. Michael's Mount. But let the surviving shepherds cease their mourning. Though that body is never again to be seen on earth, Lycidas is not lost. A higher world has received him already; and there, amid other groves and other streams, laving his oozy locks with the nectar of heaven, and listening

to the nuptial song, he has joined the society of the Saints, and can look down on the world and the friends he has left, and act as a power promoted for their good.

Here the Monody or Pastoral ends. The last eight lines of the poem do not belong to the Monody. They are not a part of the song sung by Milton in his imaginary character as the shepherd who is bewailing the death of Lycidas, but are distinctly a stanza of epilogue, in which Milton speaks directly, criticises what he has just written in his imaginary character, and intimates that he has stepped out of that character, and is about to turn to other occupations :—

“ Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;
And now the Sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

Perhaps there is not in the whole of English Literature a more amazing piece of criticism than that on *Lycidas* in Dr. Johnson's *Life of Milton*. “It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion,” wrote the sturdy man ; “for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and the ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of ‘rough satyrs,’ and ‘fauns with cloven heel.’ Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief. . . . In this poem there is no nature, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting ; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted, and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. . . . We know that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten ; and, though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote that it is never sought, because it cannot be known when it is found. . . . Surely no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure had he not known its author.” Were readers horses, one is tempted to ask, when this criticism was written ? That there should have been a time in the English world of letters when the dictator of that world could put it forth, and have it accepted, suggests strange thoughts respecting the changes

that may take place from age to age in the very fibre of men's minds, and their notions of Art and Poesy. Not so much because the criticism can have the intended effect now, even though it is Dr. Johnson's, as because it suggests an additional remark or two on *Lycidas* in particular, and on the nature of Poetry generally, we give the heads of a reply :—(1) It is a sheer assumption that Milton offered the poem as an utterance of passion, or intense personal grief. We have indicated, as faithfully as possible, from the records, the degree of Milton's intimacy with Edward King, and of his probable affection for him, while King was yet living. The intimacy and the affection were considerable, but less perhaps than what bound Milton to other friends of his youth, of whom he has left no similar commemoration. They were certainly less than the intimacy and affection that bound him to one other friend of his youth, of whom he *has* left various commemorations. The bosom-friend of Milton's youth, his very friend of friends from his boyhood to the time of his Italian journey, was that Charles Diodati to whom are addressed two of his Latin Familiar Epistles, the First and Sixth of his Latin Elegies, and one Italian Sonnet, and whose death, as premature as King's, and but one year later, gave occasion to perhaps the most remarkable of all Milton's Latin poems, his *Epitaphium Damonis*. Only the accident that these pieces to and about Diodati are in Latin and Italian has prevented the fact of Milton's paramount affection for that young half-Italian from being generally known, and has led to the idea that the unique friend of Milton's youth was Edward King of Christ's. The death of that young scholar, so melancholy in its mode, did indeed move Milton, as it must have moved many. Here was one fine young life cut short, recklessly cut short, when thousands of coarser lives were spared, and when England and the Church of England had need that the best only should be prolonged ! The recollection of the face and voice of Edward King, and of hours spent in his society, would return at the news, and would mingle with the keen imagination of the last scene, when one meek praying figure was marked on the deck of the sinking ship, resigned amid the shrieks, the mad hurry, and the gurgling waters. What more natural than that Milton should throw his feelings on the event, and the whole train of thought which it suggested, into artistic form in a memorial poem ? This is precisely what *Lycidas* is. It is the same kind of tribute from a poet to the memory of a friend as a bust, with pedestal and bas-reliefs, would

have been from a sculptor, or some thoughtful picture, of a few figures placed in a fit landscape or sea-view, would have been from a painter. Personal feeling is present ; but it blends with, and passes into, the feeling of the artist thinking of his subject. (2) Johnson's criticism would abolish, by implication, all poetry whatsoever. In that crude sense of what is "natural" which his criticism begs, all poetry is unnatural. No poem, even of passion, can possibly be "natural" in the sense of being a record of the exact mental procedure consentaneous with, or appropriate to, the immediate moment of the passion. If passion "runs not after remote allusion and obscure opinions," if passion "plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius," neither does passion perform such simple acts of literary art as the construction of clear sentences, the formation of lines of metre, or the invention of rhymes. Grief, in its first act, in poets as in other people, consumes itself in "Ohs" and "Ahs," in sobs and agitated gestures, in dull numbed musings, incoherent verbal bursts, paces of the chamber through the weary night. To poets, however, as soon as there is a lull of comparative tranquillity, and aiding perhaps to bring on that lull, there comes the use of those artifices of expression which are with them hardly artifices any longer, but the very habits of their minds. Then is produced the lay of the occasion, the song or longer poem, recording the grief indeed, and even renewing and deepening it, but weaving into the grief all the beauty of cognate story and meditation that it will bear. True, there will still be gradations of apparent closeness to the primary moment or remoteness from it, according either to the intensity of the original grief or to the poet's acquired habits of artistic working. Simplest of all, least remove of all from the original moment of feeling, and therefore most likely in some poets, and most natural in seeming to most readers, will be the direct lyric of sorrow in a few passionate stanzas. Burns's *Highland Mary*, and other songs of his, are examples. But there may be memorial poems, tributes to a recent or past personal grief, which shall be as true and natural, and yet be of more extensive design and more complex texture. These may contain trains of varied thought and phantasy which the original feeling has originated, and therefore may claim as its own ; they may be speculative and occult, or figurative and mythological, as the habits of the poet's thinking may determine ; even Mincius and Arethuse need not be absent, nor rough satyrs and

fauns with cloven heel. Witness Shelley's *Adonais* to the memory of Keats. Or witness Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. What is that chief of memorial poems in the English tongue but an aggregation of lyrics in which, though one deep and enduring personal feeling moved to them all and pervades them all, "remote allusions and obscure opinions," beyond the learning of Johnson's time, are plentifully interwoven, snatches of story occur and recur, and all the science and metaphysics of the time become relevant to one death? Now, Milton's *Lycidas* is not, and does not profess to be, a poem of such personal sorrow, by many degrees, as *In Memoriam*. Nay, as Edward King was not a Keats, it is presumably less a poem of personal sorrow than *Adonais*. All the more are the traces of deliberate and conscious art which are visible in it to be regarded as consistent with the poet's actual kind and amount of feeling when he wrote it, and his true intention. There *are* such traces. Twice in the body of the poem, as we have seen, Milton restrains or checks himself, as having passed somewhat the strict bounds of the strain in which he had begun; and at the close there is an epilogue in his own name, characterising the poem as a "Doric lay," in which "the tender stops of various quills" had been touched, and also hinting that the artist is moving on to other themes, which will require a different treatment.

(3) One established, and indeed prevalent, artifice in the poetry of Milton's day was the artifice of the pastoral form, and Johnson's criticism exhibits an utter obtuseness to the real nature, meaning, and power of this artifice. "They never drove a-field and they had no flocks to batten"! No, nor did Theocritus or Virgil ever keep sheep, or pipe on oaten flutes beneath beech-trees. Nor did the Portuguese pastoral poets do the like, nor Sannazaro and the Italians. Nor was Spenser a real Colin Clout, with Sidney, and Raleigh, and Shakespeare, and all the other poets, or other eminent Englishmen of the day, surrounding him as actual shepherds, called Astrophel, and Cuddie, and Willie, and Thomalin! What then? We know what they meant. It is one thing to hold that the pastoral form might still suit our modern times, and to wish that it were preserved; it is another to understand what the form was in the hands of those who did practise it, and to see its importance in the past history of our literature. Spenser and the other pastoralists would have smiled in scorn at the notion that the pastoral should be an exhibition of real shepherd-life, of the thoughts and manners of real shepherds. With them the

pastoral form was a device,—just as metre and rhyme were devices, but in some respects of larger consequence,—for distancing *themselves* from the ordinary and the prosaic, and enabling them to live and move mentally in a more poetic air. It was *themselves*, with all their experiences and acquired ideas and feelings, that they flung into an imaginary Arcadian world, to be shepherds there, and, under the guise of that imaginary life, express their own real feelings, their most intimate experiences, and their thoughts about affairs, in monologue or dialogue. Defensible or not originally, desirable or not among ourselves, as we may think this artifice of pastoralism, this device for poets of an imaginary removal of themselves into an Arcadian land in order to think under Arcadian conditions, it is gross ignorance not to know how largely it once prevailed, and what a wealth of old poetry we owe to it. From the youth of Spenser, himself the pastoralist-in-chief, on through the lives of the next generation, or from 1580 to 1640, much of the finest English poetry is in the pastoral form. During that period the word “shepherd” was an accepted synonym in England for the word “poet.” They all, the finest of them all, “drove a-field” together, and “battened their flocks” in verse, though they had no flocks to batten. Milton, an admirer of Spenser, and describable as the truest of the Spenserians till he taught the world a higher than the Spenserian in the Miltonic, employed the pastoral form in his *Lycidas*, as he had employed it already, though less decidedly, in others of his poems. He threw the story of his acquaintance with Edward King and of the sad death of that youth by drowning, and all the train of thought about the state of England which that death suggested, into the form of a pastoral lament for that shepherd, conceived as spoken by himself as a surviving shepherd. And who would wish now that he had done otherwise? What would a simple narrative of the shipwreck, or a few stanzas of direct regret, have been in comparison with the poem we now read? It is better than any memorial bust with bas-reliefs, better than any memorial picture. It tells the facts with the minutest fidelity, but it gives them in the setting of one long mood of Milton’s mind as he mused over them. And it is this setting that has made the facts immortal. If we now remember Edward King of Christ’s College at all, or know that there ever was such a youth in the world, is it not owing to Milton’s monody?

“The diction is harsh,” says Johnson in addition, “the rhymes

"uncertain, and the numbers displeasing."—This is worse and worse. The ear of the eighteenth century, one can see, if this is to be taken as the opinion of Johnson's contemporaries, must have been vitiated in proportion to the degradation of its notion of poesy. For fastidious beauty of diction, and musical finish of versification, *Lycidas* is hardly rivalled. The art of the verse is a study in itself. The lines are mostly the common Iambics of five feet, but every now and then there is an exquisitely managed variation of a short line of three Iambi. Then the interlinking and intertwining of the rhymes, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in threes, or even fives, and at all varieties of intervals, from that of the contiguous couplet to that of an unobserved chime or stanza of some length, are positive perfection. Occasionally, too, in the poem there is a line that does not rhyme; and in every such case, though the rhyme is never missed by the reader's ear, in so much music is the line embedded, yet a delicate artistic reason may be detected or fancied for its formal absence. The first line of all is one instance. We shall leave the reader to find out the others.

SONNETS AND KINDRED PIECES.

In one well-known sonnet of Wordsworth's there is the very essence of the history of the Sonnet down to Milton's time:—

"Scorn not the Sonnet : Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours ! With this key
 Shakespeare unlock'd his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains,—alas ! too few."

Milton, however, is notable in the succession of chief sonnet-writers,

not only on account of the intrinsic power of the few Sonnets he did write, but also because he helped, by means of them, to establish or re-establish in England that stricter mechanism of the Sonnet which has been in favour with the Italians.

The Sonnet may be defined, generally, as a little poem of fourteen lines, complete in itself, and containing a condensed expression of some one thought or feeling. The Italian poets, however, who had first practised the Sonnet, and from whom the Spaniards, the French, and the English had taken it, had practised it in one particular form, or rather in a certain variety of forms. Not only were the fourteen lines rhyming lines, of the norm of five Iambi each, but the rhymes interlaced each other in a peculiar manner. According to Hallam (*Lit. of Europe*, edit. 1860, III. 265-6), quoting as his authority the Italian critic and historian of Poetry, Quadrio (1695—1756), the legitimate Italian Sonnet consisted of two quatrains and two tercets: *i.e.* it contained only four rhymes in all, the first two of them (A and B) repeated four times each, and dominating the first eight lines between them, and the other two (C and D) repeated thrice each and commanding the last six lines. Within this rule, however, there was room for variety. Thus, while the distribution of the two rhymes of the first eight lines was most frequently that of A in lines 1, 4, 5, and 8, and B in lines 2, 3, 6, and 7, there were instances of mere alternate distribution, *i.e.* of A in lines 1, 3, 5, and 7, and B in lines 2, 4, 6, and 8. In the last six lines the liberty of arrangement of the two rhymes was also considerable. Thus, while in many of Petrarch's sonnets the arrangement is the alternate one, or C 9, 11, 13, and D 10, 12, 14, I light upon one where it is C 9, 13, 14, and D 10, 11, 12, and upon two others where it is C 9, 11, 12, 14, and D 10, 13. This last arrangement, it will be observed, is a deviation from what Hallam specifies as the "legitimate" construction of the Sonnet, inasmuch as, though it does present only two rhymes in the last six lines, it does not present two tercets, or rhymes thrice repeated, but one of the rhymes doing duty four times and the other but twice. But it is hardly correct to say that the "legitimate" form of the Italian Sonnet required but two rhymes in the last six lines. Quite as frequent in Petrarch and other Italian poets are Sonnets with three rhymes in the last six lines, susceptible of sundry arrangements, as C 9, 12, D 10, 13, E 11, 14, or again C 9, 13, D 10, 12, E 11, 14. On the whole, the legitimate Italian Sonnet may be said to have

contained either four rhymes or five rhymes altogether, of which two governed the first eight lines, and the remaining two or three the last six, the linking of the rhymes within this general provision admitting of variety, though some arrangements were preferred to others. The worst and least common arrangement in the last six lines, according to Hallam, was that which ended the sonnet in a rhyming couplet, so as to round it off with a kind of epigrammatic effect; and Quadrio, he says, entirely condemns this couplet termination. As Quadrio, however, condemned it on his own mere disliking, or at best because he found it rare, one is at liberty to rest on the fact that there are instances of it in the old Italian poets (we have cited one from Petrarch), and so to regard its occasional use as not only defensible on grounds of free taste, but also consistent with the Italian usage.

There is a paucity of rhymes in English as compared with Italian, and not only of the dissyllabic endings which formed the Italian rhymes, but even of the single rhymes that must pass for their substitutes. The first English Sonnet-writers, therefore, made pretty free with the Italian model. There was some effort indeed to keep more or less close to that model, and especially not to go beyond five rhymes in all in the building of the Sonnet. Instances will be found in Wyatt (1503—1542), and in Surrey (1515—1547). Surrey even has a sonnet in which, by a freak, he makes two rhymes serve for the whole, and others in which he gets through with three. From the first, however, there was a tendency to the convenience of more numerous rhymes than the four or five allowed in Italian, and also, with or without that convenience, to the epigrammatic effect of an ending in a couplet. Surrey's Sonnets all end in rhyming couplets, and some of them have seven rhymes. Hence, at length, a laxness in the English idea of the Sonnet, which permitted any little poem of fourteen lines, rhymed anyhow, to be called by that name.

Perhaps, however, two forms emerged from this confusion as normal or customary forms of the English Sonnet. One of these forms, largely exemplified in Spenser (1553—1599), is a form which finds five rhymes in all still sufficient, but does so by throwing the first twelve lines into three interlinked stanzas of four lines each, and then adding a couplet. The formula, more expressly, is *A* 1, 3, *B* 2, 4, 5, 7, *C* 6, 8, 9, 11, *D* 10, 12, *E* 13, 14; where the rhymes within the three stanzas, it will be observed, are alternate, but, by the

device of making the last rhyme of the first stanza begin the second, and the last of the second again begin the third, four rhymes clear all the three stanzas and prepare for the fifth of the final couplet. Take this from Spenser as an example :—

“ Fair Proud ! now tell me why should fair be proud,
 Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean,
 And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little ween.
 That goodly Idol, now so gay beseen,
 Shall doff her flesh's borrowed fair attire,
 And be forgot as it had never been,
 That many now much worship and admire ;
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
 But what this verse, that never shall expire,
 Shall to your purchase with her thankless pain.
 Fair ! be no longer proud of that shall perish ;
 But that which shall you make immortal cherish.”

But a still laxer form than this common Spenserian one was one to which even Surrey had helped himself, and of which there are examples in Spenser too, and others in Samuel Daniel (1562—1619). This form dispensed altogether with the interlinking of the three stanzas by rhymes common to the first and second and the second and third, and was content that the twelve lines should be three loose stanzas of alternate rhymes, connected only by continuous meaning, and preceding the final couplet. Thus seven rhymes in all were allowed in the Sonnet, the formula being *A* 1, 3, *B* 2, 4, *C*, 5, 7; *D* 6, 8, *E* 9, 11, *F* 10, 12, *G* 13, 14. It was of this free form of the Sonnet that Shakespeare availed himself; and all his famous Sonnets, with scarce an exception, are written in it. For example :—

“ No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with viler worms to dwell ;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

To all time this type of Sonnet, though not the strict Italian, will remain, consecrated by Shakespeare's great usage, a true and sufficient English type.

Even while Shakespeare was alive, however, there lingered a knowledge of the stricter Italian type, and a disposition to exhibit it also in English. The Sonnets of Donne (1573—1631), specimens though they are rather of metrical intellection than of lyrical effusion, are, most of them, more after the Italian mechanism than Spenser's, and much more than Shakespeare's. They are of five rhymes, of which two, by their interlinking, sustain the first eight lines of the Sonnet, leaving three for the other six lines. On the same principle, and with much more of softness and music in them, are the Sonnets of Drummond of Hawthornden (1585—1649), a poet imbued with Italian influences and fond of the Sonnet. But both in Donne's Sonnets and in Drummond's, no less than in Spenser's and Shakespeare's, the sounding epigrammatic couplet at the end is still a constant feature. The English ear seems to have grown so accustomed to this ending as to require it, and it was usual to print Sonnets with these two final lines coupled together for the eye by indentation from the rest.

It was reserved mainly for Milton to emancipate the English Sonnet from this peculiarity of the final rhyming couplet, by reasserting the Italian rule that it should be optional and occasional only, while at the same time he reverted to the Italian construction in other respects. An early student of the Italian poets, he had learnt the true music of the Sonnet from Petrarch most of all, so that, when he first ventured on trials of the sonnet-form in English, he thought of it as the "Petrarchian Stanza." These first trials were made while he was still a Cambridge student, long before that "damp" fell round his path of which Wordsworth speaks as being already round it when he seized the Sonnet and the thing in his hands became a trumpet. The series of his Sonnets, however, though beginning about 1630, extends to 1658; and most of them were those "soul-animating strains" which he blew at intervals from this instrument when other poetry was in forced abeyance from

him, and he was engrossed in prose polemics. Milton's last sixteen Sonnets, indeed, with a verse or two besides, are the few occasional strains that connect, as by intermitted trumpet-blasts through twenty years, the rich minor poetry of his youth and early manhood with the greater poetry of his declining age in blindness after the Restoration.

Only one of the English Sonnets presents a termination in a rhyming couplet, though this liberty is taken in three of the five Italian Sonnets included in the general series along with the English. It may also be remarked that of the English Sonnets, which number eighteen in all, only nine, or exactly one half, are sonnets of five rhymes; the other nine contain four rhymes only, and are constructed on the strictest Italian system of the two quatrains and the two tercets. Which of the Sonnets are four-rhymed only and which are five-rhymed, and what is the formula of each sonnet individually, may be left to the reader's curiosity. What follows relates to the matter of the Sonnets, one by one, and the circumstances of their composition.

SONNET I. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

There is no means of dating this Sonnet precisely; but it is placed first by Milton himself, and must be referred either to the close of the Cambridge period, or to some time early in the Horton period. It is the Sonnet of a youth to whom the return of May brings the thought of his youth passing companionless and a sense of love-longing. There is a recollection of the superstition that he who hears the nightingale before he hears the cuckoo will woo fortunately before the year is over. The heading "To the Nightingale" is not Milton's, but has been supplied by the editors. The first lines, taken by themselves, might have suggested the heading "To a Nightingale"; and I know of no neighbourhood where nightingales are more abundant than about Cambridge. But the rest of the Sonnet seems to imply, not that a particular nightingale has been heard, but that the poet, looking at some "bloomy spray," judges it to be the evening haunt of some nightingale whom he would fain hear.

SONNET II. : ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673 ; and Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

Milton prints this Sonnet after his Five Italian Sonnets and Canzone, so as to make it the seventh in the general series ; but it may fitly be placed second. At all events, we know its exact date. He wrote it at or about the moment when Time had "stolen on his wing" the "three-and-twentieth year" of his life ; and that was on the 9th of December, 1631. He was then at Cambridge, a B.A. of three years' standing, and was looking forward to his degree of M.A., and the close of his Cambridge career, in a few months. But the occurrence of the draft of the Sonnet among the Cambridge MSS. adds other illustrative particulars. It occurs there as an insertion into the first of two drafts, in Milton's hand, of a prose letter, of some length, which,—most probably some time in 1633,—he sent, or meant to send, to a friend. This friend, whose name we do not know, had remonstrated with Milton on the aimless course of merely studious life he was then leading, and on the impropriety of his continuing it instead of dedicating his talents to the Church or some other active profession. Milton's reply is a courteous acknowledgment of the interest shown by the friend in his behalf, with a defence of his conduct, and a statement of his reasons for being in no hurry to enter the Church. Though all ordinary motives conspired to urge him into that or some other profession, yet a "sacred reverence and religious advisement," a principle of "not taking thought of being *late*, so it gave advantage to be more *fit*," had hitherto held him back. "That you may see," he adds, "that I am something "suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain *belatedness* in "me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts "some little while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, "made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of." Here, accordingly, follows the sonnet on which we are now commenting. It had been written "some while ago,"—probably on Dec. 9, 1631 ; he had mentioned it to his friend in conversation ; and now he sends him a copy of it. Whatever his friend thought of it, we read it now with admiration.

'SONNETS III.—VII.: FIVE ITALIAN SONNETS, WITH
AN ACCOMPANYING CANZONE.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

These Italian pieces, which precede Sonnet II. in Milton's own editions, form a little group by themselves. They relate the story of Milton's love for some Italian lady, beautiful, dark-haired, accomplished, and fascinating by her grace and her powers of singing. In one of the pieces Charles Diodati is addressed as a confidant, and is told that his stubborn friend, who had laughed at love hitherto, has at length yielded, and that his conqueress is not a fair-haired English maiden, but one of Diodati's own countrywomen, a foreign beauty, of stately carriage, and with eyes of a splendid black. In three others the lady herself is addressed directly; and in one, and in the Canzone, Milton excuses himself for writing in Italian, saying that this is the language of love, and that in which his lady delights.

Where, then, in Milton's life, are the Sonnets and Canzone, and the incident which they chronicle, to be dated? Towards determining this, the fact that one of the Sonnets is addressed to Diodati is of some consequence. Diodati died in the summer of 1638, shortly after Milton set out on his Italian journey, though Milton did not know the fact till that journey was near its close and he was on his way home. Therefore, the Sonnets, if they are one series and refer to the same incident (which there is no reason to doubt), must have been written during Milton's stay in Italy, before he had heard the sad news of Diodati's death, and while he was still fancying him alive and well in England; or else they must have been written at some earlier period, *before* the visit to Italy, and while Diodati and Milton were together or within reach of each other in England itself.

—The first supposition has been generally adopted, and there is much in its favour. There is an Italian air about the Sonnets; they breathe of Italy. They have been referred therefore, by common consent, to the time of Milton's Italian journey (1638-9).

Some time and some where during that journey, it is supposed, he met the foreign beauty who captivated him. Warton imagines that she may have been the celebrated singer, Leonora Baroni, whom Milton heard at Rome, and to whom he addressed three pieces of

complimentary Latin verse (see them among the Latin Poems, and the Introduction to them). There is no ground whatever for the fancy. The lady, whoever she was, is described, in the first Sonnet, as a native of the Vale of the Reno, in the north of the Papal States, between Bologna and Ferrara. Now, Milton visited this part of Italy in 1639, or towards the end of his tour, when, after having returned from Naples, and paid second visits, of two months each, to Rome and Florence, he passed through Bologna and Ferrara on his way to Venice and homewards. But the lady, though a Bolognese, may have been met in Venice, or perhaps even in Florence or Rome, before Milton had passed through Bologna. On the supposition that it was somewhere in Italy that he did meet her, the address to Diodati in one of the Sonnets must be regarded as a poetic apostrophe, by which Milton, desiring a confidant for his secret, introduced the name of the dearest of his friends left at home in England, himself of Italian name and descent. It was as if he said, "How surprised Diodati will be when he hears this!", little knowing that Diodati was then dead.—After all, however, may not the Italian Sonnets and Canzone have been written in England *before* the Italian journey, and even a good while before it? May not Milton, while at Cambridge, or after he had left Cambridge, have met, in English society, the Bolognese beauty who charmed him? May not his attempts in Italian have been a tribute to her foreign loveliness, and to the sweetness of the language as heard from her lips,—an obedience even to some such little saying of hers as the Canzone seems to record? Would not the appeal to Diodati in the affair have then been the most natural thing in the world?—On the whole, I still think the former supposition the likelier. I would rather not disturb the belief that the Sonnets and Canzone were written during the Italian journey, and that the vision of the Bolognese beauty was an incident of that journey. Yet the alternative supposition is tenable, and might be supported. In the second of the Sonnets and in the Canzone there are expressions which might be construed in its favour. Nor must the fact be concealed that Italian critics find evidence in all the pieces of a less perfect knowledge of Italian than we should suppose Milton to have had, after a year or more of residence in Italy. My friend Signor Saffi, whom I consulted on the subject in the year 1858, obliged me with a verdict which is perhaps as kindly as any an Italian could give.

"As regards the form of the language," Signor Saffi wrote, "there are here and there irregularities of idiom and grammar, and metaphors which remind one of the false literary taste prevalent in Italy when Milton visited that country; although such a defect appears, in the English imitator, modified by the freshness of his native genius. The measure of the verse is generally correct, nay, more than this, musical; and one feels, in perusing these poems, that the mind of the young aspiring poet had, from Petrarch to Tasso, listened attentively to the gentlest notes of the Italian Muse, though unable to reproduce them fully in a form of his own."

For those who do not read Italian the following attempted translation of the Sonnets and Canzone may be better than nothing:—

I.

Thou graceful lady, whose fair name knows well
 The grassy vale through which the Reno strays,
 Nearing the noble ford, that man is base
 On whom thy gentle spirit exerts no spell,
 That frankly makes its sweetness visible,
 At no time sparing of its winning ways,
 And of those gifts, Love's bow and piercing rays,
 Whereby thy lofty virtue doth excel.
 When thou dost softly speak or gaily sing,
 So as might move the hard wood from the hills,
 Let each one guard his hearing and his seeing
 Whom secret sense of his own vileness fills;
 Let Heaven's own grace its high deliverance bring
 Ere passion's pain grow veteran in his being.

II.

As on a hill, at brown of evening-time,
 A shepherd-maiden from some neighbouring bower
 Waters with care a lovely foreign flower,
 Which spreads but ill in the unwonted clime,
 Far from the genial summer of its prime,
 So love in me, quick to express his power,
 Bursts into new speech-blossom for an hour,
 While of thy haughty grace I try to rhyme
 In words that my good kinsfolk do not know,
 And change fair Thames for Arno's as fair tide.
 So hath Love willed it; and, by others' woe,
 Right well I wot Love will not be denied.
 Ah! were my heart, so hard, so slow to yield,
 To Him who plants from Heaven as good a field!

CANZONE

Laughing, the ladies and the amorous youth
 Accost me round :—" Why dost thou write," ask they,
 " Why dost thou write in foreign phrase and strain,
 " Veising of love with daring so uncouth ?
 " Tell us , so may thy hope not be in vain,
 " And thy best fancies have auspicious way ' "
 Thus they go jeering " Other streams," they say,
 " Other far waves expect thee, on whose banks
 " Laurels in verdant ranks
 " Are growing, even now are growing, for thy hair
 " The immortal guerdon of eternal leaves
 " Why on thy shoulders wilt thou this load bear ? "
 My song from me this fit reply receives —
 " My lady said (and what she says I treasure),
 " This is the language in which Love hath pleasure ' "

III

Diodati, 'tis marvellous but true,
 This stubborn I, who held Love's law in scorn
 And made his snares my jest, at last forlorn
 Have fallen myself, as honest men may do
 What dazzles me is not the casual view
 Of vermeil cheeks and tresses like the morn,
 But a new type of beauty foreign born,—
 A carriage proud and statcly, and thereto
 Eyes calmly splendid of a lovely black,
 Words that command more tongues than one in tune,
 And such a song as from the fleecy rack
 Of Night's mid vault might lure the labouring moon,
 While from her eyes such fiery flashings thrill me
 That, though I stopp'd my ears, the gleams would kill me

• IV.

For certain, lady mine, your lovely eyes
 Must be my sun . they beat on me as strong
 As do his rays on one who toils among
 The sands of Libya, while amain doth rise,
 All in that quarter where my sorrow lies,
 A warm sick vapour, as I move along,
 Which may perchance, or haply I am wrong,
 Be that which lovers in their speech call sighs.
 Part, shut in turbidly, my breast conceals ;
 Some fluttering few, that will not so be pent,
 The air around condenses or congeals ;
 But what can reach my eyes and there find vent

Makes one long rainy night of my repose,
Until my dawn returns with many a rose.

V.

Young, gentle-natured, and a simple wooer,
Since from myself I am in doubt to fly,
Lady, to thee my heart's poor gift would I
Offer devoutly : and by trial sure
I know it faithful, fearless, constant, pure,
In its conceptions graceful, good, and high.
When the world roars, and flames the startled sky,
In its own adamant it stands secure,
As free from chance and malice ever found,
And fears and hopes that vulgar minds confuse,
As it is loyal to each manly thing,
And to the sounding lyre and to the muse.
Only in that part is it not so sound
Where Love hath set in it his cureless sting.

SONNET VIII. : "WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO
THE CITY."

(Editions of 1645 and 1673 ; and earlier copy, in the hand of an amanuensis,
but with title in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This Sonnet, the first of those which refer to English public affairs, was written in November 1642, and probably on Saturday the 12th of that month. The Civil War had then begun ; and Milton, already known as a vehement Anti-Episcopal pamphleteer and Parliamentarian, was living, with two young nephews whom he was educating, in his house in Aldersgate Street, a suburban thoroughfare just beyond one of the city gates of London. After some of the first actions of the war, including the indecisive Battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23), the King's army, advancing out of the Midlands, with the King and Prince Rupert present in it, had come as near to London as Hounslow and Brentford, and was threatening a farther march to crush the Londoners and the Parliament at once. They were at their nearest on Saturday the 12th of November ; and all that day and the next there was immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault,—chains put up across streets, houses barred, etc. It was not till the evening of the 13th that the citizens

were reassured by the retreat of the King's army, which had been checked from a closer advance by a rapid march-out of the Trained Bands under Essex and Skippon. Milton, we are to fancy, had shared the common alarm. His was one of the houses which, if the Cavaliers had been let loose, it would have given them particular pleasure to sack. Knowing this, the only precaution he takes is, half in jest, and yet perhaps with some anxiety, to write a Sonnet addressed to the imaginary Royalist Captain, Colonel, or Knight, who may command the Aldersgate Street sacking party. "*On his dore when ye citty expected an assault*" is the original heading of the Sonnet in the copy of it, by an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS., as if the Sonnet had actually been pasted or nailed up on the outside of Milton's door. This title was afterwards deleted by Milton himself, and the other title substituted in his own hand; but the Sonnet appeared without any title at all in the editions of 1645 and 1673.

SONNET IX.: TO A LADY.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This Sonnet was left untitled by Milton: the title has been supplied by the editors. The date, almost certainly, was 1644; but who the lady was that is addressed is unknown. A certain Miss Davis has been suspected, the possibility of a marriage with whom Milton is said, by his nephew Phillips, to have contemplated after his desertion by his first wife had driven him to thoughts of divorce. But this is mere conjecture.

• SONNET X.: "TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY." •

(Editions of 1645 and 1673; and Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This Sonnet must have been written in 1644 or 1645; and the lady addressed was Lady Margaret Ley, one of the daughters of James Ley, first Earl of Marlborough, a nobleman of whom there still remained a respectful recollection in England. Born in 1552,

he had been eminent as a lawyer before Queen Elizabeth's death; and, after a long career as Knight, Baronet, and Judge, he had been raised by James to the great office of Lord High Treasurer of England in 1624, and, at the same time, to a peerage as Baron Ley of Ley in Devonshire. The higher dignity of the Earldom of Marlborough was conferred on him by Charles in 1626-7, when he was seventy-four years of age. In 1628 he had been removed from the High Treasurership to the less laborious office of President of the Council, ostensibly on account of his old age, but really, it was thought, because he was not sufficiently compliant with the policy of Charles and Buckingham. He died in March 1628-9, immediately after the dissolution of Charles's Third Parliament; and, as the Sonnet hints, his death was believed to have been hastened by political anxiety at that crisis. He left three sons; the eldest of whom, Henry, succeeded him in the Earldom, but, dying in 1638, transmitted it to his son, James Ley, third Earl of Marlborough, who attained to unusual distinction by his services to the King in the Civil War, and by his various abilities. Among the surviving aunts of this young nobleman, and herself probably somewhat past her youth, was the Lady Margaret of the present Sonnet. She had married a Captain Hobson, from the Isle of Wight; and both she and her husband seem to have taken the Parliamentary side. They resided in London, and Milton had become acquainted with them. His nephew and biographer Phillips expressly says that, after his desertion by his wife in 1643, Milton "made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Ley": adding, "This lady, being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honour for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise Captain Hobson, her husband, a very accomplished gentleman." Milton's compliment to her in the Sonnet is that she was a true daughter of her liberal father. Her political and religious opinions probably agreed with Milton's. This is the latest of the Sonnets printed in the edition of 1645, and it is there printed without a heading. The heading is from the Cambridge draft.

SONNETS XI. AND XII. : "ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES," AND "ON THE SAME."

(Edition of 1673; and Drafts, in Milton's own hand, with copies in another hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

The Treatises in question were Milton's four Treatises on the subject of Divorce, written between his desertion by his first wife in 1643, and her return to him and reconciliation with him in the autumn of 1645: viz. his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, which came first and passed through two editions, and his *Judgment of Martin Bucer*, his *Tetrachordon*, and his *Colasterion*, which followed, at intervals, in defence of the original publication. As the opinion broached by Milton in these pamphlets was a new and daring one, it shocked people greatly, and especially the Presbyterians, who were then in the ascendant in Parliament, and all-powerful in the Westminster Assembly. Milton's strange doctrine of Divorce was the subject of talk in society; it was attacked through the press; it even brought him into danger with the public authorities. As his doctrine concerned not mere theological belief only, but social law and morals, he was reputed one of the most dangerous of the Sectaries who then abounded, and whom the Presbyterians were bent on suppressing. An actual name was given to those who were supposed to have adopted his opinion. They were called "Miltonists" or "Divorcers." Milton's two Sonnets are his comments, one half jocose, the other contemptuous and indignant, on this execration with which he found himself surrounded. They were written late in 1645 or early in 1646, when the return of his wife and his reconciliation with her had abated his practical and personal interest in the success of his doctrine, and when, though he still retained it, he had made up his mind not to argue it farther through the press. Either they were too late for insertion in the First Edition of his Poems (dated 1645, but published Jan. 2, 1645-6), or he judged it best to exclude them. In the copies of the Sonnets, in another hand, among the Cambridge MSS., both come under the title "*On the Detraction, etc.*," the one beginning "I did but prompt, etc.," being numbered for the press as the first of the two, and the other, "A book was writ, etc.," as the second. In the edition of 1673, however, the order was reversed. "A book was

writ, etc." appeared first, without any title; and "I did but prompt" followed with the title "*On the Same.*" There are allusions in the Sonnets, and especially in the first, which require explanation in the Notes.

"ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
LONG PARLIAMENT."

(Edition of 1673; and copy, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the
Cambridge MSS.)

In the copy among the Cambridge MSS. this piece bears the simpler title "*On the Forcers of Conscience,*" and there is a direction, in Milton's own hand, that it should follow the two Sonnets relating to his Divorce Treatises. In the volume of 1673, however, the piece appears by itself under its present fuller title, and detached from the Sonnets. It is best now to restore it to the place originally intended for it. For it is, in reality, a continuation or extension of the vein of the two Divorce Sonnets, and must have been written about the same time, or hardly later than 1646. Partly on account of the outcry against Milton's Divorce Pamphlets among the Presbyterians, partly on more general grounds, he had parted company with them, and had attached himself rather to the party, or combination of parties, of which Cromwell was becoming the recognised head, and who were called by the general name of The Independents. It was the leading principle of this party, or combination of parties, to oppose the too rigorous establishment of that system of Presbyterian Church Government and Discipline, after the Scottish model, which had been decreed in England by the Long Parliament, and in part carried into effect, after the abolition of Episcopacy. It was their effort, at all events, to secure that, if this system were permanently established by the majority as the national English system, there should be room under it for freedom of conscience and worship for the dissenting minority. Gradually the notion of a Toleration of Independents and other Sects within certain limits under the established Presbyterianism was gaining ground in Parliament, chiefly in consequence of the power of the Parliamentary Army, which was composed largely of Independents, Baptists, and more extreme sectaries; but the rigid Presbyterians,

and especially the Presbyterian Divines of the Westminster Assembly, and most especially of all the small group of Scottish Divines who sat in that Assembly as assessors to their English brethren, were loud in their denunciations of the arch-heresy of Toleration, as they called it, and in calls for a suppression of all Sects, and the enforcement of an absolute Presbyterian uniformity by the civil power. It is against these claims of Presbyterian supremacy that Milton speaks out in the present piece of verse. He intended it to be what may be called an Anti-Presbyterian and Pro-Toleration Sonnet; and the first fourteen lines, it may be observed, really do make a Sonnet. But, when he had reached the fourteenth line, Milton had not packed in all he meant to say; and so he adds six lines more of jagged verse, converting the piece into a kind of sonnet with a scorpion's tail to it. There were precedents for such "sonnets with tails" in Italian poetry. Although not published till 1673, the piece was probably in private circulation, and doing service for Independency and Liberty of Conscience, from 1646 onwards. The allusions in it, and especially the personalities, need a good deal of explanation. It will be given in the Notes.

SONNET XIII.: "TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRES."

(Edition of 1673; and two Drafts, in Milton's own hand, with a copy in another hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

One of the Cambridge drafts of this Sonnet fixes its date as Feb. 9, 1645-6. That Draft is headed "To my friend, Mr. Henry Lawes: Feb. 9, 1645," and signed "J. M."; the other Draft, though also in Milton's hand, bears this heading in another, "To Mr. Hen. Lawes, on the publishing of his Aires." Actually, the Sonnet first appeared in print, with Milton's name attached, as one of a few pieces of eulogistic verse prefixed to a volume published by Humphrey Moseley in 1648 and entitled *Choice Psalmes, put into Musick for three Voices: composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to His Majestie*. The inference is that, though written in Feb. 1645-6, and presented to Lawes about that time in mere private friendship, the lines were used by Lawes two years afterwards, with Milton's consent, for the public purpose of his volume, and that then their appropriation

to this use was signified by a new title inserted in the second MS. draft.

Milton's friendship from his boyhood with the musician Henry Lawes, and the main facts of that interesting person's life till his co-operation with Milton in the production of the *Arcades* at Harefield, and of *Comus* at Ludlow, have been recorded in the Introductions to those two poems (see *ante*, pp. 146-149, and pp. 157-159). It will be remembered also that the original publication of *Comus* by itself in 1637, without the author's name, was owing to Lawes, and that, in his dedication of the poem to the young Lord Brackley, the musician had shown his high regard for the author by the terms in which he had spoken of it (see *ante*, p. 170). We have now to add that, in the intervening years, the reputation of Lawes in his art had been steadily growing, till there was perhaps no musical composer of his time more generally known and liked. Still retaining, along with his brother William, his position as one of the King's musicians and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and still connected by special professional engagements with the Bridgewater family, he had done much work in the way of setting to music songs by Carew, Herrick, Waller, Cartwright, and other popular poets. These songs of Lawes were favourites in English households, and the poets whose words were thus recommended by his airs could not thank him enough. There are verses by Herrick and others in which affectionate mention is made of "Harry" and his musical skill. And so the publisher Moseley, or perhaps Milton himself, in bringing out the first edition of Milton's Poems in 1645, did not forget that Lawes's name might be an advantage to the volume. "The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick," was the announcement on the title-page, referring to the songs in *Arcades* and *Comus*, and perhaps to others in the volume; and in the body of the volume was reprinted Lawes's dedication of *Comus* to Lord Brackley. Clearly, therefore, Milton's intimacy with Lawes had not been interrupted even by the Civil War and the division of all Englishmen into Royalists and Parliamentarians. By his position, if not from his artistic temperament, Lawes was a Royalist; and indeed his brother William had been slain in the King's cause at the siege of Chester (1645), greatly to the King's grief, who is said to have put on private mourning for him. Not the less had Henry Lawes, who remained in London, his meetings with

his old friend Milton, when they would lay politics aside and agree in music.

The present Sonnet is a tribute to this continued friendship. It was written, it may be noted, about a month after the publication of Milton's Poems, and may have been a gift to Lawes in acknowledgment of the use of his name in that volume. Milton, however, did not object to its publication, with other verses, in Lawes's *Choice Psalmes* published by Moseley in 1648, even though that volume contained a portrait of Charles I., then in his fallen and captive state, and was dedicated to Charles by Lawes in terms of devoted loyalty. By reproducing the Sonnet as late as 1673 in the second edition of his Poems, Milton may be supposed to have testified even then his affectionate recollection of Lawes. The musician had then been dead eleven years. He died in 1662, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, after having lived to see the Restoration, to have the honour of composing the Coronation Ode for Charles II., and to be replaced in his position near Royalty, while his friend Milton, then the blind ex-Secretary of Cromwell, was in danger and disgrace. In addition to his *Choice Psalmes* of 1648 Lawes had published in his lifetime *Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voices: in three Books* (1653-58); and later publications attest the demand for his music after his death.

SONNET XIV.: "ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMB. 1646."

(Edition of 1673; and two Drafts, in Milton's own hand, one of them erased, among the Cambridge MSS.)

The Sonnet itself, with its heading, which does not occur in the printed volume, but is taken from the Cambridge MS., supplies all the information we have respecting the person addressed. Phillips, indeed, mentions that, some time in 1649, Milton "lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden"; his stay there, however, being but by way of temporary accommodation, after he had left his house in Holborn, till his official rooms in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, could

be got ready (see *ante*, p. 33). It has been supposed that the Mrs. Catherine Thomson who died in 1646 may have been one of the Charing Cross family with whom Milton thus afterwards lodged. This is mere guess. Thomson, then as now, was a common name enough in London.

SONNET XV.: "ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX AT THE
SIEGE OF COLCHESTER."

(First printed by Phillips, at the end of his *Life*, of Milton prefixed to the English translation of Milton's *State-Letters* in 1694; but Draft, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This Sonnet is usually headed now "To the Lord General Fairfax"; but it is better to restore the original title from Milton's own MS. Draft, though the pen is there drawn through the title in sign of deletion. For one thing, this title fixes the date of the Sonnet. The siege of Colchester in Essex lasted from the 15th of June to the 28th of August 1648, and was one of the most memorable incidents of what is called "The Second Civil War," *i.e.* that spasmodic new rising of the English and Scottish Royalists on behalf of Charles I., then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, which it required all the energy of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander-in-chief, and of Cromwell, his lieutenant-general, to put down, and which led very speedily to the King's trial and doom. While Cromwell managed the northern department of the war, meeting and beating the Duke of Hamilton and the Royalist Scots and English at Preston, Fairfax in person superintended the siege of Colchester; which town had been seized for the King, and was defended by the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and other Royalist chiefs. As Fairfax offered quarter only to the soldiers, but required the leaders to surrender at discretion, the defence was desperate, and both the garrison and the townspeople were reduced to the last straits of starvation, having to eat grass and the flesh of horses, cats, and dogs. When the surrender did take place, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were tried by court-martial, and immediately shot, as released prisoners of war who had broken their *parole* to the Parliament by again taking arms for the King. The Earl of Norwich

and Lord Capel were left to the mercy of Parliament ; and Lord Capel was afterwards executed. The taking of Colchester was heard of with triumph by the Parliamentarians throughout England, and went as an addition to the renown of Fairfax acquired by his many actions since he had been made Parliamentary commander-in-chief in Dec. 1644. Milton, in this Sonnet, expresses the general feeling of the hour, not only about the particular victory, but also about the character of Fairfax, and England's farther hopes from him. Might not more than military service come from him? Might it not be his to perform the more difficult political part that remained, and settle the State in peace and purity? As we now know, this part was not to be Fairfax's. For the trial and deposition of the King he was prepared ; but the execution of the King was too much for him. He, and, still more zealously, his wife, Lady Fairfax, protested against it ; and, though he had remained steadily with the Army and its other chiefs up to the very moment of that last act, and even retained his command-in-chief, with a seat in the Council of State, for some time after it, he at length (July 1650) resigned both, and retired into private life at his seat of Nunappleton in Yorkshire, leaving the supremacy for Cromwell. That Milton still retained for him in his retirement the high regard he had expressed in his Sonnet of 1648 is evident from a passage of eulogy in his *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, written in 1654. "Neither canst thou be "passed over, Fairfax," he there writes in Latin in the course of an enumeration of the chiefs of the English Revolution : "a man in "whom nature and the divine favour have conjoined with the greatest "fortitude a modesty and a purity of life equally great. Thou also "deservest by thine own right and merit to be brought in for a share "of these praises, although now in that retirement of thine, like "Scipio Africanus of old at Liternum, thou hidest thyself as much "as thou canst, and hast conquered not the enemy alone, but also "ambition, and, what conquers sometimes the best of men, glory, "and enjoyest thy virtues and illustrious deeds in that most delightful "and glorious rest which is the end of all labours and even of the "greatest human actions ; such rest as, when it was enjoyed by the "ancient heroes after wars and renown not greater than thine, the "poets who tried to praise them despaired of being able worthily to "represent otherwise than by fabling them to have been received "into Heaven, and to be reclining at the feasts of the Gods. But,

"whether it is, as I would most readily believe, the state of your health, or whether it is anything else, that has withdrawn you from public affairs, of this I am most strongly assured, that nothing could have torn you away from concerns of state unless you had seen how great a saviour of liberty, what a firm and faithful support and bulwark of the English Commonwealth, you were leaving in your successor." Notwithstanding this assurance of Milton's in 1654, Fairfax only half-liked Cromwell's Protectorate at the first; and very soon,—perhaps most distinctly after the marriage of his young daughter, Mary, in Nov. 1657, to the afterwards notorious and witty Duke of Buckingham, then a Royalist outlaw,—he liked it even less. After Cromwell's death his mind was made up for the restoration of Charles II.; and he came forth from his retirement to assist in that event. He did not, however, connect himself actively with the Restoration Government, but, returning to his repose, died Nov. 12, 1671, in the sixtieth year of his age. Whether the omission of the Sonnet to him in the edition of Milton's Poems published two years afterwards marked any change in Milton's feeling occasioned by Fairfax's concern with the Restoration, or whether the Sonnet was omitted merely as savouring too much of pre-Restoration politics to be then allowable, can hardly be determined. The second supposition is the more probable.

SONNET XVI.: "TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652:
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE
FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL."

(First printed by Phillips at the end of his *Life of Milton* in 1694; but Copy among the Cambridge MSS., in the hand of an amanuensis who wrote to Milton's dictation.)

Milton's admiration of Cromwell, an admiration far transcending any he had for Fairfax, is attested by many proofs, and, amongst them, by that long and impassioned outburst of Latin eulogium on Cromwell, in the *Defensio Secunda*, into which the eulogy on Fairfax quoted above is slipped but as an episode. To Milton, Cromwell, to the last, was "our chief of men," the very greatest and noblest of Englishmen of that time. As he had known Cromwell face to face,

had sat at the Council-board with Cromwell day after day in the capacity of Foreign Secretary, had heard Cromwell speak familiarly, and had received instructions from him for the despatches that were to be put into Latin, this opinion of Milton's, deliberately formed and expressed, deserves remembrance. No two men, I believe, were more essentially like-minded, more one at heart in their thoughts about the great problems of the English nation at that time, than the two whom fate had thus drawn together in such different capacities: Cromwell, the supreme soldier and man of action, raised at length to be the ruler; Milton, the poet and idealist, brought beside this ruler as a scholarly official.

The Sonnet under notice, however, is not, as the mere title "*To Cromwell*" sometimes given to it might lead one to imagine, Milton's estimate of Cromwell from the whole of his career, or even after Milton's Secretaryship to him singly had begun. It is an address by Milton to Cromwell at a particular moment of Cromwell's career and on a particular occasion. What was the moment, and what was the occasion? We learn both from the deleted, but still legible, heading of the Sonnet in the Cambridge MS. copy. The date was May 1652. Cromwell was not yet Protector, though he was the first man in the Republic, and they were proposing to make him its head. Since the execution of the King, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under the government of the Rump Parliament with a Council of State, he had been away in Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant of that country, trampling down its long Rebellion and reducing it to order (1649-50); he had also been in Scotland, and had fought the Battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650) there, and taken other measures for the conquest of the Scottish nation, which, when followed by his pursuit of Charles II. and the Royalist Scottish army into England, and by the crowning victory at Worcester over that army and its English reinforcements (Sept. 3, 1651), utterly ruined the cause of Charles II. in both parts of the Island and united them in one Commonwealth. These were the acts of Cromwell freshest in men's minds, and he had been again in London through the winter of 1651-2, when the Sonnet was written. The Sonnet breathes the feeling of many at that hour with respect to him. Now that *he* was at home again, would not things be better managed than they had been in his absence by the persistent Rump of the Long Parliament and the Council of State? Especially in matters of Religion was not fresh zeal necessary?

Throughout England and Wales, or in many parts of them, Church matters were in chaos: Presbyterian ministers here and Independents there, mixed with the wrecks of the old Anglican clergy; no regular arrangement for the provision of ministers; disputes as to the method of such provision, whether it was to be by a common fund out of the tithes, or by voluntary contribution without tithes at all; many districts meanwhile in spiritual destitution for want of fit pastors and preachers. For the consideration of such questions and the remedying of such evils there had been for the last year or two a good deal of desultory effort in the Parliament, with drafts of Bills, etc.; and, as the phrase "*Propagation of the Gospel*" was the customary term used in the Parliamentary debates and documents by way of defining the general purpose in view, that phrase had come in fact to mean *The Supply and Sustenance of a Preaching Ministry of the Right Sort adequate for the needs of the whole Commonwealth, and of all parts of it*. At length, on the 10th February 1651-2, in consequence of an energetic petition to Parliament by John Owen and a number of other leading Independent ministers, beseeching the Parliament to take steps for the conclusive settlement of so important a business, a Committee of fourteen members of the Parliament, with Cromwell as one of them, had been appointed, under the name of COMMITTEE FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL, to consider the whole question, with the benefit of such lights on it as they might receive from the petitioning ministers, and from any other quarters, and to report to the Parliament. Through the rest of February, and through March and April, this Committee had been vigorously at work. "March 29, 1652," writes Whitlocke in his *Memorials*, "proposals were tendered to the Committee for propagating the Gospel for supply of all parishes with able and godly ministers, for settling of right constituted churches, etc." The Proposals of which Whitlocke here speaks so hazily were certain Proposals, fifteen in number, which had been formally given in to the Propagation Committee more than a month before the date here assigned to them,—to wit on the 18th of February 1651-2,—by John Owen and the other Independent ministers whose petition had led to the appointment of the Committee. They have been disinterred from the masses of forgotten documents of that time, and are very curious. In substance, what Owen and his colleagues advocated was the perpetuation in the Commonwealth of an Established or State Church, with a State-

appointed, State-paid, and State-regulated Clergy, but on a basis broad enough to admit among its Clergy approved men of all orthodox evangelical denominations, and even unordained persons of godliness and gifts for preaching: attendance on the services of this State-Church, in the "public meeting-houses commonly called churches," to be expected of all who did not dissent from "the doctrine and way of worship owned by the State"; but with liberty to such as did so dissent to set up meeting-houses of their own, choose and pay ministers of their own, and assemble without molestation, provided always there should be no preaching or promulgation among them of doctrines contrary to certain carefully specified and enumerated Christian "fundamentals." Broad as this scheme of Owen and his colleagues was in comparison with the old Anglican Church of the monarchy, or with that Presbyterian Church after the Scottish model which the Long Parliament had set up legislatively when Episcopacy was abolished, but which had never come into full working order, it was by no means in accord with the state of feeling on the Church Question into which thousands of persons in all parts of England, including most of the army-men, had advanced by 1652. Absolute Religious Voluntarism, absolute and equal freedom for all forms of religious opinion or no-opinion, and therefore no State-Church of any sort, no interference of the State with matters spiritual, no established clergy or support of a preaching ministry, of whatever creed or whatever varieties of creed, by stipends from the public purse,—this had come to be the ideal of a large body of political reasoners in the Commonwealth, many of them fervent believers in the same system of Evangelical Christian theology as was professed by Owen himself. They were highly offended by the Fifteen Proposals of Owen and his colleagues to the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel; and, as that Committee acted studiously in the spirit of its instructions, and received freely all communications offered to it, the Fifteen Proposals of the eminent advocates of a State-Church did not go unchallenged. In particular, there were sent in to the Committee, by a Major Butler and some associates of his, several papers criticising the Fifteen Proposals, and pressing on the Committee certain very vital queries which might be worthy of consideration. These queries, reduced to four in one of the papers, moved in most express terms the consideration whether the time had not come for an entire disconnexion of the Church from the State, trust to the inherent power of Christianity

to propagate itself without State-payment or State-interference, and cessation therefore of all attempts to define Christian fundamentals and of all prosecution of even what might seem the most dangerous religious heresies. In illustration of the last item, it was suggested that there ought to be a repeal of the statutes which prevented the settlement of Jews in England with all the rights of peaceful citizenship, and of the exercise of their own religion.

No member of the GOSPEL PROPAGATION COMMITTEE was more assiduous in the business of the Committee than his Excellency the Lord-General Cromwell; and, as his leaning to the one side or to the other of the balance was of the utmost consequence, there was great anxiety to know to which of the sides he would lend his weight. Now, although there was no distinct evidence that Cromwell had as yet made up his mind as to the future of the Church of England, Major Butler and that party were not without hope that he might be swayed to *their* side, or that at least he would insist on greater liberality on some points than was proposed on the other side. Various speeches of his in the Committee when the discussion was in progress seemed to certify this. Thus, when one member of the Committee, arguing in behalf of the Fifteen Proposals, had spoken of extreme toleration as virtually the same thing as a Laodicean "indifferency" to religion, and had declared that, for his part, he would rather be a persecuting Saul than a careless Gallio, Cromwell had been even vehement in his repudiation of such a sentiment, and had protested that he would rather see Mahometanism permitted in England than run the risk of subjecting the meanest of God's children to persecution for any religious scruple. On the question of Liberty of Conscience, at all events, and therefore of unlimited Liberty of Dissent from a State-Church, should that institution be perpetuated, Cromwell might be reckoned on as firm.

The reader will now understand with perfect exactness the title which Milton's Sonnet to Cromwell bears in the Cambridge MS. draft of it, and also the purport and intention of the Sonnet itself. It was an expression of Milton's utter dislike of the Church policy of Owen and his colleagues as urged in their Fifteen Proposals, his sympathy with the counter-suggestions of the opponents of that policy, and his earnest hope that Cromwell, the victorious Lord General of the Commonwealth, and now at leisure to assume the central part in civil affairs which naturally belonged to him, would

add to all his great military services that of such championship of the religious liberties of his countrymen as the present crisis required. It is worthy of mention that, just before those proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel which gave occasion to Milton's Sonnet, or at all events before May 1652, when the Sonnet was written, the famous Roger Williams of New England, the most ardent propagandist of the Toleration principle and of the Theory of Absolute Religious Voluntaryism then living, had come over from America for some months of residence in London on important colonial business, and had renewed an acquaintanceship with Milton begun in a previous visit. I have ascertained, in fact, that Roger Williams had been the moving spirit in the opposition to the proposals of Owen and his colleagues in the Propagation Committee, and had drafted some of the papers that had been presented to the Committee in the name of Major Butler and others. I have ascertained also that Cromwell's conduct in the Committee had greatly pleased Williams, and had excited his hopes. No need to suppose, however, that Milton's Sonnet was written on suggestion from Williams. The strength of Milton's own feelings and convictions on the question involved, and the fact that Cromwell had been the object of his admiration for years past, sufficiently account for the Sonnet without any such supposition. At the same time it is likely enough that Milton derived from Williams some of his more private information as to what was passing in the Propagation Committee, and that the proceedings there were a subject of talk between them in Milton's house in Petty France.

The closing lines of the Sonnet leave little doubt that it was precisely the policy of Absolute Religious Voluntaryism, entire disconnexion of Church and State, that Milton ventured to recommend to Cromwell. In the vocabulary of Roger Williams and his fellow-opinionists *hireling* was then the common word for a paid clergyman of any sort; and the title of one of the pamphlets which Williams sent forth in London about this time, expounding his Voluntaryism, was "*The Hireling Ministry none of Jesus Christ's: or a Discourse on the Propagation of the Gospel.*" Milton can have intended no other construction of the word by Cromwell when he adjured him—

" Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw."

What Cromwell may have thought when he read these words we do not know. The GOSPEL PROPAGATION COMMITTEE was to sit on and on for many months yet. What we do know, and what Milton came to know more and more intimately, and more and more to his disappointment, in the course of future years, when the Committee had ceased to exist, and when Cromwell had become supreme in his own person, first as Dictator and then as Protector, is that, though the great man may have been reserving himself on the Church Question in May 1652, and even through the subsequent months of his mere Lord-Generalship and membership of Parliament and its Committees, hesitating then between the alternatives of Owen's Reformed State-Church policy and Williams's theory of Absolute Voluntaryism, he was ultimately to conclude in favour of the former, and with such fervour of conviction and such persistence of effort that History has now to remember the conservation of a Church Establishment in England as one of the distinctions of the Oliverian Protectorate. Indeed, before the date of Milton's Sonnet, it had become tolerably evident that this was the prevailing drift of opinion, if not among the members of the Gospel Propagation Committee itself, at all events in the Parliament. On the 29th of April 1652 it had been resolved in Parliament (1) "That it be referred to the Committee appointed to receive proposals for the better Propagation of the Gospel to take into speedy consideration how a competent and convenient maintenance for a godly and able Ministry may be settled in lieu of Tithes, and present their opinion thereon to the House," and (2) "That Tithes shall be paid as formerly until such maintenance be settled." This looked like a vote that abolition of the Church Establishment was not to be thought of, but only a reform of its revenue-system. The Resolutions of the Parliament, as well as the Proposals of Owen and the other ministers in the Propagation Committee, may have been in Milton's mind when he dictated the Sonnet.

While it has to be repeated that the Sonnet is not Milton's tribute to Cromwell all and in all, but only at a particular moment of his career, and that there were to be more comprehensive expressions of Milton's regard for Cromwell in the coming years of their closer connexion in consequence of Milton's continuance in the Latin Secretaryship, the superlative terms of the eulogy on Cromwell in May 1652 almost justify the omission of those words in the

original title of the Sonnet which record its precise date and occasion. The simple title "TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL" might be sufficient now for most purposes, though not for those of strict history. Little wonder, at all events, that Milton did not dare to print the Sonnet in the 1673 edition of his Minor Poems.

SONNET XVII.: "TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER."

(Printed in an anonymous Life of Sir Henry Vane published in 1662 (the author ascertained to have been a certain George Sikes); printed next by Phillips at the end of his Life of Milton in 1694; Copy, from Milton's dictation, among the Cambridge MSS.)

In the anonymous Life of Sir Henry Vane mentioned in the heading these words occur: "The character of this deceased statesman . . . I shall exhibit to you in a paper of verses composed by a learned gentleman, and sent him July 3, 1652"; after which comes Milton's Sonnet in full. It must have been written, therefore, not long after the Sonnet to Cromwell.—In 1652 Vane was in his fortieth year and was one of the Council of State of the Commonwealth; but, as his father was still alive, he was always known as the Younger Vane. It was recollected, moreover, how he had entered the Long Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, having already distinguished himself in America, and how all through the Parliament he had acted, and been regarded, as one of the subtlest and boldest theorists of the extreme Revolutionary party. In his style of mind he was what would now be called a *doctrinaire*, or abstract thinker, with perhaps a dash of the fanatic; and, as Milton hints, he had exercised himself very particularly on the question of the relations and mutual limits of Church and State, having had practical occasion to consider that question as early as 1636, when he was governor of Massachusetts. After the Restoration he was brought to the scaffold, June 14, 1662.—Though Milton's Sonnet to him, as we have seen, was printed in the anonymous biography of Vane just after his death, Milton himself did not venture to reprint it among his Minor Poems in 1673. The tenor of it explains this. It breathes the same spirit as the Sonnet to Cromwell, with even more of certainty than in Cromwell's case that the Church theories of the person addressed accorded with those of the writer. Milton, who had

formed a high opinion of Vane from observations of his career in the Long Parliament and in the successive Councils of State of the Commonwealth, must have been well acquainted with him personally. It is worthy of note also that, at the time the Sonnet was written, Roger Williams (see Introduction to preceding Sonnet) was much in Vane's company. Letters for him were received at Vane's apartments in Whitehall.

SONNET XVIII.: "ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT."

(Edition of 1673.)

This, the most powerful of the political Sonnets, was written in 1655, and refers to the persecution instituted, in the early part of that year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. This Protestant community, half French and half Italian, and known as the Waldenses or Vaudois, were believed to have kept up the tradition of a primitive Christianity from the time of the Apostles. At all events, the general European Reformation had found them already in possession of tenets and forms of Church observance such as the Reformation proposed for all, and ready to acquiesce in the new Reformation teachings. There had been various persecutions of them since the Reformation; but that of 1655 surpassed all. By an edict of the Duke, dated 25th January in that year, they were required to part with their property and leave his dominions within twenty days, or else become Roman Catholics. On their resistance, forces were sent into their valleys, and the most dreadful atrocities followed. Many were butchered; others were taken away in chains; and hundreds of families were driven for refuge to the snow-covered mountains, to live there miserably, or perish with cold and hunger. Among the Protestant nations of Europe, and especially in England, the indignation was immediate and vehement. Cromwell, who was then Lord Protector, took up the matter with his whole strength. He caused Latin letters, couched in the most emphatic terms, to be immediately sent, not only to the offending Duke of Savoy, but also to the chief Princes and Powers of Europe. These Letters were all of Milton's drafting or composition, and may be read among his

Letters of State. An ambassador was also sent to Turin to collect information; a Fast Day was appointed; a subscription of £40,000 was raised for the sufferers, £2000 of that sum being from Cromwell's own purse; and, altogether, Cromwell's remonstrances were such that, backed as they would have been, if necessary, by the despatch of an armed force to Italy, the cruel edict was withdrawn, and a convention was made with the Vaudois in August 1655, allowing them the exercise of their worship. Milton's Sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in the special series of his Latin State Letters on the Piedmontese business in May, June, and July, 1655. Every line labours with wrath.

SONNET XIX. : ON HIS BLINDNESS.

(Edition of 1673.)

The Piedmontese Sonnet certainly, and probably also the preceding Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane, had been written by Milton after he had lost his sight. His blindness, which had been coming on slowly for ten years, and had been hastened by his labour in writing his *Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano* in answer to Salmasius (1651), appears to have been complete before the middle of 1652, when he was only forty-four years of age. This appears from a statement of his nephew Phillips in his *Life of Milton*; from one of Milton's own Familiar Epistles, giving an exact account of his blindness and of its first symptoms (dated Sept. 28, 1654, and addressed *Leonardo Philaræ, Atheniensi*); from passages in Milton's prose pamphlets; and from the second of the two subsequent Sonnets to Cyriack Skinner. The fact is corroborated by a minute of the Council of State, of date March 11, 1651-2, appointing Mr. Weckherlin to be assistant to Milton in his Foreign Secretaryship to the Council. At this last date Milton was not quite blind, for there are signatures of his to nearly as late a date; but his blindness was then such at least as to require assistance to him in his official duties. April, May and June 1652 appear to have finished the disaster. Milton, therefore, we are to imagine, after having been Secretary to the Council of State for a year or two with his sight failing, continued to act as Secretary

through Cromwell's Protectorate (1653-58) with his sight totally gone. Almost all that he had written after the close of 1651, if not for a while before that, had been written by the method of dictation; and hence his Sonnets to Cromwell and Vane do not appear in his own hand among the Cambridge MSS. 'It is positively certain, however, that the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre, and all the State Letters for Cromwell or his son Richard, and all the contemporary pamphlets, were produced by dictation. The blindness that had thus fallen upon Milton in the prime of his manhood, and that shrouded the last two-and-twenty years of his life in darkness, was felt as the greatest of calamities by himself, and was pointed to with coarse exultation by his enemies, at home and abroad, as a divine judgment on him for his defences of the execution of Charles I., and for the part he had otherwise taken in the English Revolution. Again and again in Milton's later writings, in prose and in verse, there are passages of the most touching sorrow over his darkened and desolate condition, with yet a tone of the most pious resignation, and now and then an outbreak of a proud conviction that God, in blinding his bodily eyes, had meant to enlarge and clear his inner vision, and make him one of the world's truest seers and prophets. The present Sonnet is one of the first of these confidences of Milton on the subject of his blindness. It may have been written any time between 1652 and 1655; but it follows the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre in Milton's own volume of 1673.

SONNET XX.: TO MR. LAWRENCE.

(Edition of 1673.)

This is an invitation to his friend, in some winter season, when walking out of doors was disagreeable, to a pleasant meeting now and then within doors, when they might enjoy a neat repast together, with talk and music. One naturally refers such a mood of cheerfulness to the time of Milton's life which preceded his blindness. Accordingly, it has been argued by some that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, and ought to be placed beside the Sonnet to Henry Lawes. In that case, however, the person addressed, "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son," cannot have been, as these words have

always suggested, a son of the well-known Henry Lawrence of St. Ives, from whom Cromwell rented his house and farm in that neighbourhood, and who, after having been member for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, became a staunch Oliverian, and was made President of Cromwell's Council (1654) and one of his House of Lords (1657). For there is a letter of this Henry Lawrence extant which proves that in the year 1646 his eldest son was then exactly thirteen years of age (Wood's *Athenæ*, IV. 64: Note by Bliss). Milton's invitation to a neat repast and wine cannot have been to a youngster like that. Hence, still on the supposition that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, some commentators have concluded that the person addressed was no other than Henry Lawrence himself, the future President, but then no more than M.P. for Westmoreland. They find that he was a person whose talents and principles would have made him a fit companion for Milton, that in 1646 he had published a book called "A Treatise of our Communion and Warre with Angells," and that he wrote other things afterwards. They find also that Milton, in his *Defensio Secunda* (1654), speaks of President Lawrence as one of the politicians of the time that were known to him either by friendship or by public reputation. "*Montacutum, Laurentium, summo ingenio ambos optimisque artibus expolitos*" ("Montagu and Lawrence, both men of the highest talent and accomplished in the best arts") are his words; where the Montagu associated with Lawrence is Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich. But, if the person addressed in the Sonnet was actually the Henry Lawrence who is remembered as the President of Oliver's Council, how are we to interpret the opening line, "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son"? The future President was forty-six years of age in 1646, and his father, Sir John Lawrence of St. Ives, had died when he was but a child (Feb. 1604-5). No recollection, and scarcely any tradition, of this long dead knight could have been in Milton's mind. In short, after all, the person addressed in the Sonnet is a son of the President, and the President is only "the virtuous father" of the Sonnet, and not its recipient. This is settled by Phillips in his *Life of Milton*; where, among the "particular friends" of Milton who visited him most frequently during the eight years, when he lived in his house in Petty France, Westminster (1652-1660), he mentions "Young Lawrence (the son of him that was President of Oliver's Council), to whom there is a Sonnet among the

rest in his printed Poems." This statement of Phillips has been overlooked by the commentators, or there would have been no question on the subject. He does not mention which of the sons of the President was the "Young Lawrence" so often at Milton's house; but, as the eldest son, Edward Lawrence, died in 1657, while Milton was still a tenant of the house in Petty France, it may be assumed that his visitor there was the second son, Henry Lawrence, who became heir in 1657, succeeded to the property on his father's death in 1664, and lived till 1679, or five years beyond Milton. This being concluded, however, or whichever son of the President is taken as "the Young Lawrence" addressed, it follows that the Sonnet cannot have been written so early as 1646; at which year, as we have seen, the future President's eldest son was only thirteen years of age. Nine years later that son was twenty-two years of age, and his brother Henry, the most probable recipient of the Sonnet, was a year or two younger. The Sonnet, then, we should say, was written in or about 1655, when Milton was in his condition of total blindness. And, though this may not at first seem consistent with the cheerful vein of the Sonnet, the explanation is easy. Phillips's account of his uncle's life gives us a glimpse of the household in Petty France which is not altogether one of gloom. Milton's first wife, indeed, had died there in May or June 1652, soon after he had taken possession of the house; and he had thus been left, just at the commencement of his blindness, a widower with three young daughters. But, even during the time of his widowhood, the house was enlivened by the little hospitalities that had to be shown to the numerous visitors that came to see him. Some of these were foreigners of distinction; others were Londoners of rank; but most assiduous of all were former pupils, and other enthusiastic young men, who accounted it a privilege to read to him, or act as his amanuenses, and to hear him talk. There was a group of such young admirers, and "young Lawrence" was one of them. Sometimes, as we are to fancy, he accompanied Milton in his walks, yielding him the tendance which a blind man required; and Milton's Sonnet is to be taken as a kindly message to the youth, in some season of bad weather, not to stop his visits on that account, but to let him have his company now and then within doors.

SONNET XXI. : TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

(Edition of 1673 ; and Copy of the last ten lines, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This Sonnet also, like the last, might appear, on a first reading, to belong to a time before Milton's blindness. For it is in the same hospitable vein, and invites to leisure and mirth. Moreover, the eighth line, "And what the Swede intend and what the French," might perhaps most naturally suggest a time before the Peace of Westphalia (1648), when French armies under Turenne and other generals, and Swedish and mixed armies under Wrangel and others, were fighting out the last dregs of that *Thirty Years' War* the Swedish part in which had been so striking at an earlier stage. Yet, as the Swedish activity in Europe did not end in 1648 any more than the French,—as, in fact, the wars of the Swedish King Charles X. (1654—1660) against Poland, Russia, and Denmark, were as loud matters of European rumour as the contemporary wars of the French King Louis XIV. against Spain in the Netherlands,—it would be an ignorant interpretation of the line that would make it necessarily throw back the Sonnet to the close of the *Thirty Years' War*. And the Sonnet itself, besides that it comes immediately after that to Mr. Lawrence in Milton's own volume of 1673, looks like an invitation in the same strain as that Sonnet, and written about the same time, but to a different person. There is a correspondence even between the compliment of pedigree which opens this Sonnet, "Cyriack, whose grandsire, etc.," and that which opens its predecessor, "Lawrence, of virtuous father, etc." All that we know, too, of Cyriack Skinner and his connexion with Milton confirms the notion that the two Sonnets were written about the same time, *i.e.* a year or two after Milton's total blindness had begun, and when he was living in his house in Petty France.

Phillips, in his list of the friends of Milton who visited him there, mentions, "above all, Mr. Cyriack Skinner": words which imply that Skinner was even a more frequent visitor than young Lawrence. There is even a probability that he had been one of Milton's pupils ; for Wood describes him (Ath. Oxon. III. 1119) as "a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to Jo : Milton,"

informing us farther that he became a leading member of Harrington's celebrated political debating club, called *The Rota*, which held its meetings in 1659 at "the Turk's Head in the New Palace Yard at Westminster." From the Sonnet itself we learn that, besides being thus interested in political speculations, or before being so interested, Skinner was an eager student of mathematical and physical science. Wood seems to have been wrong in calling him "a merchant's son of London"; for he is otherwise known as the third son of William Skinner, a Lincolnshire squire, who had married Bridget, second daughter of the famous lawyer and judge Sir Edward Coke. This explains the compliment of pedigree in the first line of the Sonnet. As this William Skinner died in 1627, Cyriack, his son, though described as "an ingenious young gentleman" in 1659, must have been considerably older than young Lawrence. There is extant a deed of conveyance, of the date May 7, 1660, by which Milton makes over to "Cyriack Skinner, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman," a Bond for £400 given to Milton by the Commissioners of Excise (Mr. Leigh Sotheby's "Milton Ramblings," p. 129). The transaction proves how intimate Milton was with Skinner; for it was on the eve of the Restoration, when property invested in Excise Bonds was not likely to be worth much to Milton or his representatives. The deed also disproves the idea that Cyriack Skinner was himself a merchant, an idea which has somehow been substituted for the tradition that he was a merchant's son.

But, if not a merchant, or a merchant's son, Cyriack Skinner had brothers, or other near relatives, in Daniel Skinner and Thomas Skinner, who are heard of as London merchants as early as 1651, carrying on business in Mark Lane. Nay more, a son of this Daniel Skinner, merchant of Mark Lane, himself named Daniel, became so very closely connected with Milton in the last years of his life that there has been much confusion, on that account, between him and (his uncle?) Cyriack. It may have been in or about 1673 that this Daniel Skinner, then a mere youth, who had been at Trinity College, Cambridge, and had in that year taken his B.A. degree, became, perhaps through Cyriack's recommendation, Milton's chief amanuensis. He was employed in making a fair transcript for the press of Milton's Latin Treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, which had been long in progress, and the rough copy of which, in the hands of various previous amanuenses, but especially of one, had at length been

finished. Skinner had transcribed a considerable portion, amounting to 196 pages out of the total of 735 of which the MS. consisted, and had gone through the rest, making corrections and inserting a piece here and there, when Milton died. By Milton's own arrangement, the MS. thus ready for the press, together with a transcript of all Milton's Latin State-Letters written by him for the Council of State, Cromwell, and Richard Cromwell, remained in young Skinner's hands, with a view to their publication. As the Letters of State, from their nature, could not safely then be published in England, Skinner, in 1675, entered into negotiations with Daniel Elzevir, the famous printer of Amsterdam. The MSS., both of the Letters and of the Treatise of Theology, were in Elzevir's hands, when (1676) a surreptitious edition of the former was printed by a London bookseller, into whose hands copies of the Letters had come. Annoyed by this, the English Government made inquiries about the papers that Milton had left; and it was ascertained that Daniel Skinner, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, had some such papers. He was communicated with; had a special interview with Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State; and was told that, if he proceeded farther in the business, he would get himself into trouble, hurt his prospects, etc. Letters on the subject also passed between Elzevir and Sir Joseph Williamson, and Elzevir engaged that he would have nothing more to do with the affair. Skinner went over to Amsterdam himself in 1676 to recover the MSS.; but, though he professed to be glad that they had not been printed, and had even offered to give them up to the English Government, his movements were so uncertain that Government had to give him a hint through the authorities of Trinity College. A Letter is extant from the celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow, then Master of Trinity, dated Feb. 13, 1676-7, addressed to Skinner, ordering his immediate return to College on pain of expulsion, and warning him against publishing any writing "mischievous to the Church or the State." This seems to have brought him back; for he took his M.A. degree in 1677, and in May 1678, he was promoted to a Senior Fellowship in the College. The price of his promotion, doubtless, was the surrender of the perilous MSS. At all events, they did come into Sir Joseph Williamson's hands, and were stowed away by him, with other lumber, in one of the presses of the State Paper Office, where they lay untouched and unheard of till the year 1823. In that year they were discovered by Mr. Robert

Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers, wrapped in the original sheet of brown paper, addressed "*Mr. Skinner, Merchant*," in which they had found their way back from Holland to the premises of young Skinner's father in Mark Lane. The discovery was hailed with interest; and in 1825 the long-lost treatise *De Doctrinâ Christianâ* was given to the world by the Rev. Charles R. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. The State Papers, having been already accessible in print since 1676, did not require fresh publication. The original MS. of the Treatise, partly in Daniel Skinner's hand, partly in other hands corrected by his, remains in the State Paper Office.*

It is worth mentioning that the leaf of the Cambridge Volume of Milton MSS. which contains ten lines of the present Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, and the whole of the following, is a leaf of quarto size, presenting every appearance of having been torn out of some other MS. volume, and that the paper is of the same quality and size as that used for a portion of the MS. of the Treatise of Christian Doctrine. That Treatise, it would thus appear, was in progress in the house in Petty France at the time of the composition of the present Sonnet.

SONNET XXII: SECOND SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

(First printed by Phillips, at the end of his *Life of Milton*, in 1694; but Copy, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS.)

This touching Sonnet, the MS. copy of which is on the same leaf as the copy of the last, but in a different hand, must have been written about the same time, or after only a little interval: almost certainly, however, in 1655. For it is another Sonnet on Milton's blindness, and purports to have been written on the third anniversary of the day from which he could date the completeness of that calamity; which day, as we have seen reason for believing (*ante*, p. 231), was about the middle of 1652. The fact that the Sonnet is addressed to Cyriack Skinner is a proof of the esteem which Milton felt for that friend. The tenor of the closing lines prevented its publication in 1673.

SONNET XXIII. : TO THE MEMORY OF HIS SECOND WIFE.

(Edition of 1673 ; and Copy, in the hand of an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS.)

After some years of widowerhood, Milton, still residing in Petty France, Westminster, had married, Nov. 12, 1656, at St. Mary Aldermanbury, London, his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. His wedded life with her, however, was doomed to be brief. She died in childbirth fifteen months after her marriage, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Feb. 10, 1657-8. The infant daughter she had borne survived but about a month. Thus, in his fiftieth year, Milton was left in second widowerhood, with his three young daughters by his first wife, the eldest not twelve years of age, partly depending on his charge, and partly expected to take charge of him. There can be no sadder picture than that of the blind, stern man, in 1658, led about in his vacant house, the poor children not understanding him, and half afraid of him.

Led about in that house, or seated by himself in one of its rooms, Milton thinks much of his dead wife, far more really a partner of his heart than the first wife had been, but remembers also that first wife, the mother of his children, and wonders what may become of these children, left now with neither mother nor substitute. From his despondency, as we know, he roused himself to resume that poem of *Paradise Lost* which he had schemed eighteen years before. But the sense of his loss recurs, and intrudes itself into his dreams. One night his dream is strangely happy. He sees his lately dead wife, not dead, but alive, and returned to him clad all in white like one of the saints, her face veiled, and stooping to embrace him. He wakes from his dream to find it but a dream, and his night brought back ; but he commemorates the dream in a Sonnet. The reader ought to notice the full significance of the words of the Sonnet. They imply that Milton had never actually beheld his second wife with his bodily eyes, having married her after he was blind, and with no acquaintance with her dating from before his blindness. Hence, though in his dream he *sees* her, it is as a radiant figure with a veiled face. He had not carried into sleep the recollection out of which the face could be

formed, and could only know that love, sweetness, and goodness must have dwelt in one who had that saint-like figure.

The handwriting of the copy of this, the last of Milton's Sonnets, in the Cambridge MSS., is a peculiar one, and has been identified. It is distinctly the handwriting of the amanuensis who wrote the greater part of that original MS. of the Treatise on Christian Doctrine which Daniel Skinner was afterwards employed partly to transcribe and partly to revise and correct, and which now lies in the State Paper Office. This amanuensis must have been much employed by Milton from 1658 onwards. Milton's signature to the deed of May 1660, already mentioned (p. 236), conveying an Excise Bond for £400 to Cyriack Skinner, is not an autograph signature, though in such a document, if in any, an autograph was to be expected. It is a vicarious signature, and is in the hand of this same amanuensis.

TRANSLATIONS.

"THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, *Lib. I.*, ENGLISHED."

(Edition of 1673.)

Such is the title in the Table of Contents prefixed to the volume of 1673; but the heading of the piece itself in the body of the volume is more elaborate, as follows: "The Fifth Ode of Horace, " Lib. I., *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*, rendered almost word " for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near " as the language will permit." Still farther to call attention to the exactness of the translation, there is printed, parallel with it, on the opposite page, the original Latin of Horace, with this heading: "AD PYRRHAM. Ode V. *Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.*" ("TO PYRRHA. Ode V. Horace had escaped from the allurements of Pyrrha, as by swimming from shipwreck, and he pronounces miserable those who are ensnared by love of her.") The particular Ode on the translation of which Milton bestowed so much pains is one on which many translators have since tried their hands; but it may be doubted whether any one of them has beaten Milton. His transla-

tion, if not quite word for word, is nearly so ; and the rhythm he has adopted, though not answering in the least to the proper scansion of the metre of the Ode, is meant to do duty to the English ear for the metre as ordinarily read by accent only, and does so all the better because of a certain strangeness, arising from the absence of rhyme and the retention of the Latin syntax. On the whole, however, the thing is a trifle. It must have been written after 1645, as it does not appear in the edition of that year.

“NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN ALL BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARACTER ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.”

(Edition of 1673.)

The Psalms grouped together under this heading are Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII. ; and the group is ushered in with the dating “*April 1648 : J. M.*,” showing at what time they were translated.

There can be no doubt, I think, that Milton was moved to his experiment by the interest which was then felt, both in England and Scotland, and had been felt for some years, in the project of a complete new Version of the Psalms, which should supersede, for public worship, the old English Version of Sternhold and Hopkins and others, first published complete in 1562, and the Version, partly the same, that had been in use in Scotland since 1565, and was known as Lekprevik's, from the name of the printer who had published it that year in Edinburgh. In spite of competing Versions of the Psalms, or of some of them, these had remained substantially the authorised Psalters in the two countries till the meeting of the Long Parliament. But, after the meeting of that body, and especially after the Westminster Assembly had been convoked to aid it in religious matters (July 1643), and the English and Scots had come to a kind of understanding that there should be a conformity between the two countries on the basis of a common Confession of Faith, common forms of worship, and common Church-government, a revision or renovation of the Psalter had been much discussed. It was one of those matters on which the Westminster Assembly were especially required to deliberate and report to the Parliament. Hence

a considerable activity in urging the claims of versions already made, either in print or in manuscript, by persons recently dead or still living. There was no chance, indeed, for the Version, purporting to be King James's, but mainly done, under his auspices, by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling, which had been published at Oxford in 1631, and which Charles, out of respect to his father, had tried hard to force upon Scotland. But George Withers, the Puritan poet, had published a Translation (1632); and, not to speak of other Versions, acknowledged or anonymous, there was one by no less public a person in England than the pious Francis Rous, member of the Long Parliament for Truro, and himself a lay-member of the Westminster Assembly (1st edit. 1641, 2d 1643); while in Scotland it was known that Versions had been made, or were being made, by Mr. Zachary Boyd, one of the ministers of Glasgow, and by Sir William Mure, knight, of Rowallan. On the whole, Rous's Version had most friends; and a revised edition of it, carefully made, was recommended by the Westminster Assembly to the Parliament (Nov. 1645). With this Version, by one of themselves, the Commons were well satisfied; and it was again printed in its revised form in 1646. But, as the Lords, or some of them, had taken up a rival Version, "close and proper to the Hebrew," by a Mr. William Barton, M.A. of Oxford (published in 1644), they were slow to acquiesce in the preference for Rous; and, notwithstanding much urging of the subject by the Commons, and also by the Assembly, it stood over unsettled,—Rous's Version generally accepted, indeed, by the English Puritans, and used by them as having had a kind of public sanction, but that sanction not so absolute but that English worship could remain at liberty in the matter of a Psalter, and could use Barton's or any other at hand, or wait for the advent of Tate and Brady (1696). In Scotland, however, there was a compensation for Rous. The recommendation of the Westminster Assembly had had weight with the General Assemblies of the Scottish Church and with the Scottish Parliament; and, after a fresh consideration of the subject by these bodies, and much revision and correction, in the course of which Mr. Zachary Boyd's native labours were again heard of, a Version based on Rous's was published in Edinburgh in 1650, as the one Version authorised by the General Assembly and by Parliament to be sung in congregations and in families. To this day the Version holds its place in Scotland; and, from long use, and its own simple

and deep, if rude, merits, a kind of sacredness is attached to it in the minds both of the clergy and of the people.

That Milton, in his experiment in April 1648, had some view to the controversy then going on as to the Psalter that should be used in England, and that he may even have thought that a better Psalter might be provided than either Rous's or Barton's, is rendered the likelier by the form which his experiment took. The measure he uses for all the Nine Psalms chosen is, like Rous's, the ordinary service-metre, of eights and sixes, which people were most accustomed to sing, and to which most Psalm tunes had been set; the only difference, in this respect, being that Milton rhymes the first and third lines, while Rous rhymes only the second and fourth. Again, Milton, in the heading prefixed to all the nine, claims the merit of having translated directly from the original Hebrew and of having kept close to that original. As these were points of consequence, he takes even the extreme precaution of printing in Italic letters whatever words or phrases had no counterpart in the original, but were required by the exigencies of the English verse or rhyme; and he puts occasionally in the margin the original Hebrew word, spelt in English letters, or some indication in English of the peculiar significance of some Hebrew word. With all Milton's pains, I must give it as my opinion that his Version of these Nine Psalms, as a whole, is much inferior to what we should have expected from him. It perhaps hardly comes up to Rous's, and it is decidedly inferior to the Scottish authorised Version founded on Rous's. Take the opening of Psalm LXXX. :—

MILTON'S VERSION.

Thou Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear *in time of need* ;
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings outspread ;
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.

In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,
 Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
 To save us *by thy might*.

THE ENGLISH POEMS

Turn us again ; *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

ROUS'S VERSION : ED. 1646.

Hear, Israel's Shepherd ! like a flock
 thou that dost Joseph guide ;
 Shine forth, O thou that dost between
 the cherubims abide.
 In Ephraim's and Benjamin's
 and in Manasseh's sight,
 Come in for our salvation ;
 do thou stir up thy might.
 Lord, turn us ; cause thy face to shine,
 and then full safe we are.

SCOTTISH AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Hear, Israel's Shepherd ! like a flock
 thou that dost Joseph guide ;
 Shine forth, O thou that dost between
 the cherubims abide.
 In Ephraim's and Benjamin's,
 and in Manasseh's sight,
 O come for our salvation ;
 stir up thy strength and might.
 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
 and upon us vouchsafe
 To make thy countenance to shine,
 and so we shall be safe.

Or take the beginning of Psalm LXXXIV. :—

MILTON'S VERSION.

How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
 O Lord of Hosts ! how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near !
 My soul doth long, and almost die,
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for Thee.
 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
 Hath found a place of *rest* ;

The swallow there, to lay her young,
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
 Even *by* thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

ROUS'S VERSION : ED. 1646.

How dear thy tents are, Lord of Hosts !
 My soul longs vehemently
 For God's courts ; for the living God
 my heart and flesh do cry.
 Sparrows an house, swallows a nest,
 found where they forth might bring
 Their young : thine altars, Lord of Hosts,
 O thou, my God, my King.

SCOTTISH AUTHORISED VERSION.

How lovely is thy dwelling-place,
 O Lord of Hosts, to me !
 The tabernacles of thy grace,
 how pleasant, Lord, they be !
 My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
 yea faints, thy courts to see ;
 My very heart and flesh cry out,
 O living God, for thee.

Behold, the sparrow findeth out
 an house wherein to rest ;
 The swallow also for herself
 hath purchased a nest :
 Even thine own altars, where she safe
 her young ones forth may bring,
 O thou Almighty Lord of Hosts,
 who art my God and King.¹

¹ For an interesting account of competing English Versions of the Psalms in the middle of the seventeenth century see Mr. David Laing's "Notices regarding the Metrical Versions of the Psalms received by the Church of Scotland," printed in the Appendix to his edition of Baillie's Letters and Journals (1842).

PSALMS I.—VIII. : DONE INTO VERSE.

(Edition of 1673.)

The former experiment of a close translation of Nine of the Psalms into ordinary Service metre had been made by Milton in April 1648, when he was living in High Holborn, not yet blind, and (Charles I. being still alive) not yet Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, nor with any prospect of being such. More than five years had elapsed since then, and Milton was living in Petty France, quite blind, and occupied with the duties of his Secretaryship, when something led him to recur to Psalm-translation. On a few successive days of August 1653 he dictated metrical versions of the first Eight of the Psalms. These versions, however, were done on a new principle. They did not profess to be close to the original, nor were they in the ordinary service-metre. On the contrary, very various metres were employed, some of them quite uncommon; and no two of the Eight Psalms were rendered in the same metre. Perhaps the main intention was to try the effect of such a freedom of metre. Little else, at all events, needs to be pointed out in connexion with this small exercise of Milton's. In his edition of 1673 he places it before his Versions of Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.; but the chronological order of the Translations ought to be observed now, rather than the numerical order of the Psalms translated.

SCRAPS OF TRANSLATED VERSE FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

It was Milton's laudable habit, and one rather unusual in his day, not to trouble the readers of his English pamphlets and other writings with quotations in Latin and Greek, but, where he did have occasion to quote a Latin or Greek author, either to give the English sense of the passage, or to annex the English sense to the quoted bit of Latin or Greek. So with Italian. Hence, when he wanted to quote a line or two from a Latin, Greek, or Italian poet, or a passage of Latin verse occurring in a prose author, he generally took the trouble to translate it offhand himself at the moment. In such cases blank verse came easiest, and all the scraps of the kind in his prose

writings are in blank verse. He did not think it worth while to collect these for either the first or the second edition of his Poems; but they have very properly been sought out and placed in later editions. In Pickering's Edition of Milton's whole Works in 1851, indeed, there was a blunder by excess in this direction. In that edition, besides the original Latin of Milton's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium*, there was published an English version of the same, done by a Mr. Washington of the Temple, and published in 1692. In this English version some scraps of Latin and Greek verse, occurring in the original, and among them a Latin Epigram on Salmasius by Milton himself, are translated into English rhymes. So far good: it was very proper for Mr. Washington to translate the scraps. But, unfortunately, these very scraps of English rhyme, done by Mr. Washington eighteen years after Milton was dead, are given as Milton's own among his English Poems in another volume of the same edition. The blunder must have arisen from the fact that the English version of the *Defensio* was given with no indication of its authorship, so that the compiler of the edition, going over Milton's English writings for his translated scraps of verse, included the translation of the *Defensio* among those writings. In the present edition only the scraps that came from Milton's own pen are retained. It will be sufficient introduction to each individually to put over it a reference to the place of the original passage and the title of the pamphlet or other writing of Milton where the translation occurs.

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE MINOR POEMS SEVERALLY

PART II THE LATIN POEMS

BOTH in the Edition of 1645 and in that of 1673 the Latin and Greek Poems come after the English in a little mass by themselves, separately paged, and with a distinct title-page and other prefatory matter. In the earlier edition they fill (the prefatory matter not counted) 77 pages, while the English Poems fill 120 pages: *i.e.* in that edition the bulk of the Latin and Greek portion is nearly two-thirds that of the English. In the later edition the proportion of the Latin and Greek is somewhat less, there being 84 pages of Latin and Greek Verse after 165 of English: *i.e.* the English is nearly twice as much as the Latin and Greek. This change of proportion is significant.

Although, long before Milton's birth, the vernacular had asserted itself in England, beyond all rivalry, as the true language for poetry and all popular literature, Latin retaining its ground chiefly for the purposes of scholarship and speculation and for writings meant for a European constituency, yet there lingered, to an extent which it is difficult now to account for, a habit of Latin metrical composition. Nay, not of Latin metrical composition merely, but of genuine poetry in Latin. Among University men, in particular, this was the case. Not only was Latin the language of learning and of all systematic discussion; not only did men recollect in Latin, reason in Latin, make wordy war in Latin, exerting their minds to the utmost, and expressing all the ordinary contents of their minds, whether massive or subtle, in the form of Latin prose: even for the play of phantasy, the lyrical utterance of feeling, and dramatic and

humorous construction, the use of Latin was kept up. It was not that each man who had the use of Latin wrote what could be called accurate Latin or classical Latin; it was that each had a certain mastery of a Latin which was, at all events, his own Latin, and in which he could be coequal to himself in English, if not (and there were cases of this) superior to himself in English. A certain grammatical accuracy was, of course, looked for, and classical purity of Latin was a merit; but it was remembered that the ideas that had to be expressed were not ideas coeval with Cicero or Livy; and hence a writer was not always restricted to the classical vocabulary or the classical form of sentence, but had the run of mediæval words and the terms of Christian Theology, and might elbow out a syntax to suit. In Bacon's Latin prose, for example, Bacon had as good a right to be Bacon as Cicero, in *his* prose, had had to be Cicero. The Latin writings of Bacon were not regarded, and are not now to be regarded, as artificial exercises in a dead tongue; they were simply Bacon himself thinking, reasoning, inventing, and sometimes jesting, in one of two languages that were equally obedient to him. And so with the Latin Poetry of many Englishmen of Bacon's time and the next, and of times yet earlier,—a body of Poetry which, if it were all collected, would surprise us now by its bulk and its variety. There were elegies in Latin, epigrams in Latin, dramas in Latin, epics in Latin. Some stricter attention to pure or classic Latinity was generally expected in those things; but it would be a mistake to suppose that they were all merely mechanical exercises in an outworn tongue. They will be found, some of them at least, as good things as the same writers did, or were capable of doing, in English. I should say that this expectation of coequality between the intrinsic worth of the Latin poetry of any educated Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the intrinsic worth of the same writer's English poetry, if he wrote any, is the proper rule in the examination of any specimens of the forgotten Anglo-Latin Poetry of that period. It may be falsified in individual cases of imperfect scholarship; but, as it is reasonable in itself,—for, given only the adequate custom of Latin, why should a man leave aught of his brain behind him on passing into that speech?—so it will hold good in the main. It holds good, at all events, with respect to Milton's Latin poems. Some of them, if not most, are as remarkable, as Miltonic, as the minor English poems. For one thing, they entitle Milton, even apart from his

Latin prose-pamphlets, to the credit of having been one of the most splendid of British Latinists. Even for accuracy and classical elegance he would take a high rank among the best of them, though in these respects he may not quite come up to Buchanan and some others. But, in the higher respect of what he could make Latin do, of the amount of mind he could bring into Latin, and wheel into every possible evolution of itself in that element, he was, among the Latinists of his own time, nearly unmatched. This, in fact, is but saying that, as *he* was Milton and others were not, he could be Milton in Latin, while others could only be themselves in Latin. A comparison of Milton's Latin poems with the Latin poems of the best of his academic contemporaries would, I believe, bring out the exact kind and amount of difference which might thus be presumed from our knowledge of him and of them otherwise. Milton's Latin poems, I repeat, are as Miltonic, as worthy of being read, as his earlier English. There is perhaps more of autobiographical matter in them; and this ought, in itself, to give them a special interest. But, merely as poetry, they ought still to be known. Milton is in them in every line,—the same grace, the same felicity, the same richness, the same moral seriousness. There are thunders in them too, things here and there that astonish, and take away the breath. The more the pity now that, by the custom of his time, he was led to lock up so much of himself in a language accessible even then but to a minority of his countrymen, and which was to be familiar to fewer and fewer as time went on. Still, those that read Ovid and Virgil, Horace and Lucretius, might do worse than look into Milton's Latin poems too. They are factitious Latin, it is true, the Latin of an Englishman of the seventeenth century, and written chiefly in his youth. But, as he was a greater man intrinsically than ever Ovid was, much as he admired that sweet and unfortunate Roman, there are things in his factitious Latin nobler than anything in Ovid's flowing vernacular.

• • What has to be specially observed, however, is that Milton more and more desisted from Latin verse as he advanced in life. It has already been noted (*ante*, pp. 83-84) that, about the year 1639-1640, when he was thirty-one years of age and had just returned from Italy, he came to a conclusion with himself upon this subject, resolving to take leave of Latin and to write the higher poems he was then contemplating in his own English. To this resolution he remained so

far true that, though Latin accompanied him to the end of his life, though for eleven years he had to use it officially in his Foreign Secretaryship to the Commonwealth and to Cromwell, and though in his pamphlets in the Salmasian controversy he made Latin his instrument in order that all Europe might attend to him, yet only one or two scraps of Latin verse were added after 1640 to the stock of his Latin pieces then already written. But more than this: even before 1639-1640 Latin had been giving way to English in Milton's estimation for the purposes of poetry. His last considerable exercises in Latin verse at that date were his *Ad Salsillum*, his *Mansus*, and his *Epitaphium Damonis*, all belonging to 1639. But, with these exceptions,—the two first easily accounted for, as they were written in Italy and addressed to Italians, but the last a really extraordinary exception, when we consider the deeply personal nature of the occasion,—everything considerable that Milton had written in Latin verse had been written at least seven years before, and belongs properly to the Cambridge period of his life. Now, if the reader will refer to the Memoir or to the chronology of the Minor Poems in the General Introduction, he will see that nearly all the Latin pieces of the Cambridge period were written in the undergraduate portion of that period, or before Jan. 1628-9, when Milton took his B.A. degree. Till then, though he had written an occasional piece in English, academic influences had been so strong as to detain him more in Latin; but from that date, on through the rest of his Cambridge career, and more decidedly at Horton, we find his muse favouring her native speech. Now this earliness of the majority of Milton's Latin poems, this priority of them in the main to their English associates, has to be remembered in reading them. Milton himself was careful that it should be remembered. He prefixed the dates, with some punctiliousness, to most of the Latin poems individually; and on the separate title-page to them in both his editions of the Minor Poems he described them as "*Joannis Miltoni, Londinensis, Poemata: quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit*" ("Poems of John Milton, of London: most of them written before he was twenty years of age"). Quite consistently with what has been said of the general merits of the pieces, we may find this caution useful. A certain juvenility may be perceived in some of them, and occasionally a conventionalism of opinion about men and things which he would have afterwards repudiated. For example, he would hardly, in later life, have spoken

of Bishop Andrewes with the same absolute respect as in his elegy *In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis* in 1626, nor of King James in such terms of conventional loyalty as are employed in the Gunpowder Plot poem, *In Quintum Novembris*, of the same year. In all times, however, even the strongest and freest minds must begin by being for a while undergraduate.

The Latin Poems were distinctly divided by Milton himself, in both editions, into two Books: an "ELEGIARUM LIBER," or "BOOK OF ELEGIES," and a "SYLVARUM LIBER," or "BOOK OF SYLVÆ." The word *Sylva* (literally "a wood") was the name given by the Latin authorcraft of the Empire, as we learn from Quintilian, to any rough thing written off at a heat; and hence the Miscellanies of many poets are printed in their works under the title of *Sylvæ*. The distinction made by Milton between his ELEGIÆ or ELEGIES and his SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES seems to have been one of metrical form merely, and not of matter. Among the ELEGIES he put all pieces, of whatever kind, and whether properly "elegiac" or not in the sense of "pensive" or "mournful," that were written in the elegiac metre, of alternate hexameters and pentameters, so much used by Tibullus, Propertius, and his favourite Ovid. Among the SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES, on the other hand, he put all pieces written in other kinds of verse, whether in hexameters only, or in such more complex Horatian measures as Alcaics and varied Iambics. Later editors, indeed, have taken the liberty of cutting off a few of the smaller pieces from the end of the Book of Elegies, and combining them with two or three scraps of Latin verse from the prose-pamphlets, so as to constitute a third brief Book, called EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER or BOOK OF EPIGRAMS. But, though the few pieces thus thrown together are of the nature of epigrams, and some of them like Martial's epigrams, the liberty seems unwarrantable. Milton made the distinction into ELEGIES and SYLVÆ suffice, and we must do the same. Keeping, therefore, that division, but observing, as far as possible, the chronological order of the pieces within each set, we proceed to introduce the Latin Poems severally.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA :

Ad Carolum Diodatum.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

The person addressed in this Elegy was Charles Diodati, the dearest and most intimate friend of Milton in his boyhood, and through his youth and early manhood, and for whose memory he entertained a singular affection in still later life, after he had lost him by death. This is not the only recognition of that interesting person in Milton's writings. Another of the Elegies is addressed to him; two of the Latin *Familiar Epistles* are addressed to him; he is Milton's confidant in the third of the Italian Sonnets; and he is the subject of the long Latin poem entitled *Epitaphium Damonis*. He will, therefore, be mentioned again, more than once, in the course of these Introductions. At present we shall trace what is known of him as far as to the date of this Elegy, *i.e.* to the year 1626.

The family of Diodati (pronounce it Diodàti) was Italian, belonging originally to Lucca, where there are historical mentions of it from Dante's time onwards. One of the members of the family, a Carolo Diodati, had migrated to France, for employment in a banking business at Lyons, but, having adopted Protestant opinions, had left France in 1572, the year of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and settled in Geneva, where there was already a little colony of Italian Protestant refugees. This Carolo Diodati, who was alive as late as 1625, had four sons and three daughters by his second wife, a Genevese Italian like himself. One of the sons, named Giovanni Diodati, born in 1576, became very eminent in Geneva, as a scholar and theologian, and as Professor of Hebrew and one of the ministers of that city. He was the author of various Calvinistic writings, much esteemed in their day by foreign Protestants and by the Puritans of England; he took a leading part in the famous Synod of Dort in 1618-19; and he would be yet remembered, if for nothing else, at all events for his Italian Version of the Scriptures, published in 1607, and known as "Diodati's Version." Altogether, this Giovanni (or Jean) Diodati was a divine

of so much European consequence, from his appointment at a very early age to the Hebrew Professorship at Geneva by Beza's recommendation, on to his death in 1649, that he has a place to this day in most English Biographical Dictionaries. It is not there noted that he was the uncle of Milton's bosom-friend. Such, however, was the fact. For one of his brothers, named Theodore Diodati, born at Geneva in 1574, and educated for the medical profession, had made England his home, and, having married an English lady of some means, had acquired a good practice and some celebrity as a physician. He is heard of (in Fuller's *Worthies: Middlesex*) as living, about the year 1609, near Brentford, in professional attendance on Prince Henry and the Princess Elizabeth, and as then performing an extraordinary cure, by immensely copious bloodletting, on one Tristram, a gardener; of which cure there is a description in a letter of his own, written long afterwards and printed at the end of Hakewill's *Apology*, in the edition of 1630. His more distinct career in the English medical world, however, may be dated from Jan. 1616-17, when he was admitted a Licentiate of the London College of Physicians, apparently on the faith of his having taken the regular degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden, Oct. 5, 1615 (Munk's *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, I. 160). From that time he seems to have resided in London, in the parish of Little St. Bartholomew, near Bartholomew's Hospital; which was certainly his place of residence at last. His practice was much among persons of rank, and took him sometimes into the country. I have seen a memorial of his in French in the State Paper Office, not dated, but probably of earlier date than 1624, applying to the King for the post of Physician to the Tower, and referring, for evidence of his fitness, to "Monsieur de Mayerne," the royal physician, afterwards Sir Theodore Mayerne. I have also ascertained that among his patients were Sir Robert Harley, K.B., afterwards member of the Long Parliament, and Sir Robert's wife, Lady Brilliana Harley, sister of Lord Conway, and that he occasionally visited the Harleys professionally at their seat of Brampton-Bryan in Herefordshire. Nay, in the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum, among memoranda of old physicians and medical practice, there is a document of sixteen pages, in a neat hand, containing copies of 173 favourite receipts or prescriptions of Dr. Theodore Diodati, some of them interesting as showing the extreme compositeness and whimsicality of the drugs of those days. Pre-

scribing these and other drugs, and much respected in his profession, Dr. Diodati, whose foreign name was corrupted by his less educated or more slovenly neighbours into Deodate, Dyodat, and what not, lived on to a good old age. He was buried Feb. 12, 1650-1, in the church of Little St. Bartholomew.¹

The family of this naturalised London physician, by his English wife, consisted of two sons, John and Charles, and a daughter named Philadelphia.² Milton knew all the family, but Charles was his especial friend. He was almost exactly of Milton's own age, or but a little older. He had been sent at a very early age to St. Paul's School, probably on account of its nearness to his father's house, and it was there that Milton had become acquainted with him. He was probably somewhat in advance of Milton in the classes, for he left school for Trinity College, Oxford, in Feb. 1621-2, three years before Milton left the same school for Cambridge. The separation was no interruption of their friendship. The young Oxonian and the young Cantab corresponded with each other; and in the University vacations they were much together in London, or in excursions in its neighbourhood. Probably because Diodati was destined for his father's profession of medicine, and was preparing for it, we do not hear much of his career at Oxford; but he was well liked in his college there, and there is a copy of Latin Alcaics by him in a volume of Oxford Verses put forth in 1624 on the death of the great scholar Camden. He seems, however, to have been fond of writing his letters in Greek; and two Greek letters of his to Milton have been strangely preserved, and are now in the British Museum. The first is headed *Θεόδωρος Μίλτωνι εὐφραίνεισθαι* ("Diodati to Milton, to cheer up"), and is in a very sprightly vein, as follows:—"The present condition of the weather appears to be too jealously disposed for what we agreed upon lately at parting, stormy and unsettled as it has been now for two whole days; but, for all that, so much do I long for your society that, in my longing, I

¹ Some of the facts in this paragraph are derived from an elaborate essay on the Diodati family and its pedigree by Professor Edward E. Salisbury, LL.D., read before the New Haven Colony Historical Society on the 28th of June 1875, and afterwards privately printed.

² This is a rectification of a former statement of mine as to the composition of the family, and is due to information supplied me in August 1874 by the late Colonel J. L. Chester.

"am dreaming, and all but prophesying, fine weather, and calm,
 "and all things golden, for to-morrow, that we may regale each
 "other with the discourses of philosophers and learned men.
 "Wherefore I resolved to write to you, for the purpose of inviting
 "you forth and putting courage into you, fearing that, in despair of
 "sunshine and enjoyment, at least for the moment, you might be
 "turning your mind to something else. Take courage, then, my
 "friend, and stand to what was arranged between us, and put on a
 "holiday frame of mind and one gayer than to-day deserves. For
 "to-morrow all will go well, and air, and sun, and stream, and trees
 "and birds, and earth, and men, will keep holiday with us, and laugh
 "with us, and, be it said without offence, dance with us. Only you be
 "ready, either to start when I call for you, or, without being called for,
 "to come to one who is longing for you. *Ἀπτομάτος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε βοήν
 ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος.* Farewell." The letter is not dated, but was
 evidently written in some vacation time when both the friends were
 in London: the long vacation of 1625 is as likely as any. On the
 10th of December in that year Diodati took his B.A. degree; and
 soon after that, though his connexion with Oxford was not at an end,
 he went into Cheshire, either on a visit of pleasure, or possibly on
 some business relating to his intended profession of medicine. It
 was from this part of England, apparently, and in the summer of
 1626, that he sent the second of his preserved Greek letters to
 Milton. It is headed *Θεόδοτος Μίλτωνι χαιρεῖν* ("Diodati to Milton
 greeting"), and runs as follows:—"I have no fault to find with my
 "present mode of life, except this alone, that I lack some kindred
 "spirit that can give and take with me in conversation. For such I
 "long; but all other enjoyments are abundant here in the country;
 "for what more is wanting when the days are long, the scenery
 "blooming beautifully with flowers, and waving and teeming with
 "leaves, on every branch a nightingale or goldfinch or other bird
 "glorying in its songs and warblings, most varied walks, a table
 "neither scant nor overloaded, and sleep undisturbed? If I had
 "a good companion, I mean an educated one, and initiated in the
 "mysteries, I should be happier than the King of the Persians.
 "But something is always wanting in human affairs, and there is
 "need of moderation. But thou, wonder that thou art, why dost
 "thou despise the gifts of nature? why dost thou persist inexcusably
 "in hanging all night and all day over books and literary exercises?

"Live, laugh, enjoy youth and the hours as they pass; and desist
 "from those researches of yours into the pursuits, and pleasures, and
 "indolences of the sages of old, yourself a martyr to overwork all
 "the while. I, in all things else your inferior, both think myself
 "and am superior to you in this, that I know a measure in my
 "labours. Farewell, and be merry, but not after the fashion of
 "Sardanapalus."

It is not solely because these letters throw light upon the character of Diodati and on his regard for Milton that they have been quoted here. It seems to me quite possible that in the second of these two missives we have that very letter of Diodati to which Milton's Latin Elegy now under consideration is an avowed reply. It is, at all events, a reply to *some* letter of Diodati's sent from near Chester, and which reached Milton in London. The interest of Milton's Elegy in reply is, to a large extent, autobiographical.

Milton writes that he is not so wholly given up to books and studies as Diodati supposes, but is having a pleasant time of it in London, happy among his books certainly, but with other enjoyments. Are there not the theatres, for example? And, earlier in the day, are there not the parks and public gardens, where one may walk, and see troops of beauties pass by,—London's choicest fair ones, beating the fairest of all other lands and of all other times,—with perhaps, in some group, one beauty so supremely ravishing that her form and her glance can never be forgotten? Most of the Elegy is in this strain; but there is one passage of particular autobiographic moment. It is that beginning line 9 and ending line 24. Milton is supposed to refer here (and the supposition seems inevitable) to a fact in his life of which there is other evidence: viz. a quarrel he had, in his undergraduateship, with the authorities of Christ's College, Cambridge, leading to his temporary retirement from the College, if not to his rustication. It is positively known that, while he was an undergraduate at Christ's, he had some disagreement with the tutor under whose charge he had been put at the time of his first admission, viz. William Chappell, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Cloyne and Ross; and it is farther known that, in consequence of this disagreement,—in the course of which Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge, the Master of the College, may have been called in, or may have interfered,—Milton was transferred from the tutorship of Chappell to that of another of the Fellows of the

College, viz. Nathaniel Tovey, afterwards parson of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. The probable date of the incident (which was magnified by Dr. Johnson, rather unnecessarily, on the faith of a mere MS. jotting of the old gossip, Aubrey, into the disagreeable and absurd myth of Milton's having been whipped at Cambridge) was the Lent or Easter term of Milton's second academic year, *i.e.* of the year 1625-6. The present Elegy was probably written during Milton's temporary absence from College that summer, whether voluntary or by rustication; and in the passage indicated he speaks of this absence (*exilium* is the word he uses) as not such a bad thing after all:—

“ Me for the present imagine here in the Thames-watered city,
 Tarrying, nothing loth, under my father's dear roof,
 Free for the time from the care of return to the Cam and its reed-beds,
 Where my forbidden cell causes me little regret.
My taste is not for bare fields denying all softness of umbrage ;
Little befits such a place Phœbus's worshipful sons.
 Neither suits it me always to bear the gruff threats of a Master,
 Other things also at which tempers like mine must rebel.
 If it be banishment this, to have gone to the house of my father,
 There at my ease to seek quiet amusement at will,
 Certainly neither the name nor the lot of an exile refuse I,
 Glad as I am to enjoy banishment circumstanced so.”

Nevertheless, as he tells us in the end of the Elegy, it *is* arranged that he shall return to Cambridge:—

“ Also 'tis fixed that I do return to the Cam and its sedge-swamps,
 There to be drawn again into the roar of the Schools.
 Meanwhile accept this trifle, the gift of my friendly affection,
 These few words of mine, coaxed into metres altern.”

Actually, as we know, he did return, to finish his undergraduate course under Tovey's tutorship. His temporary absence, we also know, counted for nothing against him; for he did not lose a term, but took his B.A. degree at exactly the proper time.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

"*On the death of the Cambridge University Bedel*" is the translation of the heading of this Elegy; and a few words will suffice to explain both the heading and the Elegy itself:—*Beadle* (otherwise *Bedel*) is the name for that officer of a Court, or other body, who delivers its messages, or cites persons to appear before it. The word, in old English, meant "a crier," from the word "bid" (to cry, or publish); and hence the Latin equivalent is "*Præco*" (herald or crier), though "*Viator*" (messenger) was an alternative name. Now, the English Universities have officers called *Esquire Bedels*, who carry the mace before the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor on public occasions, attend at other solemnities, collect fines, summon to meetings, etc. These Esquire Bedels, of whom there are three at Cambridge, have an inferior Bedel under them, who is called the Yeoman-Bedel. The Bedelship is a life-office, and the Senior Esquire Bedel is usually a venerable man of some note in the University, acquainted with its forms, and full of its anecdotes. Such a man seems to have been Richard Ridding, M.A., of St. John's, who was Senior Esquire Bedel when Milton went to Cambridge. Through two University sessions Milton had been familiar with his venerable figure; but about the beginning of Milton's third University session (1626-7) Ridding died. I have not ascertained the exact day, but the probate of his will is dated Nov. 8, 1626. The death of a University personage so conspicuous naturally gave occasion for versifying; and Milton's Elegy was one of the results. It ought to be noted that Milton's own dating of the Elegy "*Anno ætatis 17*" is either wrong by a year, or must be translated laxly as meaning "at seventeen years of age." Milton was close on the end of his eighteenth year, but could still call himself "seventeen years of age," when Ridding died.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

On the 21st of September 1626, just before the beginning of Milton's third academic year at Cambridge, there died, at Winchester House, Southwark, the learned and eloquent Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, at the age of seventy-one. Milton's ecclesiastical opinions in his later life led him to be rather critical in his estimate of this famous Bishop, and indeed of Bishops generally; but in his Cambridge undergraduateship his anti-prelatic feelings were less pronounced, and he willingly joined in the chorus of regret over the loss of one of the brightest intellects in the English Church. Moreover, Bishop Andrewes was a Cambridge man, educated at Pembroke Hall, and had been Master of that College before he had been made a Bishop. Cambridge was bound to celebrate him in Elegies. The reader of Milton's ought to note the historical allusions which it contains. The year of Bishop Andrewes's death had been one of great mortality by the Plague in England, and of the deaths of several men of note abroad. Here again (see *Introd. to Elegia Secunda*) we must translate the heading "*Anno ætatis 17*" as meaning not "in his seventeenth year," but "at seventeen years of age."

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium, præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

In this Elegy, written in 1627, or in Milton's third year at Cambridge, we are introduced to another interesting person with whom the poet had close personal relations: viz. Thomas Young, who had been his private preceptor in his childhood, but had now been for

some time in Hamburg, in the post of chaplain or minister to the English merchants of that city.

Thomas Young was a Scotchman. He was the son of a Mr. William Young, who is heard of as parson of Luncarty in Perthshire from 1582 to 1625, and latterly as clerk to the Presbytery of Perth. Born at Luncarty in or about 1588, this son of his was educated first at Perth Grammar School, and then at the University of St. Andrews, where he took his M.A. degree in 1606. Perhaps because the accession of James to the English throne in 1603 had opened up for many Scots prospects of a better livelihood in England than their own country afforded, Young had migrated thither while still a young man; and there are indistinct traces of him in the capacity of curate or assistant to Puritan parish-ministers in London and its neighbourhood before 1618. He seems, however, to have employed himself chiefly in teaching; and, in the course of that employment, it was his good fortune to happen upon one pupil who was to be immortal. It cannot be determined with certainty whether Milton had been boarded under Young's charge somewhere near London before he went to St. Paul's School, or whether Young had only been his first domestic preceptor, and had continued to be his private preceptor while he was at St. Paul's School, coming daily to his father's house in Bread Street, Cheapside, close to the School, and adding to the education which he was receiving from Mr. Alexander Gill, the headmaster of the School, and his son and assistant, Mr. Alexander Gill the younger. The latter, perhaps, is the more probable supposition. In that case, however, Young's tutorship of Milton did not extend over the whole period of his training under the two Gills. Milton, so far as is known, went to St. Paul's School in 1620, when he was eleven years of age, and he remained there till the winter or spring of 1624-5, when he left for Cambridge at the age of sixteen. But Young had left England for his chaplaincy to the English Merchants at Hamburg at least as early as 1622. He was then a married man, with children; and matters had not been so prosperous with him in England but that a foreign chaplaincy was acceptable. Many English and Scottish ministers, especially of Puritan opinions, were then scattered through the towns of Holland and adjacent countries, as pastors of the little congregations of British colonists there; and the chaplaincy of the wealthy German city of Hamburg may have been one of the best.

Milton, it appears, had cherished a warm recollection of Young in his exile, and occasional communications had passed between them. The first of Milton's Latin *Familiar Epistles* is addressed to Young (*Thomæ Junio, præceptori suo*). It is dated "London, March 26, 1625," and was written, therefore, after Milton had been admitted at Christ's College, Cambridge, but before his residence at Cambridge had fairly commenced. It is expressed in terms of the most ardent affection and gratitude, with apologies for having been remiss in his correspondence, and especially for having allowed three years to elapse since his last letter; and there is an acknowledgment also of the gift of a Hebrew Bible which Young had sent to him. Two years more had passed since that Epistle was written, and Milton had again been remiss. The present Elegy is his atonement. He takes shame to himself for his long silence, but assures Young that he never has been, and never can be, forgotten. The messages of affection and respect conveyed are quite enthusiastic, with a tone of tenderness in them which wins from the reader a real liking for Young, and a conviction that he must have been a man of no ordinary merit. It is distinctly intimated (lines 19—32) that Milton owed to Young his first literary impulses, his first lessons and tastes in classic literature and poetry. It seems also to be conveyed (lines 33—38) that Young's tutorship of him had lasted between two and three years. Why, the Elegy asks, had he been so infrequent in his messages of duty to one to whom he owed so much? Let the Elegy itself make his excuses at Hamburg. It will find the good and learned man there, kind as he always was, sitting beside his sweet wife, or dandling his children on his knee, or perhaps turning over large volumes of the Fathers, or reading God's own Bible. But what news is this that one is hearing from Hamburg? The great Continental war, known afterwards as *The Thirty Years' War*, was then in its second stage, when Christian IV. of Denmark was the leader of the Protestant Alliance against the Imperialists under Tilly and Wallenstein. Saxony, to which Hamburg was attached, was inextricably involved; and actually, while Milton wrote, the rumour was that the Imperialist soldiery were all round Hamburg and threatening it with siege. What might befall poor Young and his family? On this cause of alarm Milton dilates, not without a touch of anger at the stupidity and cold-heartedness of Britain, which had driven such a man as Young abroad for bare subsistence, to live

poorly and obscurely amid strangers, when he might have been a noted minister of the Gospel at home. But he bids Young take courage. God will protect him through all the dangers of war; nay more (and with this prediction the Elegy closes), better times are in store for him, and he will not remain much longer in exile:—

“Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.”

Milton's prediction was very speedily fulfilled. Not many months after Young had received the Elegy, he returned to England; and on the 27th of March 1628, being then about forty years of age, he was inducted into the united Vicarages of St. Peter and St. Mary in Stowmarket, Suffolk. The living was a good one, and he is said to have been indebted for it to the influence of a Mr. John Howe, of Stowmarket, one of a wealthy family of cloth-manufacturers. He had not been four months in his Vicarage at Stowmarket at the date of a second letter to him from Milton, preserved among the Latin *Familiar Epistles*. It is dated “Cambridge, July 21, 1628,” and shows that Milton and he must again have come together since his return to England. Young had invited Milton to come and see him at Stowmarket, and Milton accepts the invitation and promises to come soon. Accordingly, the tradition at Stowmarket to this day is that Milton was a frequent visitor to Young during his incumbency; and they point out, if not the room which he occupied in the vicarage, at least the old mulberry-tree in the garden which they will have it that he planted, and which one may grant that he may have seen.

Young's incumbency at Stowmarket lasted all the rest of his life. But he was destined to a wider celebrity than attached merely to that incumbency. As he was of strict Puritan principles, it is difficult to imagine how he continued to tide through the time of that Laudian supremacy in Church and State (1628—1640) during which Laud and his subordinate diocesans were so zealous in calling to account parish ministers of too Calvinistic doctrine, or too Puritanical in their dislike of vestments and ceremonies. Luck or prudence did carry him through, however; so that, at the close of Laud's supremacy, and the beginning of a new era for England with the Long Parliament (Nov. 1640), he was still Vicar of Stowmarket. During the two preceding years he had been sympathising with his

fellow-countrymen, the Scots, in their Covenant, and their struggles against Laud and Charles; and in 1639 he had published a treatise in Latin entitled *Dies Dominica*, and consisting of a defence of the Puritan idea of the Sabbath and its proper observance. He had published this treatise all but anonymously, signing himself, in the preface, only *Theophilus Philo-Kuriaces Loncardiensis*; which may be made out now to mean "Theophilus Church-Lover (or Lover of the Lord's Day), native of Luncarty," but which cannot have been very intelligible then. He was probably known as the author, however, and otherwise distinguished among the Puritan parish clergy; for, after the meeting of the Long Parliament, he is found coming decidedly to the front among the advocates of a radical Church Reform. In conjunction with four other parish ministers of noted Puritan principles,—viz. Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow,—he wrote the famous Smectymnuan Pamphlet, or Treatise by SMECTYMNUS (a grotesque fancy-name composed of the initials of the five writers), in reply to Bishop Joseph Hall's defences of Episcopacy and of the English Liturgy. Of this Smectymnuan treatise, which was published in 1641, and was the first loud manifesto of Anti-Episcopal opinions within the Church itself, Young, it is now known, was the principal author. As Hall replied, and the Smectymnuans replied again, the controversy prolonged itself through a series of pamphlets, all now regarded as belonging to the Smectymnuan set, and two of which ("*Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnus*," and "*An Apology against a Pamphlet called a Modest Confutation of the Animadversions*") were from Milton's own pen. He had been in Young's confidence from the beginning of the controversy, and had thought it right at last to plunge in personally to the rescue of Young and the other Smectymnuans.

It is doubtful whether the cordial intimacy between Milton and Young which this co-operation indicates lasted much beyond those years, 1641-42, when the Smectymnuan controversy raged. Milton's subsequent Divorce speculations, and his rupture with the Presbyterians, may have interfered with their intimacy, though not with their mutual regard. For Young was one of the divines of the Westminster Assembly, and went wholly with the great majority of that body in their aims towards the establishment in England of a strict Presbyterian system, like that of Scotland. By this time he

was so conspicuous a person that the Scots remembered he was their countryman, and would fain have induced him to return to Scotland by the offer of some suitable post. But England could outbid Scotland for him, and retained him to the end. In 1644, when the University of Cambridge was visited by Parliamentary authority, and refractory Heads of Houses and Fellows were turned out, and their places filled with new men, Young was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College, in place of the ultra-Royalist and Laudian Dr. Richard Sterne. On the 12th of April in that year he was incorporated in the University *ad eundem*,—i.e. in the same degree of M.A. which he had taken at St. Andrews nearly forty years before. On the 28th of February 1644-5 he preached a Fast-day Sermon before the House of Commons, which was published under the title of *Hope's Encouragement*. He lived for ten years longer, holding his Mastership of Jesus College in conjunction with his Vicarship of Stowmarket, and honoured as D.D. and otherwise. He died in 1655 at Stowmarket, at the age of about sixty-seven, and was there buried. A portrait of him, which was kept in the vicarage, is still extant; and a photograph from it, which I have seen, exhibits, through the blur of age that has come over the original, a really powerful, calm, and well-featured face.¹

ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno ætatis 20.

In Adventum Veris.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This Elegy is of a general poetic nature, and requires little introduction. It is dated by Milton "*Anno ætatis 20*"; which, according to his habit (see Introductions to *Elegia Secunda* and *Elegia Tertia*), has to be translated "At twenty years of age." The Elegy, therefore, may be referred to the early part of 1629, when Milton had just taken his B.A. degree at Cambridge. Bachelor-like, he exults in the arrival of Spring, hailing the glad season of

¹ Some of the particulars here given about Young are derived from a thin little volume printed at Edinburgh in 1870 by the late eminent Scottish antiquary David Laing, with the title *Biographical Notices of Thomas Young, S.T.D., Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk*.

Nature's renewal in a poem which may be described as a laborious Latin anticipation of the sentiment of Tennyson's lines :—

“ In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Diodatum, ruri commorantem.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

Of the above heading there is this extension in the original : “ *qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, Nunc habuit responsum.*” That is to say, the Elegy was an epistle sent by Milton to his friend Charles Diodati, in reply to a metrical letter from Diodati, dated the Ides of December, in which Diodati, then staying in the country, had asked Milton to excuse his verses if they were not so good as usual, on the ground that the friends among whom he was staying were treating him so hospitably that he had no leisure for careful composition. Though the exact day of Diodati's letter is here given, the year is not. It was, however, the year 1629. Diodati's letter was dated the 13th of December 1629, and Milton's Elegy in reply was written about Christmas in that year.

The life of Diodati, and the history of Milton's friendship with him, as far as to the year 1626, have been sketched in the Introduction to the *Elegia Prima*. Three years had elapsed since then, and the two friends had been pursuing their separate courses : Diodati with the medical profession in prospect, but retaining his connexion with Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in July 1628 ; and Milton persevering at Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in Jan. 1628-9. But their friendship was firm as ever, and they may have had meetings in the interval. One such meeting, of more than ordinary interest to both, may have been at Cambridge in July 1629 ; for I find that Diodati, though then an Oxford M.A. of but one year's standing, was incorporated *ad eundem* at Cambridge in the July Commencement of that year. So early an incorporation of an

Oxonian in the sister University was unusual, and I seem to see in the fact an arrangement between the two friends.

The heading of the Elegy tells the rest. The sprightly, quick-witted half-Italian had gone again into the country, either to the neighbourhood of Chester, as on the occasion of the First Elegy, or to some other part of England. There, in some pleasant country-mansion, and among pleasant and hospitable friends, he is having a delightful winter holiday. It is but the 13th of December; but they are making Christmas of it already,—good cheer, blazing fires, wine, music, dancing, games of forfeits, etc. So Diodati informs Milton, pleading these festivities in excuse for neglect of Poetry. The reply is very characteristic. After messages of affection, Milton playfully objects to Diodati's excuse, and maintains that festivity and poetry, Bacchus and Song, Venus and Song, are naturally kin and always have gone together. Suddenly, however, in this vein, he checks himself. What he has said is true, he explains, only of certain kinds of poetry, and certain orders of poets. For the greatest poetry there must be a different regimen. For those who would speak of high matters, for those whose poetry would rise to the prophetic strain, not wine and conviviality were fitted, but spare Pythagorean diet, a life even ascetic in its abstinence, and scrupulously pure. This is an eminently Miltonic idea, perhaps pre-eminently *the* Miltonic idea; and it occurs again and again in Milton's writings. Nowhere, however, is it more finely expressed than in the passage in this Elegy beginning "*At qui bella refert*" and ending "*augur iture Deos*" (lines 55—66). Here is their meaning, in translation:—

"Ay, but whoso will tell of wars and the world at its grandest,
 Heroes of pious worth, Æmigid leaders of men,
 Singing now of the holy decrees of the great gods above us,
 Now of the realms deep down, guarded by bark of the dog,
 Sparely let such an one still, in the way of the Samian master,
 Live, and let homely herbs furnish his simple repast;
 Near him, in beechen bowl, be only the crystal-clear water;
 Sober draughts let him drink, fetched from the innocent spring;
 Added to this be a youth of conduct chaste and reproachless,
 Morals rigidly strict, hands without sign of a stain:
 All as when thou, white-robed, and lustrous with waters of cleansing,
 Risest, augur, erect, fronting the frown of the gods."

These twelve lines are about the noblest in Milton's Latin Poems, and deserve to be learnt by heart with reference to himself. They

give a value to the whole Elegy. The lines that follow them, however (79—90), have also a peculiar interest. They inform us that, at the very time when Milton was writing this elegy to Diodati, he was engaged on his English ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." He had begun it, he says, on Christmas-day, and he promises to show it to Diodati. As the Ode, in its place among the English Poems in Milton's First Edition, is dated "1629," this fixes the date of the Elegy.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This Elegy, which is the last of any length in the Book of Elegies, and the last to which Milton attached a number, is out of its proper chronological place. "*Anno ætatis undevigesimo*" ("in his nineteenth year") is the dating; and, as Milton here uses the numeral adjective, and not, as in other cases, the Arabic figures for the number, it is perhaps to be understood exactly,—*i.e.* as implying that the Elegy was written between Dec. 9, 1626, and Dec. 9, 1627. Possibly, however, even with the use of the numeral adjective, Milton gives himself the benefit of a year, and means "at nineteen years of age," or between Dec. 9, 1627, and Dec. 9, 1628. In either case the precise month is fixed by the Elegy itself as May. The date therefore is either May 1627 or May 1628. Either way the Elegy ought to have come before the two that precede it in the present arrangement. A reason, however, may be detected for its being placed last in the series of the numbered pieces.

The Elegy is more decidedly and thoroughly a love-poem than any of the others. In the First Elegy, *Ad Carolum Diodatum*, there is a gallant mention of the London beauties to be seen in the parks and public gardens; and in a part of the Fifth, *In Adventum Veris*, there is a poetical recognition of Cupid's activity as one of the phenomena of Spring. But the present Elegy is a love-confession throughout, and quite precise and personal. In reading it we are reminded of the myth which tells how, as young Milton one day lay asleep under a tree, a foreign lady passing the spot was so struck with his beauty that she wrote some Italian lines in pencil and placed them in his

hand, the perusal of which, when he awoke, begot in him such a passion for the fair unknown that he sought her afterwards through the world as his Lost Paradise. Not that the Elegy gives any authenticity to this myth : a sheer myth on the face of it, and which, in fact, does not belong to Milton's life alone, but adorns the lives of other poets. But the Elegy tells a story of a casual encounter with a lovely fair one which did actually befall Milton, not while he was asleep, but when he was wide awake, and not in a wood, but in some public place in London. It was May time, we are told, and Cupid had sworn to be revenged on Milton for his contempt of love and his boasts of being heart-whole. Fifty lines are taken up in telling this and describing the little love-god and his threats. Then, at line 51, the real story begins. Forgetting all about the love-god, he takes his walks, as usual, now in those parts of the town where the citizens promenade (*qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites* is the phrase, and the last word seems to imply London, rather than Cambridge), and now in the neighbouring country, with its hamlets and villas. He observes, in the streets more especially, the crowd of beauties, perfect goddesses, that pass and repass. He indulges in the sight, as often before, pleased, but little thinking what was to come of it this time. For alas ! one fair one, supereminent among all, caught his glance, and gave him a fatal wound. It was but the sight of a moment, for she was gone, never again to be seen by him on earth ; but her face and her form were to remain with him, a vision for ever. No longer now is he heart-whole, for he goes about sweetly miserable. Cupid has had his revenge, and he acknowledges now that little god's power. Oh, if ever he and such a fair one shall meet again, may one arrow transfix both their hearts !

A peculiar circumstance about this Elegy is that it is followed by a Postscript. For the ten lines, beginning "*Hæc ego*" and ending "*ipsa Venus,*" which I have caused to be printed in italics in the present edition, are not, as might be supposed, an epilogue to the whole series of Seven Elegies preceding them. This might be supposed, at first sight, from the fact that in Milton's own editions there is a black line or score across the page, separating the ten lines in question from the end of the Seventh Elegy ; and the supposition is almost forced on the reader by the practice of most modern editors. They not only retain the score, but they detach into a separate Book, under the name of *Epigrams*, the few short pieces of an epigram-

matic kind which followed the ten lines in Milton's editions as still belonging to the *Elegiarum Liber*. This makes the *Elegiarum Liber* consist of the seven numbered Elegies, and causes the ten unheaded lines at the end of the Seventh to come at the close of the Book and seem like a winding-up of the whole. But, as we have said (*ante*, p. 252), though Milton gives prominence to the first seven pieces of the Book of Elegies by numbering them, he does not, in his own editions, end the Book with the Seventh Elegy. He adds the scraps of Epigram in elegiac verse, and only at the end of these scraps does he finish the Book by appending the words "*Elegiarum Finis*." This diminishes the probability that the Ten Lines are meant as an Epilogue to the whole series of the numbered Elegies, and makes it likelier that they are a Postscript only to the Seventh Elegy, the last of the numbered ones. And the meaning of the lines themselves turns the likelihood, I think, into a certainty. Let us translate them rather literally. "Such vain trophies of my idleness did I long ago set up in silly mood and with careless pains. It was at a time, be sure, when unfortunate error held me in its whirl, and my indocile age was a bad mistress, until the shady Academy [by "*Academia*" Milton here means not the University, but Plato's philosophy] opened its Socratic streams to me, and untaught the yoke to which I had submitted. From that time forward, flames having been extinguished in us, our breast is stiff with accumulated ice; whence the Boy himself fears freezing for his arrows, and Venus herself dreads our Diomedean force." Now, in no mood of sternness in later life could this conclusion be applicable to all the seven numbered Elegies, or to most of them. There were some of them of which, juvenile though they were, he could still approve in his manhood. But, in 1645, when he looked over those pieces before giving them to the printer for Moseley's volume, that love-confession of the Seventh Elegy delayed him. He thought it maudlin: perhaps he remembered the exact incident and its circumstances with half a blush. Ought he to print the thing? His hesitation to do so accounts perhaps for its coming out of its proper chronological place; but at last he lets it go, only adding the Postscript of recantation. That Postscript, therefore, has to be dated 1645, or eighteen years after the Elegy to which it is attached. Yet, though attached specially to that Elegy, it separates conveniently the seven numbered Elegies from the scraps of Epigram that follow in the same Book.

EPIGRAMS.

"IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM and IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ" (editions of 1645 and 1673).—The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot seems to have been a regular occasion for versifying in Schools and Colleges. Among the *Sylvæ* there is a long poem in Hexameters by Milton on this subject, entitled *In Quintum Novembris*; and the four little pieces on the same subject among the Elegies may have been Milton's easier tributes to University custom on some one, or on several, of the Fifts of November of his Cambridge undergraduateship. They express rather wittily the popular Protestant horror at Guy Fawkes and his attempt. The fifth piece, not on the Gunpowder Treason, but on the Inventor of Gunpowder, is but a variation of the general theme; and the five together may be called THE GUNPOWDER GROUP.

"AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM" (editions of 1645 and 1673).—These three pieces must have been written at Rome in one or other of Milton's two terms of residence in that city during his Italian tour. His first visit, in October and November 1638, is the more likely time. An incident of that visit, recorded by Milton himself in one of his Familiar Epistles (*Lucae Holstenio, Romæ, in Vaticano*), was his presence at a magnificent musical entertainment given by Cardinal Francesco Barberini in his palace. All the *élite* of Rome were present at this concert; but the courteous cardinal, receiving the crowding guests at the doors, had singled out the English stranger, and welcomed him with special attention. To Milton, with his love of music, this concert may have been an unusual pleasure, especially if it was there that he heard the singer Leonora to whom the present pieces are addressed. There or elsewhere in Rome he did hear that paragon of voices. For, throughout the world, or at all events the musical and Italian world, there was no singer then so renowned as Leonora Baroni. There is an article on her in Bayle's Dictionary, the substance of which, apart from minutæ information in the notes, runs thus: "BARONI, "LEONORA, an Italian lady, one of the finest voices of the world, "flourished in the seventeenth century. She was the daughter of

"the beautiful ADRIANA, a Mantuan, and was so admired that an infinity of *beaux esprits* made verses in her praise. There is a volume of excellent pieces, in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, printed at Rome under the title of '*Applausi Poetici alle glorie della Signora Leonora Baroni.*'" I have tried, in vain, to see this volume mentioned by Bayle, thinking it possible that Milton's three pieces in Leonora's praise may have been included in it. But, indeed, there are scattered testimonies to her divine singing in various books of her time, and Milton's pieces may not be in the volume of *Applausi*. Certainly she had no greater admirer than he, and his praises of her are thoroughly in earnest. One notices a tone of respect in them too, which accords with all that we otherwise know of Leonora. She went about usually with her mother, the beautiful Adriana Baroni, and a sister called Katarina. All three were accomplished in other things than music; Leonora, though the matchless singer, was not so handsome as her mother had been; sometimes she accompanied herself, but more frequently her mother accompanied her, on the lute or theorbo, and sometimes her sister on the harp. Though Bayle makes the family Mantuan, it was originally Neapolitan, and had migrated from Naples to Mantua. From 1637 onwards, however, Rome was the head-quarters of the fascinating three.

"APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO" (edition of 1673).—There is nothing to date this Apologue, except that its non-appearance in the edition of 1645 suggests that it was written after that year. Indeed there is a touch of political significance in it, belonging to a time when Milton's thoughts had become steeped in politics.

DE MORO.—So we may entitle the lampoon on Milton's antagonist *Morus*, or Alexander More, which appeared in Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* (1654), and was reproduced in his *Pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum* (1655). More was a Frenchman, of Scottish parentage, born in 1616, who, after a varied career of celebrity as a Protestant preacher and Professor of Greek and of Theology in various parts of the Continent,—at Geneva, in Holland, and again in France,—died in Paris in 1670, four years before Milton. His collision with Milton dates from the year 1652, when he caused to be printed, at the Hague, a treatise against the

1. English Commonwealth entitled "*Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). In this treatise Milton was attacked for his Defences of the Regicide; and, though it was anonymous, and was really not by More, but by Peter du Moulin the younger, Milton made More responsible. In his *Defensio Secunda* and in his *Pro se Defensio* he dragged More through a ditch of invective, and published all sorts of scandals against More's private character, which had come to him from correspondents in Geneva and elsewhere. The distich under notice is one of these unsavoury scandals, embalmed in a Latin pun on More's name. Though twice used by Milton, however, it is all but certainly not his own. It seems to have been concocted originally in Holland by some Dutch wit. At all events, it first appeared in England in the *Mercurius Politicus* of Sept. 30, 1652, as from a Dutch correspondent, twenty months before the publication of Milton's *Defensio Secunda*; and Milton, when he quotes it there, speaks of the anonymous author as certainly a clever fellow, whoever he was.

AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.—
 The lines printed with this title in most modern editions of Milton's Poems are supposed to have been written for Cromwell in 1654, the first year of his Protectorate, to accompany a portrait of himself which he then sent to Christina, Queen of Sweden. Being in elegiac verse, they have their proper place here in the *Elegiarum Liber*, if they are Milton's. But are they Milton's? The matter requires a little discussion.

Queen Christina of Sweden is one of the most erratic figures of the Europe of the seventeenth century. The daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, and born December 8, 1626, she succeeded to the Swedish throne on that hero's death in 1632, when she was but six years of age. Her education, begun by her father on the principle of training her up to be an Amazon, fit to act a man's part in war and politics, was continued during her minority on the same principle, under the care of Chancellor Oxenstiern and his associates in the Regency. Europe heard of the young Swedish Queen as a prodigy, learned in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and various modern languages, accustomed to warlike exercises and reviewing troops on horseback, deep also in statecraft, and with an undisguised scorn for the pursuits,

the society, and even the dress, of her own sex. At length, in 1644, when she was eighteen years of age, she assumed the active government of Sweden. She finished a war with Denmark, and took part in the negotiations which closed the *The Thirty Years' War* in the Peace of Westphalia (1648). By the terms of this Peace, Sweden received an accession of territory, and retained in Europe something of that political importance which had been won for her by the wars of Gustavus. At the head of this kingdom, and refusing all offers of marriage, Christina was for some years a wonder and a puzzle to all neighbouring states. Her passion, when peace had succeeded war, was for patronising artists, philosophers, and men of letters, and attracting to her Court celebrities from all parts of Europe. Germans and Frenchmen, famous for this or that, were found at her Court, quarrelling with each other and intriguing for her favour. The great French scholar, Salmasius, or Claude de Saumaise, was one of these visitors to Christina, drawn to Sweden, by her special invitation, in 1650, just after the publication of his *Defensio Regia pro Carolo*, or Defence of Charles I. and Attack on the English Commonwealth. But Milton's triumphant reply to this treatise in his *Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano* (1651) followed Salmasius into Sweden, and is said to have been read by Christina with such liking and conviction that Salmasius was thrown into discredit, and departed from her Court in 1651, quite crestfallen. Certain it is that from that year onwards there was a show of cordial relations between Sweden and the English Commonwealth. Thus, among the Latin Letters of State written by Milton in the name of the English Parliament, there is one, of date March 1651, addressed "To the Most Serene Christina, Queen of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals," acknowledging an embassy from her, and reciprocating her desire "that the ancient peace, traffic, and commerce between the English and the Swedes may prove lasting and every day increase." This friendliness continued into Cromwell's Protectorate; one of the incidents of which was the conclusion of an embassy on which Bulstrode Whitlocke had been despatched into Sweden in November 1653. The embassy, conducted skilfully by Whitlocke, resulted in a formal Treaty between England and Sweden in May 1654. The Treaty was really between Cromwell and Christina; for, though Cromwell had not been named Protector when Whitlocke left England on his embassy, the Protectorate was arranged before Whitlocke had well begun his negotiations

in Sweden, and Whitlocke's new credentials for the business were in the name of "Oliverius, P." Whitlocke's *Journal* of his Swedish embassy (published in two vols. in 1855) gives interesting accounts of Christina and her Court, and of her conversations with himself. She inquired much about Cromwell, and about other Englishmen of eminence. Once, when "Whitlocke asked her if she had seen a book lately written in Latin by one Milton, an Englishman, and how she liked his style," she "highly commended the matter of part of it, and the language." The book mentioned was, doubtless, the *Defensio Prima*, which had so turned the tables against Salmasius.

It was while Whitlocke's Treaty between Oliver and Christina was being settled that there appeared Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* (published May 1654). There is in that pamphlet an extraordinary passage of eulogy on Queen Christina; which, though it purports to be an expression of Milton's own gratitude to her for her recognition of the worth of his previous pleading for the English Commonwealth, may very well at the same time have been a politic insertion by Milton in his public character as Latin Secretary to Cromwell. The passage is long, and in a strain of extravagant, and even outrageous, hyperbole. It begins with a statement of the fact that Christina had read the *Defensio Prima*, approved of it, and by means of it seen through the glitter of Salmasius and changed her mind respecting that famous man's merits; it dwells particularly on a report, which had reached Milton, that Christina had declared that Milton's pamphlet was not an attack on true Sovereigns, like herself, but only on Tyrants; and it ends thus: "I would speak of you as
 "the daughter of Adolphus, sole offspring of an unconquered and
 "famous king, did you not, Christina, outshine him as much as
 "wisdom excels force, and the studies of peace the arts of war.
 "Henceforward surely the Queen of the South will not alone be
 "celebrated: the North also has now her Queen, and one worthy,
 "not merely to go forth to hear that wisest King of the Jews, or
 "whoever shall ever be like him, but to be resorted to from all
 "quarters by others, as an illustrious exemplar of regal virtues,
 "and a Heroine for all eyes; the whole concourse confessing that
 "nowhere on earth is there a temple good enough for the praises
 "and deserts of one in whom they discern this as the least thing in
 "her, that she is a Queen and Monarch of so many nations. Not

"the least, however, this,—that she also herself feels this to be the
 "least of her honours, and considers that to be far greater and more
 "sublime than reigning: on this very account deserving preference
 "over numberless kings. She may, then, if such a calamity is
 "reserved for the Swedish nation, abdicate her kingdom, but the
 "Queen she can never lay aside, having proved herself worthy of
 "the empire not of Sweden only but of the whole world."

It must have been while Milton was writing this amazing eulogy, and while Whitlocke's embassy was in progress, that Cromwell's gift of a portrait of himself was sent to Christina. Accompanying the portrait, we are to suppose, were the eight lines of Latin verse now under discussion. They are written in Cromwell's name. "War-
 "powerful Virgin, Christina, Queen of the North, bright star of the
 "Arctic pole, you see what a furrowed and wrinkled countenance I
 "have under my helmet, and altogether what a rugged veteran in
 "arms I look. That is a consequence of the hard life I have
 "led, executing the orders of the English people; but I pay my
 "obeisances to you, Madam, with all respect, and you must not
 "suppose that this visage of mine is always grim to crowned heads." Such, freely translated, is the meaning of the lines; and whoever wrote them had a good notion of what was wanted, and did the thing for Cromwell neatly. But was it Milton?

Milton was then Latin Secretary to Cromwell, and on the very spot for any such bit of Latin verse that Cromwell might require. He was also, as we have seen, at that very moment, so much interested in Christina that the composition of a few lines to be sent to her in Cromwell's name would have been a pleasure to him rather than a trouble. Farther, as far as internal evidence goes, the lines *might* be Milton's. But, on the other hand, there is the fact that the lines, with only verbal modifications, appeared as Andrew Marvell's in the edition of Marvell's *Miscellaneous Poems* published at London in 1681, or three years after Marvell's death, and there declared by Marvell's wife "to be printed according to the exact copies of my late dear husband under his own handwriting." On the faith of this fact the lines have been retained as Marvell's in subsequent editions of his works, including the edition by Captain Edward Thompson, in three vols. quarto, in 1776. Nor would there have been any reason for questioning Marvell's property in the lines, as thus affirmed, but for a passage in Toland's memoir of Milton

prefixed to the Amsterdam edition of Milton's Prose Works in 1698. Speaking there of the numerous persons of note, foreign and English, who used to visit Milton in the house in Petty France, Westminster, where he lived for the eight years immediately preceding the Restoration (1652—1660), Toland adds: "Andrew Marvell, who by "his parts and probity made himself so much known since that time "in England, used to frequent him the oftenest of anybody; and "whether it was he or Milton (for both are named for it) that made "the verses sent with Cromwell's picture to the Queen of Sweden I "am uncertain; but, whoever the author was, they deserve a room "in this place." Toland then goes on to quote the Latin lines, appending an English-metrical version; and it is the text of the lines so given in Toland's memoir that has been transferred into the editions of Milton's Poems.

The passage in Toland's memoir certainly shows that, as early as 1698, notwithstanding the insertion of the lines as Marvell's in the edition of Marvell's *Miscellaneous Poems* seventeen years before, there was a doubt whether they were not really Milton's. Is it right now to be more sure on the point than Toland then felt himself entitled to be, and to claim the authorship for Milton positively?

Newton, Dunster, Todd, and others, declare in favour of Milton's claim; Warton, on the other hand, thinks the lines may be fairly assigned to Marvell. On the whole, I am inclined to agree with Warton, for these reasons:—(1) So far as we know, the doubt, as to the authorship which existed as early as 1698 was founded only on that argument from external probability which is still relied on in Milton's favour. The writing of such a scrap, it was fancied then as now, belonged almost officially to the duties of the Latin Secretaryship to Cromwell; but, in 1654, when the lines were written, Milton was still Latin Secretary, and Marvell was not appointed to be his assistant in the Secretaryship till 1657. This argument, however, is not so strong as it looks. Although Marvell was not associated with Milton in the Secretaryship till 1657, there is proof that he was hanging on about Milton's office with hopes of some such appointment as early as 1653. The proof is in the interesting form of a letter of Milton's (not in his own hand, but dictated by him) of date Feb. 21, 1652-3, addressed to President Bradshaw. "There will be "with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business," Milton there writes to Bradshaw, "a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvell:

" a man, both by report and the converse I have had with him, of
 " singular desert for the State to make use of; who also offers him-
 " self, if there be any employment for him. His father was the
 " minister of Hull, and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland,
 " France, Italy, and Spain, to very good purpose, as I believe, and
 " the gaining of those four languages: besides, he is a scholar and
 " well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and, no doubt, of an
 " approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house
 " of the Lord Fairfax, who was General, where he was intrusted to
 " give some instructions in the languages to the lady his daughter.
 " If, upon the death of Mr. Weckerlyn, the Council shall think that
 " I shall need any assistant in the performancē of my place (though,
 " for my part, I find no encumbrance of that which belongs to me,
 " except it be in point of attendance at conferences with ambassadors,
 " which I, must confess in my condition I am not fit for), it would
 " be hard, for them to find a man so fit every way for that purpose
 " as this gentleman." Although this letter of Milton's took no
 immediate effect, and it was not Marvell but another person that was
 employed to help him in his duties for the next three years, it yet
 exhibits Marvell as quite at hand in 1654 for any such voluntary
 specimen of his Latinity as the lines in Cromwell's name to Christina.
 Milton, anxious to have him for his assistant, would even be likely
 to throw such a little opportunity in his way. (2) If the lines were
 Milton's, how could they have been published so authoritatively as
 Marvell's in his *Miscellaneous Poems* three years after his death? It
 would be necessary to suppose that Marvell, in the course of his
 growing intimacy with Milton, obtained from him a copy of the lines,
 and transcribed them in his own hand, and that this transcript,
 bearing no indication of being a mere transcript, when it was found
 among Marvell's papers, was assumed to be an original of his. But
 this, in the face of the fact that there is no proof of any such thing
 having come down among Milton's papers, is a very forced supposi-
 tion. True, there are some verbal differences between the copy of
 the lines in Marvell's *Poems* and the copy cited by Toland and
 appropriated as Milton's; and so we may fancy that Toland cited
 a copy which was floating about, and was not taken directly from
 Marvell's printed volume. But may not such a copy have been but
 a derivation from Marvell's original, either before or after its appear-
 ance in print in 1681, and may not a copy so floating about without

Marvell's name have been ascribed laxly to Milton? (3) The form in which the lines appear in Marvell's Poems, and their accompaniments there, make them almost certainly Marvell's. For they do not appear there as a detached and solitary scrap, but in a little group of Latin pieces, all in the same elegiac verse, connected both by time and by meaning. See Marvell's works, edit. 1776, vol. III. pp. 417—422. First comes a long piece of elegiacs, headed "*Doctori Ingelo, cum Domino Whitlocke ad Reginam Sueciæ legato a Protectore residenti, Epistola*": i.e. "Epistle to Dr. Ingeloe, residing with Lord Whitlocke, ambassador from the Protector to the Queen of Sweden." Ingeloe, who was, in fact, one of Whitlocke's chaplains through his embassy, appears to have been a personal friend of Marvell's; and the poem opens with kind inquiries how his delicate friend is faring in the cold Swedish climate.

" Quid facis, arctoi charissime transfuga coeli,
Ingele, proh serò cognite, raptè citò?
Num satis hybernum defendis pellibus astrum,
Qui modo tam mollis, nec bene firmus, eras?"

The greater portion of the poem, however, consists of a eulogy on Queen Christina, almost comparable, for its extravagance, to Milton's prose eulogy in his *Defensio Secunda*. The writer has seen her portrait, and this is his impression:—

" Vidimus effigiem, mistasque coloribus umbras :
Sic quoque Sceptripotens, sic quoque visa Dea.
Augustum decorant (rarò concordia !) frontem
Majestas et Amor, Forma Pudorque simul.
Ingens virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore ;
Agnoscas animos fulmineumque patrem.
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida stella sub axe ;
Non ea quæ meruit crimine Nympha polum."

Here, besides the general fact that Marvell, at the time of Whitlocke's Swedish embassy, was interested in Queen Christina as much as Milton was, and writing about her, observe the similarity of the phraseology to that of the lines in dispute. In the lines Christina is "*bellipotens virgo*" and "*arctoi lucida stella poli*"; and here she is "*sceptripotens*" and "*lucida stella sub suo axe*,"—actually the same thing. Observe also that Marvell has been looking at a portrait of Christina, and connect this circumstance with the tenor of the two

subsequent and shorter pieces of the same group. One is this distich :—

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELLI.

“ Hæc est quæ toties inimicos umbra fugavit,
At sub quâ cives otia lenta terunt.”

In other words, about the same time that Marvell saw a portrait of Christina he saw a portrait of Cromwell ; and, as he had given his impression of the one, so he here gives his impression of the other. Not completely, however ; for he reverts to the subject in another piece of eight lines. They are the eight lines which have caused all this inquiry ; and here is the fashion in which they appear in Marvell's Works :—

IN EANDEM, REGINÆ SUECIÆ TRANSMISSAM.

“ Bellipotens Virgo, Septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, arctoi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas meiui durâ sub casside rugas ;
Sicque senex armis impiger ora fero ;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu :
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.”

Except for the *sicque* instead of *utque* and the *fero* instead of *tero* in the fourth line, and the *At* instead of *Ast* in the seventh, we have here the identical piece which has been claimed as Milton's. But, unless the two other pieces of the group are also Milton's (which no one has ventured to assert), how much more naturally do they now suggest themselves as Marvell's ! He has been writing in Latin elegiacs about the Swedish Queen, and especially describing her portrait ; he has also written a Latin elegiac distich “ON THE PORTRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL” ; what more natural than that, when he heard that this portrait was to be sent to Christina, he should, asked or unasked, write a sequel “ON THE SAME, SENT TO THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN” ? In short, unless we are prepared to deprive Marvell of all the three pieces of the group, it seems hard to take the third away from him.—Add this final consideration, that, as Milton was totally blind in 1654, lines about a portrait would

hardly then be expected from him, even though he was Latin Secretary.

With this long explanation (too long for the mere trifle that has occasioned it, but involving particulars about Milton's life which it is well that readers of his Poems should have in their possession), we let the lines *Ad Christinam, Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli*, stand in this volume, as they have done so long in other editions of Milton.—A word or two more on Christina's subsequent history. Alas! it was the sheerest bathos. At the time of Whitlocke's embassy, as is indicated by Milton's words at the end of his encomium on Christina in his *Defensio Secunda*, she was arranging her abdication of the Swedish crown. The abdication was finally completed in June 1654, when she resigned the crown to her cousin, known as Charles X. of Sweden. Christina was then but twenty-eight years of age; and she did not die till 1689, when she was sixty-three, having outlived her successor Charles X (1654—1660), and seen *his* successor, Charles XI., on the Swedish throne. The thirty-five years of her life after her abdication were years of wandering through the world, and of the wildest behaviour wherever she went. Immediately after her abdication, she abjured Protestantism at Brussels; shortly afterwards she declared herself a Roman Catholic at Innspruck; and thenceforward people heard of her as flashing here and there through Europe,—at Rome, in France, back in Sweden for a time, back in France, and back in Rome last of all,—everywhere with a train of the queerest composition, herself in a costume which was neither man's nor woman's, restlessly trying to assert her continued concern in the politics and the speculations of the times, quarrelling to that effect with Kings and Popes, and otherwise performing the oddest antics. Some thought her a splendid eccentric, and perhaps she was; more thought her crazed; all remembered, in pity, that she was the daughter of the great Gustavus. Both Milton and Marvell, ere they died, may have blushed in recollecting what they had written about her while she was still the young mystery of Sweden.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

Anno ætatis 17.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

In both Milton's editions this piece is dated "*Anno ætatis 16.*" This date is a blunder. For, even if we allow Milton his customary liberty of dating, according to which the phrase must be translated "at the age of 16 years" and not "in the 16th. year of his age" (see Introductions* to *Elgies* Second and Third), the dating will not correspond with the incident of the poem. That incident was the death of John Gostlin, M.D., Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, from 1618, and Vice-Chancellor of the University for the second time in the year 1625-6. His Vice-Chancellorship would have expired Nov. 3, 1626; but he died some days before that date, still holding the office: viz. on the 21st of October 1626. The Michaelmas Term of Milton's third academic year had just begun, and Milton was full seventeen years of age, and, in fact, verging on eighteen. The dating "*anno ætatis 16*" was, therefore, a slip of memory.—The Dr. Gostlin, whose death is lamented in the poem, in very pretty mythological language and in good Horatian verse, was a Norwich man by birth, educated at Caius College, admitted M.D. in 1602, and afterwards Regius Professor of Physic in the University. Caius College, founded by a medical man, and the chief College in Cambridge for the study of Physic, was one of the few Colleges the Masters of which did not require to be in holy orders; and, when Gostlin's turn came round to be Vice-Chancellor, it was something of a rarity in the University to see an M.D. rather than a D.D. in that office. "Here comes our medical Vice-Chancellor," one may fancy the Cantabs of 1625-6 saying to each other when they saw Gostlin in the streets. Fuller calls him "a great scholar, eloquent Latinist, and rare physician," and adds that he was "a strict man in keeping, and magistrate in pressing, the statutes of the College and University." His death, just at the close of his year of office, and when the Colleges had re-assembled for a new session, naturally occasioned versifying. Milton's verses

are kindly, and turn a good deal on the truism that even the most skilful medical man must die, like others, when his time comes.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This is a Gunpowder Plot poem, written by Milton for Guy Fawkes's Day, or the Fifth of November, 1626. There are four Latin trifles on the same subject among the Elegies, written by Milton, according to academic custom, in half-comic celebration of anniversaries of the black day during his undergraduateship; but the present piece, in sustained hexameters, is a much more elaborate performance. It is, indeed, one of the very best of Milton's juvenile things in Latin. The spirit, it is true, is that of the common popular Protestantism of England in Milton's time, which firmly believed in all the most offensive traditions of the Plot of 1605, and regarded it as a wide-spread conspiracy of the Roman Catholics, characteristic of their principles, and prompted by the Papacy itself. On account of this ferocity of its Protestantism, the gentle Cowper shrank from including it in those English Translations of Milton's Latin Poems which he left in manuscript, and which were edited by Hayley in 1808. As there is no need for such squeamishness now, inasmuch as the thing, whether likeable or not, did come from young Milton's pen, and stands among his Poems indestructibly, I may venture on inserting here the following tolerably faithful version of it, the rather because it is surely desirable that all readers of Milton's English poems should have the means of forming some idea, however inadequate, of his matter and manner in Latin verse, and because, in the case of this particular piece, an actual translation is the only possible form of effective introduction:—

ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Scarce had the pious James from his distant northern dominion
Come to be king of our Troy-sprung people and take as his birthright
Albion's spreading possessions; scarce was there sealed this conjunction,
Ne'er to be severed again, of Scotia's crown with the English;
Happy and wealthy he sat, a sovereign rarely pacific,

Here on his new-won throne, untroubled by foe or by treason :
 When the fierce Tyrant who reigns by Acheron's fire-rolling river,
 He, the fell Father of Furies, an exile from starry Olympus,
 Chanced to be out on wing surveying the round of our earth-ball,
 Counting his allies in guilt and the faithful slaves of his service,
 Who at their death will share his kingdom infernal for ever.
 Here in middle air he rouses the terrible tempests ;
 There mid friends of one mind he scatters the tares of disunion ;
 Nations unconquered as yet he arms for mutual gashing ;
 Realms over-waving with olives of peace he throws into tumult ;
 Whosoever he sees are lovers of truth and of virtue,
 These he is fain to annex to his rule ; and, master of wiles, he
 Works to corrupt each heart that is yet untainted of evil,
 Setting his snares in the dark and silently stretching his meshes,
 So as to catch the unwary, just as the Caspian tiger
 Follows his prey in its pantings through the passageless desert
 Under the moonless night and twinklings of myriad star-points.
 Thus as he flies, this king of the damned, over nations and cities,
 Girt with whirlings of smoke and green-blue circles and flashings,
 Lo ! the fair fields of the land white-ringed with the sea-roaring ramparts
 Burst into view, that land which is best beloved of the Sea-god,
 Once indeed taking its name from Neptune's primitive offspring,
 Breed of such mettle that even Amphitryon's terrible son they,
 Swimming the sea to the task, would challenge to murderous battle,
 Back in ages old ere Troy had seen her besiegers.

Soon as this land he beholds, all happy in peace and in riches,
 Field after field of fatness brave with the bounty of Ceres,
 Ay, and, what grieved him more, the populous throng of its natives
 Worshipping one true God, at the sight a tempest of sighings
 Broke from him, blazing of hell and shot with stench of sulphur,
 Such as, imprisoned by Jove deep down in Trinacrian Ætna,
 Breathes from his pest-breeding mouth the ghastly monster Typhceus.
 Glare his red-rolling eyes, and gratingly grinds he and gnashes
 Iron rows of teeth, with a flash as of lance on armour.

" Here in my range of the globe this single discomfiting object

" Find I," he said, " and here the single race that is rebel,

" Spurning off my yoke and defying my art to subdue it :

" Yet shall it not, if aught exertion now can avail me,

" Long go unpunished so, or escape a visit of vengeance."

Thus much he said ; and on pinions of pitch through the air he floats onwards ;
 Still, as he flies, great gusts of adverse winds go before him,
 Clouds grow thick and dark, and quick come the gleams of the lightning.

Now, 'nis swift flight having crossed the chain of the Alps and their ice-peaks,

Italy lay in his gaze. Here, leftwise, stretched 'neath his vision
 Apennine's cloud-capped range and the ancient land of the Sabines ;
 There, on the right, Hetruria, sorcery-noted, and also

Thee, O Tiber, he sees, in thy stealthy meanderings seawards :
Swooping down, he alights in Mars's imperial city.

Fit was the hour. • It was then that time of the year when at twilight
He of the three-crowned hat goes round the city to bless it,
Bearing his bread-made gods and hoisted high on men's shoulders,
Kings preceding his chair with patient flexure of hip-joint,
Begging friars likewise in endless length of procession,
Candles of wax in their hands, the poor obfuscated mortals !
Born in Cimmerian darkness, and dragging lives of confusion.
Enter they now the temple, lit up with numerous torches
(For 'twas the Eve of St. Peter's) ; and frequent thunders of singing
Roll through the empty vaults and thrill the enormous inane.
Such are the howlings of Bacchus and all the crew of his dränkards,
Singing their orgies over Boeotian Mount Aracynthus,
So that bewildered Asopus quakes in his clear-flowing river,
And from afar in his cavern rings the response of Cithæron.

Ended at length these rites and all the solemn performance,
Silently Night forsakes the embraces of Erebus aged.
Hastes she her headlong steeds by the smart of the lash on their journey :
Typhlos the blind to lead, and with him the fierce Melanchætes,
Torpido Siope next, whose sire was Acherontæus,
Coupled with shaggy Phrix, whose mane flew cloudily round her.
Meanwhile the Tamer of Kings, the heir of the sceptre infernal,
Enters his couch (nor imagine the secret adulterer uses
Ever to spend his nights without a pretty companion).
Scarcely, however, had sleep closed up his slumbering eyelids
When the black lord of shadows, the ruler and head of the silent,
Fell destroyer of men, disguised in a suitable likeness,
Stood by his bed. A show of grey hair silvered his temples ;
Down his breast flowed a beard ; an ash-grey garment depended,
Sweeping the ground with its train ; a cowl was perched on his hind-head,
Where it was shaven ; nay, that nought that was fit might be wanting,
Round his lusty loins a hempen rope he had tightened,
And, as he slowly walked, you could see that his sandals were bandaged.
Such, as tradition tells, was Francis, when in the desert
Wandered he all alone amid lairs of the savagest creatures,
Bearing words of salvation there to the folks of the forest,
Graceless himself, and subduing the wolves and the Libyan lions.

Masked in such garb, however, the crafty serpent bent o'er him,
Opening his lying mouth with these reproachful addresses :—
"Sleep'st thou, son of my heart ? and has drowsiness seized thee already,
"Mindless, for shame ! of the faith, and forgetting the care of thy cattle,
"Now when thy chair, your Holiness, yea and thy triple tiara,
"Serve as a jest in the north to all that barbarous nation,
"Now when thy Papal rights are the scorn of the well-weaponed Britons ?
"Rise and be stirring thee ! rise from thy sloth, thou god of the Latins,
"Thou at whose word fly unlocked the gates of the convex of heaven !

"Break their spirits of brag, and crush their obstinate worship,
 "So that the wretches may know what power is in thy malediction,
 "What is the power of the keys in Apostolical keeping.
 "Seek for a way to avenge the scattered Western Armada,
 "Wrecks of the Spanish galleons sunk in the depths of the ocean,
 "Deaths of saints who were hung in stores on the infamous gibbet
 "Through the recent reign of that Amazonian virgin.
 "Should it be still thy choice to loll in thy couch like a sluggard,
 "Losing what chance there may be to shatter the enemy's forces,
 "Then will that enemy fill the Tyrrhene sea with her soldiers,
 "Plant her emblazoned banners atop the hill Aventinus,
 "Break into pieces thy ancient relics, burn them in bonfires,
 "Set her impious feet on thy Pontifical neck, whose
 "Offered shoe-soles kings of the earth have been happy in kissing.
 "Neither is need to venture on open war and aggression :
 "Bootless a labour like that ; but try some fraudulent method :
 "Heretics being the game, all nets are equally lawful.
 "Listen.—Now their great king from all extremes of the country
 "Summons his nobles to council, and those that are next to the peerage,
 "Sages august with age and grey with the honours of office :
 "These, all limb from limb, thou canst blow at once to perdition,
 "Blast into ashes at once, by putting powder of nitre
 "Under the chamber floors whereon they hold their assembly.
 "Instantly therefore, thyself, all such as in England are faithful
 "Warn of the deed and purpose. Will any owning thy priesthood
 "Dare to refuse an act prescribed them by Papal commandment ?
 "Then, when stunned by the shock, and aghast with the sudden disaster,
 "See that the ruthless Gaul or the bloody Spaniard invade them :
 "Thus shall return among them at last the Marian times, and
 "Thou shalt govern again in the land of the valorous English.
 "Do not doubt of success : the gods and goddesses aid thee,
 "All on thy calendared list that are duly honoured with saints' days."
 These were the words ; and the Fiend, then doffing his friar-like vesture,
 Flew to his doleful abode in the joyless stagnations of Lethe.

Rosy Tithonia meanwhile, opening the gates of the morning,
 Tinges the sombred earth with returning gold ; but, unable
 Yet to restrain her tears for the death of her swart-coloured offspring,
 Sprinkles the tops of the hills with drops of ambrosial moisture.
 Then the watch of the starry hall drove back from its doorway
 Sleep and nocturnal shapes and all the pleasures of dreamland.

Far there exists a place begirt with unchangeable night-gloom,
 Once the foundations vast of a dwelling crumbled to ruins,
 Now the den of pitiless Murder and double-tongued Treason,
 Which at one birth came forth as the issue of Termagant Discord.
 Here, mid rubbish-heaps and disrupted masses of stone-work,
 Coffinless bones lie about and iron-spigoted corpses ;
 Here, with his in-screwed eyes, sits Stratagem moodily musing,

Strife at his elbow close, and Calumny shooting her fangs out :
 Fury is there, and the sight of a thousand fashions of dying ;
 Fear is in hiding there, and pale-faced Horror keeps winging
 Round and over the spot ; and ceaselessly ghosts through the silence
 Howl of their woe ; and even the ground is stagnant with bloodshed.
 Here in the innermost cavern's recesses lie savagely lurking
 Murder and Treason themselves ; none else will adventure that cavern,—
 Cavern horrid and craggy and dark with hideous shadows,
 Shunned by the souls in guilt, who turn their eyes as they pass it.
 These, the two bullies of Rome, found faithful through ages of service,
 Calls to him Babylon's priest, and thus for his business bespeaks them :—
 "Islanded up in the west, where Europe ends in the surges,
 "Dwells a race I detest, whom prudent Nature was careful
 "Not to join altogether to this our world of the mainland.
 "Thither, so I command, let your swiftest effort convey you ;
 "There with the powder of hell be blown at once into fragments
 "King and nobles alike, and the pride of the whole generation ;
 "Whoso there are inflamed with zeal for the orthodox worship
 "Take as the friends of your plot and the means for its instant enactment."
 Ended he thus, and amain were the twain on the move to obey him.

Meanwhile, deep-bending low the gracious archings of heaven,
 He from his glory looks down, the Lord of the skies and the thunder ;
 Laughs at the vain attempts of all the wrong-headed rabble,
 And will Himself defend the cause of the people who serve Him.

Rumour there is of a place where, severed from Asia's limits,
 Europe extends her skirts in sight of the waters of Egypt.
 Here stands proudly the Tower of Fame, the Titanian goddess,
 Brazen, and broad-built, and sounding, and nearer the tracks of the meteors
 Than would be Athos or Pelion superimposed upon Ossa,
 Faced with a thousand doors, and slit with as many windows,
 So that the vastness within shines through in glimmering outline.
 Here from a thick-gathered throng ascends a hubbub of noises,
 Such as when armies of flies attack and cloud with their buzzings
 Pails on the dairy-floor or mats of rush in the sheep-pens,
 Deep in the summer's heat, when highest is climbing the dog-star.
 High-enshrined in the midst sits the goddess herself, who avenges
 Hope her mother, and raises a head in which ears by the hundred
 Catch every smallest whisper and airiest murmur that rises
 Over the farthest flats of the world extended beneath her ;
 Nay, nor even didst thou, false keeper of heifer-shaped Isis,
 Roll in thy cruel face more eyes than serve her to see with,
 Eyes that are never drowsy with any noddings of slumber,
 Eyes that survey at once the earth's whole surface and circuit,
 Eyes that she often uses to pierce into places that never
 Light can reach and the rays of the sun are powerless to enter.
 What she thus hears and beholds she has thousands of tongues, too, to publish
 Heedless to all that listen, and lyingly now will diminish

What may be true, and again will swell it out with additions
 Heartily *we* at least ought to raise a song in thy honour,
 Fame, for a service done to us true as ever was rendered,
 Worthy thou of our song, nor need we grudge thee the longest
 Strain of thanks in our power, we English, saved from destruction
 All by a freak of thy kindness vouchsafed in the moment of danger
 Thee did the Lord who sways the eternal fires in their orbits
 Thus, with lightning before him, and earth all trembling, admonish —
 "I am, art thou silent? or how has this hideous business escaped thee,
 'This great plot of the Papists, conspired against me and my Britons,
 'This new slaughter intended for James that carries their sceptre?"
 More was not said, for at once, on the spur of the Thunderer's mandate,
 Swift though she was, she put on two whizzing wings 'o be swifter,
 Covered her slender shape with feathers of various plumage,
 Took in her right her trumpet of sounding brass Temesæan,
 Sped on her errand, her pinions beating the rush of the breezes,
 Clouds flying past in her course as she cleaves their successive resistance
 Now, having left behind her the winds and the steeds of the sun god,
 First, in her usual way, throughout the cities of England
 Scatters she doubtful words and sounds of ambiguous import
 Then, more pointedly, blazons all the damnable story,
 How the treason was hatched, and what its horrible purpose,
 Names its authors plainly, and even hints of the cellar
 Stuffed with the devilish fuel Aghast at the dreadful relation,
 Young men and maidens alike are seized with a general shudder,
 Old men not the less, and the sense of the boundless disaster
 Lies like a heavy weight on every age and condition
 Yet hath the Heavenly Father, regarding His folk with compassion,
 Baulked the design meanwhile, and foiled at the critical instant
 Papist bloodthirstiness sharp and quick the doom of the guilty
 Then to the Deity rises the incense of thanks and of homage,
 Hundreds of streets are ablaze with the joy and the smoke of their bonfires,
 Boys are dancing in rings, and still in the round of the twelvemonth
 No day returns more marked than this same Fifth of November

There may be very various opinions respecting the purport of this poem, but the execution, the power of imagination and of language shown in it, cannot fail to strike even the readers who may be least satisfied with its spirit. I would instance particularly the description of Satan flying through the air and beholding Britain, that of the den of Murder and Treason, and that of the Temple of Fame. The ending of the poem is rather abrupt, as if it had been huddled up in some haste.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

Anno ætatis 17

(Editions of 1645 and 1673)

On the 5th of October 1626, or only a fortnight after the death of Dr Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, there died another prelate, Dr Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely. Like Andrewes, he was a Cambridge man, of Pembroke Hall, and he had, like Andrewes, been for some time Master of that Hall before he was made a bishop. Milton, who had just written his Elegy on Andrewes's death (*Illegia Tertia*), paid a similar honour to his brother bishop, but employ'd Iambic verse of alternate trimeters and dimeters, instead of elegiacs. Hence this piece on Felton comes among the *Sylva*.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

(Editions of 1645 and 1673)

This piece of hexameters will be best introduced by an extract, in translation, from one of Milton's *Epistole Familiares*, dated "Cambridge, July 2, 1628," and addressed to his former master at St Pauls School, Alexander Gill the younger. "The matter respecting which I wrote to you rather obscurely," Milton here says to Gill, "you will find contained in the accompanying sheets. When your letter reached me I was (being hard pressed by the shortness of the time) labouring upon it with all my might, for a certain Fellow of our College, who had to act as Respondent in the philosophical disputation at this Commencement, chanced to entrust to my puerility the composition of the verses required by the annual custom to be written on the questions in dispute, being himself already long past the age for trifles of that sort, and more intent on serious things. The result I have sent you in type." I have little doubt that what Milton thus sent to Gill was the present piece, *Naturam non pati Senium*. If so, it was one of the pieces of verse printed copies of which were distributed, according to custom, by the University Bedels at the Cambridge Commencement.

ceremonial, or annual meeting for the conferring of degrees, held in St. Mary's Church on Tuesday the 1st of July 1628. A little explanation may be added.

The Cambridge "Commencement" was not held, as the name might suggest to the uninitiated, at the beginning of the academic year, but was actually the closing ceremony of every such year. It was called "Commencement" because those who graduated in Divinity, Arts, Law, Physic, and Music were then said to "commence" in their respective faculties, and were designated *Inceptores*. Part of the business in the graduation in each faculty consisted of what was called an Act or Disputation in that faculty, carried on in Latin between one appointed debater-in-chief, called the Respondent (in the Divinity Act there were generally two Respondents), and other debaters who attacked him successively and were called Opponents. Thus, early in the morning, as soon as all had assembled in St. Mary's Church, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, there began the Divinity Act. The Act was opened by the Respondent, or one of the Respondents, in Divinity, who first of all read the theses or propositions he meant to maintain. While he was doing so the Bedels delivered copies of verses and also small coins to all the Doctors present. Then followed the debate on the theses between the Respondent and his Opponents; after which there was the ceremonious conferring of the degree of D.D. on all the candidates of the year for that degree. Next, and usually about mid-day, came on the Philosophical Act and Graduation in Arts. This was a richer and more diversified affair than the Divinity Graduation which had preceded it, not only because the candidates for the M.A. degree each year were a very numerous body, consisting of young men from all the Colleges, but also because custom tolerated a great deal of liberty and even of fun in the philosophical discussion. Here also, however, the backbone of the business was the Latin logomachy between the appointed representative of the Arts faculty, called the Respondent, and the Opponents who successively attacked him; and here also the logomachy began with the reading of the Respondent's thesis, and the distribution of his verses, while he was reading it, by the University Bedels. After the Act was over, there was only a specimen of the actual graduation in Arts within the church, in the persons of the ten or twelve Commencers from King's College; and the rest were marched off to receive their M.A.

degree in the Public School. For by this time it was growing late, and the Law Act, the Physic Act, and the Music Act, with their accompanying graduations, had still to come. The candidates for the degrees of I.L.D., M.D., and Mus.D., were generally few, however; and sometimes there were no candidates at all in Music.

Milton may have been present already at three Commencements; but that of 1628 had a peculiar interest for him. Not that he had any direct concern in it. He was near the end of his Undergraduate-ship, it is true, and was expecting his B.A. degree; but that degree was not conferred at the great Comitia in July, but separately in January, and he had still six months to wait for it. But Bainbrigge, Master of Milton's own College of Christ's, was Vice-Chancellor of the University for the year 1627-8, and there was a relish for the undergraduates of Christ's in this fact, and in the prospect of his presidency in the Comitia of July 1628. Nor was that all. One of the Senior Fellows of Christ's, it appears, had been selected for the important post of Respondent in the Philosophical Act for that year; and that Fellow, though strong enough for the prose-work of the Act, had found the bit of verse expected from him quite out of his habits, or had broken down over it at the last moment, and had asked Milton to help him out. With some pains, from the shortness of the time, Milton had furbished up what he thought would pass; and so the Christ's College people might congratulate themselves triply on the representation of their College in the Commencement of 1628. Not only would their Master preside as Vice-Chancellor, and not only would a Fellow of their College be Respondent in the Philosophical Act, but the Latin verses which the University Bedels would distribute in connexion with that Act would be (but perhaps it was a secret) by an undergraduate of Christ's. Actually the verses were put into print and distributed by the Bedels; and on the 2d of July, or the day after the Commencement, Milton was able to send a copy, or some copies, of them to Gill in London.

One would like now to know which of the thirteen Fellows of Christ's it was that begged Milton's poetical help, and what was the subject of the thesis which the verses were to illustrate. Unfortunately, though a manuscript of the Cambridge antiquary Baker (Harl. MS. 7038) has furnished me with the names of the Divinity Respondents in the Commencement of 1628, and with the exact subjects of their theses, no mention is there made of the Respondent in the

Philosophical Act or of his subject. For the *person*, if we put out of the question Milton's first tutor, Chappell, and his second tutor, Tovey (see *ante*, p. 4, and pp. 257-258), I guess some such Fellow of the College as Mr. Alsop, Mr. Sandelands, or Mr. Fenwicke. For the *subject*, if I am right in supposing that the verses which Milton furnished were his lines *Naturam non pati Senium*, these lines themselves are an indication. "*That Nature is not subject to Old Age*" is the proposition maintained in the lines. They are, in fact, a powerful, and very eloquent and poetical, protest against the notion of a gradual decadence or deterioration of the physical Universe or visible frame of things. The verses being in this strain, we are led to think that the Philosophical Thesis which they were written to illustrate must have been some form of the same proposition. It is certainly known, at all events, that a question much debated in the speculative world of England about 1628 was the question whether there were signs of decay in Nature, whether the Present was necessarily inferior to the Past, or whether permanence, or general progressiveness and improvement, might not be the rule. Bacon's influence, opposed as it was to that abject reverence for antiquity which had prevailed since the Revival of Letters, had given an impulse to what was still perhaps the heterodox sentiment,—namely, faith in the present and in the future. But a more recent contribution expressly on the same side of the question had been a work by Dr. George Hakewill, Archdeacon of Surrey, published at Oxford in 1627 under the title "*Apologie of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World; or an Examination and Censure of the common Error touching Nature's perpetual and universal Decay.*" The motto prefixed to the book was the text, Eccl. vii. 10, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this"; and the work throughout is an able argument, though in a rather old style, against the notion of a gradual degeneracy in Nature. The book appears to have made a great impression, most of the older men standing out for the Past and for Nature's degeneracy, but the younger spirits and some of the older taking part with Hakewill. The subject of the Philosophical Act at the Cambridge Graduation Ceremony of 1628 was probably some form of Hakewill's thesis; and the following is an English version of Milton's metrical argument in support of the Respondent on the occasion:—

THAT NATURE IS NOT LIABLE TO OLD AGE.

Ah ! how, wearied by endless fallacies, totters and staggers
 Man's misdirected mind, and, immersed in deepest of darkness,
 Hugs herself close in a midnight 'woise than Œdipus groped in,
 Daring now, as she does, by her own small actions to measure
 Deeds of the gods, and laws adamantinely eternally graven
 Liken to laws of her own, and bind what Time cannot swerve from,
 Fate's determined plan, to the paltry hours that are passing.

Is it really so that, seamed with furrowing wrinkles,
 Nature's face is to shrivel, and she, the mother of all things,
 Barren with age, is to shrink the womb of her potent conceiving ?
 Must she own herself old, and walk with footsteps uncertain,
 Tremulous up to her starry head ? Shall Eld, with its foulness,
 Ceaseless rust, and hunger and thirst of years in their sequence,
 Tell on the steadfast stars ; and shall Time, the sateless devourer,
 Eat up Heaven itself and engorge the Father he sprang from ?
 Ah ! could not near-sighted Jove have armed his towers at their building
 'Gainst such spite as this, and from all such temporal mischief
 Made them safe from the first, and conferred everlasting endurance ?
 Hence shall it come that, some day, collapsing in horrible thunder,
 Down shall tumble the scaffolded dome, and, meeting the ruin,
 Creak shall the great world's axle, and sheer from his mansions Olympic
 Fall shall the Ruler, and Pallas, her Gorgon glaring, fall with him,
 Like as on Lemnos Ægean the unwelcome offspring of Juno
 Fell that day he was flung from the sacred celestial ramparts ?
 Thou too, Phœbus, shalt copy thy son's once fatal disaster
 High on thy headlong car, and be hurried in swift-rushing ruin
 Downwards, till Nereus old shall smoke with thy torch's extinction,
 Sounding the hiss of thy fate over all the amazement-struck waters.
 Then too, his roots of rock upturned, shall air-soaring Hæmus
 Burst asunder atop, while, sinking down into hell's depths,
 Those Ceraunian hills shall fight the Stygian Pluto
 Erst which he used in his warfare against his brother-immortals.

No ! For the Father Almighty, far firmer founding the star-vaults,
 Cried for the sum of things, and equipped with exactness
 Destiny's fatal scales, and, all in order consummate,
 Ruled that whatever exists should hold its tenure for ever.
 Hence does the world's prime wheel roll round in motion diurnal,
 Whirling the ambient heavens in common dizziness with it.
 Never more slow than his wont moves Saturn, and fierce as of yore yet
 Flashes the red light of Mars, the hairy-helmeted planet.
 Always in youth's first freshness glows the unwearying Sun-God ;
 Nor by abrupt inclines does he warm Earth's chilly expanses,
 Bending down his team ; but, for ever genial-beaming,
 Runs his mighty career the same through the signs in succession :

- Equally fair he rises from perfumed India's ether
 Who on the snowy Olympus gathers the flocks of the welkin,
 Calling them home at morning and driving them late to their pastures,
 Parting different realms by double colours and seasons.
 Ay, and the soft-shining moon alternates duly her crescents,
 Claspings the kindled blue with equal sickles of silver.
- Likewise the elements break not their faith ; and with crash keen as ever
 Rattle the lightning-shafts on the rocks they shiver in fragments.
 Not o'er the deep, when it blows, is the West-Wind's murmuring gentler ;
 Ruthlessly still as of old does the North-Wind's churlishness torture
 Scythia's war-hordes, breathing of ice and rolling its mist-wreaths.
 Still as he used, full strength, at the bases of Sicily's headlands
 Batters the Sea-King old, and Ocean's trumpeter round him
 Roars his hoarse shell ; nor less in bulk does the Giant Ægeon
 Rest up-borne on the spines of sunk Balearican monsters.
 Nay, nor to thee, O Earth, is the pith of the age of thy springtide
 Wanting as yet : Narcissus has still his primitive fragrance ;
 This bright boy and that other are graceful as ever to look at,
 Thine, O Phœbus, and thine too, O Venus ; richer never
 Down in the caves of the hills held Earth her golden temptation,
 Down in the sea-caves her gems. And so for ages to come yet
 On shall all things march in their well-adjusted procession,
 Till that the final flame shall envelope the sphere of existence,
 Tonguing round the poles and up the copings of heaven,
 One vast funeral fire consuming the frame of the world.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELEXIT.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This is, clearly, also an academic exercise ; but in which year of Milton's residence at Cambridge it was written, and for what occasion, I cannot determine. Warton tells us that he had found it "inserted at full length, as a specimen of unintelligible metaphysics," in a scarce book of burlesques published about the year 1716. But the poem, though metaphysical, and with an intentional touch of the burlesque in it, is quite intelligible, and really interesting. It answers exactly to its title, "*On the Platonic Idea as understood by Aristotle.*" That is to say, with an evident admiration of Plato, and an imaginative sympathy with Plato's doctrine of an eternal Idea or Archetype, one and universal, according to which Man was formed, and which reproduces itself in men's minds and thoughts, it yet shows how, by a too physical or too coldly rational construction of

this doctrine, it may be turned into burlesque. Where shall that famous personage, the Idea or Archetype, be sought, or who has ever been able to lay salt on his tail? This is the question which Milton supposes the Aristotelians to ask, and in putting which he constitutes himself their spokesman for the nonce, ironically, as follows :—

“ Declare, ye goddess-guardians of the sacred groves,
 And thou, O blessed mother of the Muses nine,
 Dame Memory, and thou who in some distant cave
 Liest outstretched at ease, lazy Eternity,
 Keeping the archives and established laws of Jove,
 The heavenly daybooks and the almanacks divine,
 Who was that First Original in whose image
 All-cunning Nature schemed and shaped the human race,
 Himself eternal, incorrupt, the world's coeval,
 Single and universal, copy of God Supreme.
 Not as twin-brother of the never-wedded Pallas
 Dwells he, a birth internal, in the mind of Jove ;
 But, howsoe'er his nature be more general,
 Yet he exists apart in individual form,
 And, strange to say, is tied to a fixed bound of space :
 Whether, as everlasting comrade of the stars,
 He roams at large all ranges of the ten-fold heaven,
 Or haunts the moony circuit nearest to ourselves ;
 Whether, amid the souls that wait to be embodied,
 He sits in torpid doze by Lethe's drowsy tide ;
 Whether, mayhap, in some vague outfield of the earth
 He walks a giant huge, the archetype of man,
 And to the gods erects the terrors of his crest,
 Outbulking Atlas even who bears the starry load.
 Never did he to whom his blindness gave deep sight,
 Dircæan Augur old, compass a glimpse of him ;
 Never in silent night has swift-foot Mercury
 Descending shown him to the sapient prophet-choir :
 No ken of him has the Assyrian priest, although
 He can repeat the list of all the sires of Ninus,
 And tell of pristine Belos and Osiris famed ;
 Neither has he, so glorious with the triple name,
 Egypt's thrice-greatest sage, though read in secret lore,
 Left any hint of such for those that worship Isis.
 But thou, perennial ornament of Academe,
 If *thou* 'twas first brought in these monsters to the schools,
 Surely forthwith those poets banished from thy city
 Thou wilt recall, as biggest fabler of the tribe,
 Or, founder though thou art, thyself go forth the gates.”

AD PATREM.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

• These Hexameters are undated, but their date is hinted by their meaning. They are an affectionate address to the poet's father, apparently in reply to some mild remarks of the father on the subject of the son's dedication of himself to a life of mere Poetry and Literature, and not, as had been hoped, to one of the professions. They were written, therefore, after Milton had left Cambridge, and had begun his secluded life of study at his father's country-place at Horton in Buckinghamshire. In lines 73—76 the reference to Horton seems to be distinct.

Milton's father was himself an excellent and interesting man. He was from the neighbourhood of Oxford, where a Roman Catholic family of Miltons, the poet's ancestors, are found living, in the rank of yeomen, from about 1550 onwards. One of the family, Richard Milton, of Stanton St. John's, yeoman, was very resolute in his adherence to the Old Religion, and is mentioned twice in the Recusant Rolls for Oxfordshire as among those who were heavily fined towards the end of Elizabeth's reign (1601) for obstinate non-attendance at their parish-churches. He was the poet's grandfather, one of his sons, John Milton, being the poet's father. This John Milton, who became a Protestant, and is said to have been cast off by his father on that account, had settled in London, and was in business there as a scrivener before the above-mentioned date of his father's fines for recusancy. He was admitted to the freedom of the Company of Scriveners in Feb. 1599-1600, having previously for some time been apprentice to a scrivener named Colbron. Mr. Hyde Clarke, by whose research this fact was ascertained (*Athenæum* of March 19, 1859), concluded that he could not have been then much over twenty-one years of age, the usual age of the termination of apprenticeship in those days, and therefore that a tradition, through Aubrey, which referred his birth to about 1563, made him much older than he really was. I have found positive evidence, however, that Aubrey's tradition, referring the birth of Milton's father to about 1563, is correct, and that, by whatever unusual combination of circumstances it happened, he must therefore have been about thirty-seven years of

age when he became one of the Scriveners' Company. The inference would seem to be that he had for a good many years previously been living in London or in Oxfordshire, in some other employment, and took to scrivenship so late for some special reasons. His marriage with Sarah Jeffrey (see Memoir, pp. 1-2) took place in 1600, exactly at the time of his beginning the new business.

The business of a scrivener in Old London was an important, and sometimes a lucrative, one. It consisted in the drawing up of wills, marriage settlements, and other deeds, the lending out of money for clients, and much else now done partly by attorneys and partly by law-stationers. The house of the new scrivener, John Milton, which was also his place of business, was the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Cheapside, in the very heart of London. Though the Great Fire of 1666 swept away old Bread Street, the exact site of the house can yet be pointed out in the present Bread Street. There the scrivener married, and there his children were born. They were six in all; of whom only three survived to maturity: the eldest, a daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. Phillips, and again, by a second marriage, Mrs. Agar; John Milton, the poet, born Dec. 9, 1608; and Christopher Milton, afterwards Sir Christopher Milton and a judge, born Dec. 3, 1615. The household in Bread Street seems to have been a peculiarly peaceful and happy one, with a tone of pious Puritanism prevailing in it, but with the liberal cheerfulness belonging to prosperous circumstances and to ingenious and cultivated tastes. For one thing, music was perpetual in it. The scrivener was not only passionately fond of music, but even of such note himself as a musical composer that, apart altogether from the fame of his great son, some memory of him might have lingered amongst us to this day. Madrigals, songs, and psalm-tunes of his composition are to be seen yet in music-books published before his son was born, or while he was but in his boyhood, and not in mere inferior music-books, but in collections in which Morley, Wilbye, Bull, Dowland, Ellis Gibbons, Orlando Gibbons, and others of the best artists of the day, were his fellow-contributors. Thus in the *Triumphes of Oriana*, a collection of madrigals in honour of Queen Elizabeth, published in 1601, one of the pieces is John Milton's; in the *Tears and Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule*, a collection of sacred songs, edited in 1614 by Sir William Leighton, knight, three of the songs are to John Milton's music; and, in Ravenscroft's *Whole Book of Psalmes*, a compendium

of Church-music published in 1621, the two tunes called "Norwich" and "York" are of John Milton's composition. As York tune is a favourite to this day, there may be said to remain, through it, some direct thrill in the English air from the spirit of Milton's father. But what music round about himself while he lived! There must have been frequent musical evenings, with one or more musical acquaintances present, in the house in Bread Street; books of music and musical instruments were parts of its furniture; and the young poet was taught by his father both to sing and to play on the organ. But the scrivener's designs for his children went beyond their mere training in his own art. It was his care to give them the best education possible, and to grudge nothing of his means towards that end. From the first there is proof that his heart was bound up in his son John, and that he had conceived the highest expectations of what that son would turn out to be. A portrait of the poet, as a sweet, serious, round-headed boy, at the age of ten, still exists, which his father caused to be done by the foreign painter then most in fashion, and which hung on the wall of one of the rooms in the house in Bread Street. Both father and mother doted on the boy and were proud of his promise. And so, after the most careful tuition of the boy at home, by his Scottish preceptor Young (see *ante*, pp. 260-265), and his farther training by the two Gills at St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street (see *ante*, p. 2), he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625; whither his younger brother, Christopher, followed him in Feb. 1630-31. The expense of maintaining two sons at Cambridge was considerable, and proves that the scrivener must have succeeded well in his business.

That the scrivener's business had been a flourishing one is farther proved by the fact that he was able to retire from it, in whole or in part, in or about 1632, when he was close on his seventieth year, to a country-house at Horton, which he either took then, or had already been in possession of for some time. Thither, in that year, his son, having completed his seven years at the University and taken his M.A. degree, went to reside with him. So far all his highest hopes of that son had been fulfilled. He was then twenty-three years of age; and what youth comparable to him had the University sent out,—of such fair grace of form, of such genius and accomplishments, of character so manly and noble? A second portrait of Milton, done in the time of his Cambridge studentship, when he was about twenty-

one years of age, attests the continued pride in him of his father and mother. Only one thing a little troubled the elderly people, and particularly the father. This son of theirs, whom they had destined for the Church, had abjured that destination of himself as against his conscience; the profession of the Law, thought of for a moment, had also been set aside; and here he was back on their hands, with no clear line of life before him, such as other young men of his age had, but buried in books and lost in poetry. Some remonstrances to this effect may have been expressed by the father; but, if so, they must have been in the mildest and most hesitating terms (for Milton, I fancy, had learnt to be master and more in his father's house). Or, without any such remonstrances, Milton may have divined what was passing in the minds of his parents and in their colloquies concerning him. And so, some time in 1632 or 1633, but most probably in 1633, on some occasion when the subject had been broached, or when it was strong in Milton's musings, he writes the poem *Ad Patrem*. The scrivener had had a pretty good education himself, and could perhaps make out a bit of Latin at any time, if you did not hurry him. This, at any rate, is pretty much the substance of what he had to read:—

TO MY FATHER.

Now through my breast I should wish that all the Pierian streamlets
Windingly trickled their ways, and that through my mouth there were rolling
Whole and in flood the river let loose from the double-topped mountain,
So that my bold-winged Muse, forgetting her trivial ditties,
Fitsly might rise to the theme of the honours due to a parent.
Howsoever it may please thee, this poem, my excellent father,
Tasks her small utmost to-day; nor, veilily, know we at present
Any requital from us of a kind or a form that can better
Answer the gifts thou hast given, though the largest requital could never
Answer the gifts thou hast given, nor could any gratitude rendered
Only in empty words come up to the great obligation.
Such as they are, this page exhibits all my resources;
All the wealth I possess I have here told out upon paper,
All a nothing save what the golden Clio has given me,
What my dreams have produced in the secret cave of my slumbers,
What the bay-tree shades in the sacred Parnassian thicket. • • •

Nay, nor do thou despise this god-given Art of the Poet,
Surest sign that there is of the seeds of the heavenly within us,
Man's ethereal birth and the source of the soul we call human,
Keeping some sparkles still of the holy Promethean torch-flame.
Poesy charms the powers above, and is able to summon

Hell's dread depths into tumult, and bind the spirits abysmal,
 Even the sternest ghosts, with fetters of triple endurance.
 How but by Poesy pierce they to facts in the far flying future,
 Phœbus's prophet maids, and the pale faced shuddering Sibyls?
 Poems attend the solemnest act of the priest at the altars,
 Whether he feels the bull while the gilded horns are in motion,
 Or when he studies the secrets the smoking flesh can discover,
 Iguis of fated events inscribed on the quivering entrails
 Ay, and we ourselves, when again in our native Olympus
 Leisures eternal are ours in that huge life of the restful,
 Crowns of gold on our heads, shall walk the celestial temples,
 Iitting those poems of joy to the dulcet throb of the harp strings
 Whereto the stars of both hemispheres ever shall sound the responses
 That same spirit of fire that wheels the sphyery rotation
 Dishes a song even now through all the sideral mazes,
 Music more than man's and poem that cannot be uttered,
 Red Ophiuchus the while restraining the hiss of his venom,
 Pierce Orion so mild that he slackens his radiant sword belt,
 Moonish Atlas himself not feeling his starry burthen
 Poems were wont to grace the banquets of kings in the days when
 Luxury yet was unknown and all our measureless riot
 Merely in things to eat, and the wine on the tables was scanty
 Then, by custom, the bard, in his seat in the festive assembly,
 Garlanded round his flowing locks with leaves from the beech tree,
 Sang the deeds of heroes and feats of noble example,
 Sing of Chaos old and the wide world's early foundations,
 Gods when they crept all fours and grew lusty on chestnuts and acorns,
 Unsought yet the bolt that lay in the bowels of Atræa
 What, in fine, is the use of the voice's mere modulation,
 Severed from words and sense and the craft of articulate numbers?
 Such song suits a woodland dance, but hardly an Ophiuchus,
 Who, when he stopped the rivets and added ears to the oak trees,
 Did it by poem, not lute, and the phantom forms that were round him
 Moved to tears by his singing 'twas Poesy earned him such honours

Do not *then*, I beseech, persist in condemning the Muses,
 Thinking them vain and poor, thyself the while to their bounty
 Owing thy skill in composing thousands of sounds to the verses
 Matching them best, and thy cunning to vary the voice of the singer
 Thousands of trilling ways, acknowledged heir of Arion
 Why shouldst thou wonder now if so it has chanced that a poet
 Comes to be son of thine, and if, joined in such living relation,
 Each of us follows an art that is kin to the wit of the other?
 Phœbus himself, proposing a twin bequest of his nature,
 Gifted one half to me, with the other gifted my parent,
 So that, father and son, we hold the god wholly between us

Nay, but, pretend as thou mayest to hate the delicate Muses,
 Lo! my proofs that thou dost not Father, thy bidding was never

Given me to go the broad way that leads to the market of lucre,
 Down where the hope shines sure of gold to be got in abundance ;
 Nor dost thou force to the Laws and the lore of the rights of the nation
 Sorely ill-kept, nor doom my ears to the babble of asses ;
 Rather, desiring to see my mind grow richer by culture,
 Far from the city's noise, and here in the depths of retirement
 Left at my own sweet will amid Heliconian pleasures,
 Lettest me walk all day as Apollo's bosom-companion.
 Needless here to mention the common kindness parental ;
 Greater things claim record. At *thy* cost, worthiest father,
 When I had mastered fully the tongue of the Romans, and tasted
 Latin delights enough, and the speech for which Jove's mouth was moulded,
 That grand speech of the Greeks which served for their great elocution,
Then 'twas advised the vaunted flowers of Gaul in addition, •
 Thereto the language in which the new and fallen Italian
 Opens his lips with sounds that attest the Barbarian inroads, •
 Yea, and the mystic strains which the Palestine prophet delivers.
 Further, whatever the heaven contains, and under the heaven
 Mother Earth herself, and the air betwixt earth and the heaven,
 • Whatso the wave overlaps, and the sea's ever-moveable marbl'd, •
 Thou giv'st me means for knowing, thou, if the knowledge shall please me.
 Science, her cloud removed, now offers herself to my gazes,
 Nakedly bending her full-seen face to the print of my kisses,
 Be it I will not fly her, nor count her favours a trouble.

Go and gather wealth, what madman thou art that preferrest
 Austria's treasures ancestral and all the Peruvian kingdoms !
 What could a father more have bestowed on a son, were he even
 Jove himself, and had given his universe, heaven excepted ?
 Nothing nobler the gift, its safety presumed, which the Sun-God
 Gave to his boy when he trusted the world's great light to his guidance,
 Trusted the gleaming car and the reins of the radiant horses,
 Trusted the spiky jar which pulsates the rings of the day-beams.
 Therefore shall I, however low in the regiment of learning,
 Sit even now 'mid victorious wreaths of ivy and laurel,
 Now obscure no more nor mixed with the herd of the lazy,
 Eyes profane forbidden from every sight of my footsteps.
 Anxious cares begone, and begone all quarrels and wranglings,
 Envy's sharp-beaked face with eyes askew at the corners ;
 Savage Calumny stretch not her snaky mouth to annoy me !
 Me, the disgusting pack, your efforts avail not to injure ;
 • Your jurisdiction I scorn, and, secure in the guard of my conscience,
 Henceforth shall walk erect away from your viperous insults.

So, my father dear, since the perfect sum of your merits • • •
 Baffles equal return, and your kindness all real repayment,
 Be the mere record enough, and the fact that my grateful remembrance
 Treasures the itemed account of debt and will keep it for ever. •

Ye too, my youthful verses, my pastime and play for the present,

Should you sometimes dare to hope for eternal existence,
 Lasting and seeing the light when your master's body has mouldered,
 Not whirled down in oblivion deep in the darkness of Orcus,
 Mayhap this tribute of praise and the thus sung name of my parent
 Ye shall preserve, an example, for ages yet in the future.

"Well, John, I *have* faith in you: take your own way, whatever it is; God has given me enough of means, my son, for all immediate needs; and, while I live, what I have is yours." As surely as if we had heard these words spoken, they were the response of Milton's father to the pleading of this Poem. They were his response not in words only, but in fact. Until Milton was thirty-two years of age, perhaps till a still later point in his manhood, he did not earn a penny for himself.

An incident in the life of Milton's father, which has been recovered by very recent research, and which must have been of some anxious interest for a while to all his family at Horton, as well as to himself, has its proper place here:—In May 1636 Sir Thomas Cotton, nephew and executor of a certain deceased John Cotton, Esq., brought an action in the Westminster Court of Requests against the scrivener, and his partner in business, Thomas Bower, for alleged malpractice in the management of the affairs of the said deceased. It was alleged that, the said John Cotton having, about the year 1631, when he was a decrepit old man of more than eighty years of age, put into the hands of Milton, in his Bread Street premises, or of Thomas Bower, then his "servant," a sum of £3600, to be lent out at 8 per cent for the said Cotton's behoof, and the money having been duly lent out to a number of different persons, and all having gone well for some years, but latterly the interest having failed to come in, so that the old man had become alarmed, the defendants, by working on his fears, and representing that some of his debtors were non-solvent, had induced him to sell to them all his chances of recovering the principal and the arrears of interest for a sum of £2000 down, thus putting at least £1600 in their own pockets. Such was the *prima facie* aspect of the case of *Cotton versus Milton and Bower* in May 1636, on the first *ex-parte* statement of Sir Thomas Cotton in his Bill of Complaint. The sittings of the law-courts suffering much interruption for some time onwards from that date by reason of the prevalence of Plague in London, the case was protracted for nearly two years. Only a summary of the evidence as it gradually came out

need be given here. — When Bower did appear and put in his defence on oath, which was not till April 1637, he pleaded that, though there had been some such transaction between himself and the deceased John Cotton as was described, it had been at a different date from that alleged, and perfectly legitimate. The said deceased, he pleaded, having become alarmed at the non-receipt of his usual interest for a year or two, and conceiving his principal to be in danger, had, of his own accord, first offered to Mr. Milton an assignment of all his rights in principal and arrears for a sum of £2000, and had then, when Mr. Milton refused, come to him (Bower) and eagerly pressed the same offer. He (Bower) had accepted the offer, raised the £2000, paid it over, and received the bonds of the various debtors in exchange. But the present complainant, Sir Thomas Cotton, had been a negotiating party in the transaction, had made all inquiries beforehand as to the probable solvency of the debtors, had been present with his uncle when the £2000 was paid over, and had at once received one half of the sum for himself. It was true that he (Bower) had expected some profit from the transaction; and in fact, "with much travayle," he had succeeded in getting in all the moneys due, except about £500. But all had been done in a fair way of business, and Sir Thomas Cotton had no right now to question a bargain to which he had himself assented with his eyes open. — A few days after Bower made this defence personally, Mr. Milton sent in his, in a document drawn up in legal form at Horton, and dated 13th April 1637. He had been excused from personal attendance in the Court at Westminster, on an affidavit made in the Court on the 1st of that month by his younger son, Christopher Milton, to the effect that his father, "being aged about 74 years," and of infirm health besides, could not travel into town without some risk. The document accepted instead, and containing his sworn statement at Horton, still exists. It challenges, as Bower's defence had done, the dating on the other side of the transactions complained of. At the time so alleged, to wit about 1631, Bower was defendant's partner in the Bread Street-business, and no longer his "servant," as alleged; and defendant's dealings with the deceased John Cotton had begun, as appeared from the dates of some of the bonds in question, long before that date, — as far back, indeed, as 1621. From that time deceased had been a very frequent visitor at the shop in Bread Street, "a man of good years," certainly, but "no ways decrepit in body or defective in mind,"

and quite capable of looking after his affairs. Both before defendant's partnership with Bower and afterwards, the Bread Street shop had made numerous investments for the deceased of the kind alleged. Defendant cannot now remember all the particulars, "his employment being great that way," and some of the investments having been since he "gave over his trade,"—*i.e.* ceased to have the active management of the business; but he believes that Sir Thomas Cotton's enumeration of the sums lent out, and of the persons to whom they were lent, must be about right. The persons borrowing the money had always been of sufficient means at the time; and, so long as he had charge of the business, the interest on the sums borrowed had always been regularly paid to the deceased. He had never represented to the deceased that the debts were becoming desperate, or suggested to the deceased that it might be well for him to part with his bonds for a competent sum, or sought to influence him in any way to any such effect. "But this defendant confesseth that the said John Cotton, in his life-time, out of what reason this defendant knoweth not, but conceiveth it to be out of timorousness and fear that he might lose some of his said debts, did voluntarily make an offer to this defendant of £2000 in lieu of all such moneys as were lent or managed for him at this defendant's shop, being, as this defendant conceiveth, £3300 or thereabouts, and urged this defendant to agree with him to that purpose; which this defendant did utterly refuse, and was much grieved at the same, and took it very ill of the said John Cotton that he should make such an offer, as well in regard that he would not that the said John Cotton should sustain any loss at all by non-payment of the moneys by him so lent, as also that it was a great disparagement to this defendant and his said trade and shop. And this defendant thought himself much injured thereby, and told the said John Cotton that he did very much wrong him, this defendant, and himself thereby, for that the obligators and debtors were very sufficient men in estate, and there was no cause why he should do so." Deceased, having received this answer from defendant, had gone away; and what he had done afterwards defendant has no certain knowledge. He had heard, however, that deceased had gone afterwards, "without the privity or consent of this defendant," to his former servant and late partner, Thomas Bower, and that there had been some transaction between deceased and Bower, though what it was defendant knows nothing,

ave by report from others. ~~†~~ This documentary defence from Horton proved perfectly conclusive so far as Mr. Milton was concerned. Sir Thomas Cotton and his lawyers desisted at once from all further suit against *him* in the case, though apparently still continuing the suit in some form against Bower. Not till February 1, 1637-8, however, was Mr. Milton's name in connexion with the suit cleared formally out of the Court records. It was then ordered in Court that, Sir Thomas seeming to rest satisfied with Mr. Milton's defence, inasmuch as he had desisted from all suit of Mr. Milton for two whole terms, "the same matter shall be from henceforth out of this Court clearly and absolutely dismissed for ever," Sir Thomas to pay Mr. Milton twenty shillings "for his costs wrongfully sustained."¹

Probably, with the ex-scrivener's knowledge of business, and his foresight of what the decision must ultimately be, this lawsuit of 1636-7 may have been much less annoying to him and the household at Horton than it now looks. What lends a touching interest to the memory of it now is its coincidence in point of time with one sad event in that household. On that 1st of April 1637, when Christopher Milton gave his affidavit in Westminster that his father could not, by reason of age and infirmity, appear personally to the suit, the household was expecting the death of its other head,—the still more invalid mother. Two days afterwards, 3d April 1637, she did die; and, after three days more, they laid her body in the grave one looks at now in the chancel of Horton Church. The funeral was hardly over when the widower had to rouse himself for that documentary defence, dated 13th April 1637, which was accepted in lieu of his personal appearance, and which quashed all further concern of his in a disagreeable affair. One of the witnesses to this document was his son-in-law, Thomas Agar, the second husband of his only daughter, Anne Milton; and another was a John Agar, probably the brother of Thomas. There had, one sees, been a gathering of the members and relatives of the family round the old man in his time of bereavement. Ten months later, when the sorrow had settled into recollection and calm, and when the last vestige of possible trouble from the lawsuit was

¹ This paragraph is a condensation of the story of the lawsuit as I have told it elsewhere at much greater length (Revised Edition, in 1881, of Vol. I. of *Life of Milton and History of his Time*). I have to repeat now the acknowledgment I there made of the generous assistance I received from Mr. T. C. Noble in my investigations into the facts of the story as they are contained in various documents in the Record Office and the British Museum.

cleared away by the order of the Westminster Court of 1st February 1637-8, the elder son of the family was able to think of preparations for his long-meditated continental tour. His brother Christopher, then finishing his law-terms at the Inner Temple, had, though only twenty-two years of age, become a married man; and the newly-married couple were to reside at Horton, and keep the old man company during the elder son's absence.

On Milton's return from his tour in the autumn of 1639, he did not rejoin the family group at Horton, but, as our Memoir has recorded more in detail, began London life on his own account, first in lodgings, and then in that house in Aldersgate Street which he occupied till 1645, and in which he wrote the first eleven of his prose pamphlets. In one of these pamphlets,—his *Reason of Church Government*, published in 1642, and containing a sketch of his own life to that point,—there is an affectionate mention of his father, 'very much' in the strain of the poem *Ad Patrem*. "After I had, "from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my "father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues and "some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and "teachers both at home and in the schools," are the words of this passage; and similar references, less express, may be found in other places of the same series of pamphlets. Meanwhile, his brother Christopher having been called to the Bar, and having taken the Royalist side in politics, there had been a migration of him and his young wife, and of the old man with them, from Horton to Reading. They were in that town when it was besieged and taken by the Parliamentary General, Essex, in April 1643. Then, Christopher and his wife shifting somehow for themselves, the old man had come to reside in London with his son John." There was the more room for him in the house in Aldersgate Street because he arrived in it just after that sad episode in his son's life there which consisted in his unexpectedly bringing home, in June 1643, Mary Powell of Forest-hill as his girl-wife, and her abrupt desertion of him and return to her father's house in the following month. Milton, his father, and the pupils got on together as well as they could in the house thus deserted by the girl-wife, the pupils more numerous than before, and the hustle in the house the greater; but the "old gentleman," as his grandson, Edward Phillips, tells us (who was one of the pupils, and could recollect the fact well), "living wholly retired to his rest and

devotion, without the least trouble imaginable." After the return of Milton's wife, and Milton's reconciliation with her, in or about August 1645, the father passed with them into the larger house that had been taken in the Barbican; where also the wife's father and mother, with others of the Powells, driven from their home near Oxford by the ruin of the King's cause, were guests for some time. Here the old man saw Milton's eldest child, Anne, born July 29, 1646; and here he died eight months afterwards, March 1646-7. He was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. If Aubrey's tradition is true that he "read without spectacles at 84," it was not from him that Milton inherited his weakness of eyesight.

GREEK VERSES.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

Milton, though an assiduous and enthusiastic reader of the Greek classics, did not give much time to the practice of Greek composition. He has left but three pieces of Greek verse; and the verdict upon *them* by the critic of subsequent times who has published the minutest examination of them (Dr. Charles Burney, 1757-1817) is that they show imperfect Greek scholarship. He finds lax constructions in them, questionable usages of words, and even false quantities.

PSALM CXIV.—This seems to have been a favourite Psalm with Milton, for it is one of the two which he had paraphrased in English when he was fifteen years of age (see *ante*, pp. 114-116). The present translation of it in Greek hexameters was done in 1634, as appears by a Latin letter of Milton to Alexander Gill the younger, of date Dec. 4 in that year. Sending Gill a copy of the translation, in return for some verses which he had received from Gill, he explains that he had done it on a sudden impulse, before getting up, at day-break one morning of the preceding week. "Should anything occur to you in it," he adds, "not coming up to your usual opinion of our productions, understand that, since I left your school, this is the first and only thing I have composed in Greek,—employing myself, as you know, more willingly in Latin and English matters; inasmuch as whoever spends study and pains in this age on Greek composition runs a risk of singing mostly to the deaf." Nevertheless Dr. Burney pronounces the version superior to the Greek version

of the same Psalm by James Duport, Milton's contemporary, and Professor of Greek at Cambridge. "It has more vigour," he says, "but is not wholly free from inaccuracies."

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, ETC.—As these Hexameters appear in the Edition of 1645, and as their tenor suggests that they were done after the Civil War had begun, we may date them between 1642 and 1645. Milton probably imagined himself coming, by some possibility, into the situation of the "Philosophus," and the imaginary "Rex" in that case might be Charles I. The piece has a touch in it of the peculiar spirit of Sonnet VIII., beginning "Captain or Colonel." The Greek is very much found fault with by Dr. Burney, whose criticism of the five lines extends over a greater number of closely-printed pages.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.—These satirical Iambics, Milton's savage practical joke at the expense of the engraver, William Marshall, appeared in the Edition of 1645, engraved under Marshall's portrait of Milton: in the Edition of 1673, which did not contain that portrait, they were put into the text. (See the exact story of the affair *ante*, pp. 92-94.) The Epigram, according to Dr. Burney, is "far inferior to those on Bad Painters which are preserved in the Greek Anthologia: it has no point." One may differ from Dr. Burney here. But Dr. Burney takes exception also to the Greek. For example, the antepenultimate of the word *δυσμύημα* in the last line is long, so that Milton either did not know that, or was guilty of the impropriety of making the fourth foot of an Iambic trimeter a spondee. "The Poet does not appear to have suspected," says Dr. Burney, "that, while he was censuring the *Effigiei Sculptor*, he was exposing himself to the severity of criticism by admitting into his verses disputable Greek and false metre." The moral is that, when one makes a practical joke, it may be dangerous to do it in Greek.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM.—SCAZONTES.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This was written at Rome, either in 1638 or in 1639, in one of Milton's two visits to that city. The person addressed is Joannes Salsillus, or Giovanni Salzilli, a Roman poet, whose acquaintance Milton had made in those visits. The phrase "a Roman Poet"

might now mislead us. Rome then swarmed with wits and men of letters, meeting together in clubs or academies, of which there may have been about twenty in all. There must have been at least 500 authors of one kind or another in Rome then, of whom the majority were "poets" habitually or on occasion. Only a selection of these figure now in the standard Histories of Italian Literature; and of these Salzilli is not one. He must have been of considerable note in Roman society in his day, however; for I find him a leading contributor to a volume published at Rome in 1637 and dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini under the title of *Poesie de' Signori Accademici Fantastici*, i.e. Poems by Members of the Academy of the Fantastics. There are fifty-one contributors to this volume; but Salzilli's contributions occupy twenty-two pages out of a total of 272, and consist of eleven sonnets, two canzoni, one canzonetta, and one descriptive poem. Probably he was a young man and habitually an invalid. He was in bad health, at all events, when Milton addressed to him these *Scazontes*: viz. verses written in the "limping measure" employed by the Greek poet Hipponax, the peculiarity of which is that the verse is regular Iambic trimeter till the last foot; where, by the substitution of a spondee or trochee for the expected Iambus, an effect is given as of coming to the last step of a stair with the wrong emphasis. To bring out this effect fully, the fifth or penultimate foot ought always to be an Iambus; but Milton has not attended strictly to this rule. In the verses Milton expresses his wishes for Salzilli's recovery, pays him a compliment on his poetry, and refers to the four lines of Latin elegiac verse in which Salzilli had, with Italian politeness, so hyperbolically praised Milton on slight acquaintance, extolling him above Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. See the lines among the Testimonies to Milton prefixed to the Latin Poems. There are some pleasant references in Milton's verses to his delight in the Italian climate and to his walks about Rome.

MANSUS.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

This is a poem of remarkable interest, addressed to the most distinguished, in some respects, of all the Italians with whom Milton became personally acquainted during his Italian journey: viz. the

Neapolitan Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and Lord of Bisaccio and Panca.

Manso was born in 1561, three years before Shakespeare; and his long life had been spent chiefly in such occupations as the political condition of Naples and Southern Italy, then subject to the Spaniards and governed by Viceroys from Madrid, permitted to a wealthy and high-minded native of those parts. The cultivation of philosophy, art, and poetry for his own pleasure, and the encouragement of these pursuits in others, and of a life of cheerful sociability where political independence was denied, had been his principal business. He was not unknown as an author. In 1608 there had been published at Milan, under the title of *Paradossi, ovvero dell' Amore Dialoghi*, some philosophical dialogues of his on Love; another set of his dialogues, of a similar nature, called *L'Erocallia*, had been published at Venice in 1619, and republished at Milan in 1628; and at Venice in 1635 there had appeared a collection of his juvenile poems, chiefly Sonnets and Canzoni, entitled *Poesie Nomiche, divise in Rime amorose, sacre e morali*. But it was less as an author than as a friend and patron of authors that Manso was loved and honoured. His life had been identified with the history of Italian Literature for half a century. No Italian of note during that period but Manso had known; few but had known and been indebted to Manso. Above all, he had been the friend, the bosom friend, of the two greatest poets of Italy in his generation, Tasso and Marini.—Tasso, in the strange madness that came over him in his manhood, clouding his beautiful mind, but leaving it still capable of the noblest poetry, had been led, in his wanderings over Italy, to Manso's door at Naples (1588). Manso, then in his twenty-eighth year, while Tasso was in his forty-fifth, had received the illustrious unfortunate, had kept him in his splendid villa at Naples and in his country-house at Bisaccio, had tended him in his fits of gloom, had soothed him in those moments when the frenzy was at its strongest, and the air around him was full of visions and voices, and he would call on Manso to look and listen. Thus had grown up a friendship which lasted with Tasso's life. Twice again he had been Manso's guest; it was in Manso's house, in one of those visits, that he completed his *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, in one of the books of which he introduces Manso's name; in his Dialogue on Friendship Manso is one of the speakers, and it is dedicated to Manso and entitled *Il Manso*;

and there are other recognitions of their intimacy in sonnets of Tasso addressed to Manso. On Tasso's death-bed in Rome (1595) he spoke of Manso; a picture of Tasso which Manso had painted was bequeathed back to him; and it was Manso that, some years afterwards, caused the well-known inscription "*Torquati Tassi Ossa*" to be cut on Tasso's tomb. In 1619 there had been published at Naples a Life of Tasso, without Manso's name, but known to be his, and containing an affectionate collection of personal details respecting the poet. It was a popular book in Italy, and had been several times reprinted.—Hardly less intimate than Manso's friendship with his illustrious senior, Tasso, had been his friendship with his junior, Marini (born 1569), Tasso's most celebrated successor in Poetry, though a corruption of Italian taste in Poetry is traced now to his sweet and sensuous genius. Marini, a Neapolitan by birth, but, like Tasso, much of a wanderer, had also been a frequent guest at Manso's villa, had been protected by him, and served in many ways; and, when Marini died, in 1625, two years after the publication of his *Adone*, the charge of his burial and of erecting his monument was left to Manso. It was understood that Manso was preparing a biography of Marini similar to that he had written of Tasso.—And now, with all these recollections of the past circling round him, the Marquis Manso, verging on eighty years of age, was living on at Naples, the most venerable man in the city, and indeed, since the death of Molino of Venice and that of Strozzi at Rome, the one conspicuous private patron of Art and Literature in all Italy. In the society of Naples he was supreme. He had founded there a club or academy, called the *Oziiosi* ("The Idlers"), of which he was president, and the meetings of which were held in his house; and there was another institution of his foundation, called the College *Dei Nobili*, the purpose of which was the education of the young Neapolitan nobles in manly arts and exercises. In the meetings of these institutions the old nobleman would be gay as the youngest present, joining even in their frolics. A certain high moral chivalry, however, for which he had been known from his youth, regulated his behaviour, and gave a dignity even to his humours in company. Also he was punctiliously scrupulous in matters of religion, and a most pious and orthodox son of the Catholic Church.

Milton's introduction to Manso, as he tells us himself (*Defensio Secunda*), was by the management of a certain Eremite Friar, who

was his companion in his journey from Rome to Naples in November 1638. The Marquis appears to have conceived a great liking for the young Englishman, and to have been particularly gracious to him. "As long as I staid in Naples," says Milton, "I found him truly most friendly to me, he himself acting as my guide through the different parts of the city and the palace of the Viceroy, and coming himself more than once to my inn to visit me; and at my going away he seriously excused himself to me in that, though he wished extremely to have shown me much greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city, because I would not be more close in the matter of Religion." In the two Latin lines of compliment given by Manso to Milton, and included by Milton among the Testimonies prefixed to his Latin Poems, there is a hint at this Protestantism of Milton as the only fault he had in the old man's eyes:—

"Mind, form, grace, face, and morals are perfect: if but thy creed were,
Then, not *Anglic* alone, truly *Angelus* thou'dst be."

So wrote the old man, reviving in Milton's favour the play upon the words *Anglus* and *Angelus* attributed in the legend to Pope Gregory when he beheld the English youths in the Roman slave-market and grieved that such comely youths should be Pagans. But Milton carried away with him another token of Manso's regard. He describes distinctly in his *Epitaphium Damonis* (lines 181—197) two cups which Manso had given him as a keepsake, carved round or painted by Manso himself with two designs, the one of an oriental subject, the other of a subject from classic mythology.

In return for Manso's distich and his cups, or possibly before receiving them, and in mere acknowledgment of Manso's great courtesy generally, Milton, ere he left Naples (Jan. 1638 9), sent to Manso the hundred hexameter lines now under notice. For some readers the following English version of them may not be quite superfluous:—

MANSO.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, is a man illustrious in the first rank among Italians by the reputation of his genius, both in the study of letters and also in warlike valour. There is extant a Dialogue of Torquato Tasso, *On Friendship*, addressed to him; for he was Tasso's most intimate friend; by whom he is also celebrated among the princes of Campania in the poem entitled *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, book XX.—

*
 " Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi
 Risplende il Manso "

This nobleman honoured the author, during his stay in Naples, with every kindness in his power, and conferred on him many acts of courtesy To him, therefore, his guest, before leaving that city, to show himself not ungrateful, sent the following poem

One more song in thy praise the Muses are pondering, Manso,
 One more, Manso, to thee, whom all the choir of Apollo
 Mark as the man in chief that god has delighted to honour
 Since the death of Gallus and days of Etruscan Mæcenas
 Thou too if but the breath of our poetry so far availeth,
 Safe shalt sit amidst the victorious ivies and laurels

Nobly in days gone by great Tasso's fortunate friendship
 Coupled thy name with his and wrote them on pages eternal
 Later no ignorant muse made over sweet speaking Marini
 Into thy charge he is fain himself to pass for thy pupil
 All through his flowing tales of Assyrian gods and their amours,
 Sung in the tender strains that astound the Italian fair ones
 Ay, and expressly to thee alone that bard on his death bed
 I left his bones in trust and the care of his latest commissions
 Nor did thy loving regard deceive thy friend in his coffin,
 Smiling in well wrought brass we have seen the face of the poet
 Neither has this seemed enough for the one or the other, thy kindness
 Ceases not even at the grave, the men themselves thou wouldst rescue
 Lack from the dead entire, and cheat the Fates of their capture,
 Sketching the births of both, and the chequered course of their fortunes
 Here in life, and their habits and special kinds of endowment,
 Rivaling thus that ancient who born near Myrcæ's mountain,
 Told in his eloquent prose the life of Alcibiades
 Therefore do I, in name of Clio and mighty Apollo,
 Call thee my father Manso, and bid thee a long salutation,
 Pilgrim youth though I am from the lands of the northern pole star
 Nor wilt thou in thy goings despise this muse from a distance,
 Which in these late days, and scarcely matured in the cold north,
 Indiscreeetly has dared to flutter through Italy's cities
 We also think that we have heard the swans in our river
 Making music at night through all the shadowy darkness,
 Where our silver Thames, at breadth of her pure gushing current,
 Brulles with tidal whirl the yellow locks of the Ocean
 Nay, and our Chaucer once came here as a stranger before me

Deem not of us as a race uncultured and useless to Phœbus,
 Bred in a region of earth underlying the seven starred Plough, and
 Patient the long nights through beneath the wintry Bootes
 We too have Phœbus in honour, we too erewhile to Phœbus
 (Else old legends lie) have sent our trillutes of worship,—
 Yellowing stalks of corn, and ruddy ripe apples in baskets,

Crocuses breathing sweet, and chosen bands of our maidens,
Sprung of that old race of Druids who, practised in lore of the priesthood,
Sang the praises of heroes and deeds of worthy example.

Hence the Grecian girls, in their custom'd holiday dances

Round the shrines of the god in his grassy island of Delos,

Name even now in their chaunts our Cornish adventuress Loxo,

- Upis, our prophet-maid, and flaxen-haired Hecaerge,

Each with her bosom stained with the blue Caledonian heath-juice.

Wherefore, happy old man, wherever over the wide world

Tasso's glorious verse and magnificent name shall be cherished,

Or there shall grow and spread the brilliant fame of Marini,

Thou too shalt frequently come into all men's mouths for applauses,

And with proportioned flight shalt wing thy journey immortal.

Rumour then shall run with what goodwill in thy household

Cynthia dwelt and his hand-maid muses came to thy portals.

Far less willingly once the same god, outcast from heaven,

Went to the house and farm of King Admetus of Phœæ,

Though that king had received great Hercules into his guest-room.

Only, when he would shun the noisy mirth of the herdsmen,

Did he make his way to the cave of the mild-mannered Centaur,

Mid the winding thickets and bowers of leafy profusion

Close by Peneus' stream : there often under an oak-tree,

Won by the kindly request of his friend, he would lighten and solace

Exile's labours hard by a song to the lute which he carried.

Then neither bank of earth nor the huge deep-socketed boulders

Kept in their places for glee ; the Rock Trachinian trembles,

Missing the wonted weight of its acres of woody incumbrance ;

Down from their hills uprooted the elms career in their hurry ;

Ay and the spotty lynxes are charmed by the musical magic,

Old man loved of the gods ! great Jupiter must have been friendly

Just at thy birth, and Phœbus and Mercury also together

Mildly have shone on the moment ; for no one not from his birth-hour

Dear to the gods above can be a great poet's protector.

Hence does thy old age bloom as with lingering garlands of roses,

Keeping the clustering honours unshed from thy forehead and temples,

Genius yet in strength, and the edge of the intellect perfect.

O were it *my* good luck to have such a friend in the future,

One that should know as well what is due to the children of Phœbus,

If I should ever recall into song the kings of my country,

Arthur still from his under-ground stirring the warlike commotion,

Or should tell of those that were leagued as the knights of his Table,

Great-souled heroes unmatched, and (O might the spirit but aid me !)

Shiver the Saxon phalanxes under the shock of the Britons !

Then, when at last, having measured the span of my mortal existence,

Full of years, I should leave to the dust its rightful possession,

He would be standing, I know, with tears in his eyes by my bed-side ;

No more needed then than "*Make me thy charge*" as he stood there ;

He would see that my limbs, slack-stretched in inanimate pallor,
 Gently were laid and with care in their small receiving encasement ;
 Haply our features even he would fetch from memorial marble,
 Twining the Paphian myrtle or leaf of Parnassian laurel
 Round the sculptured locks, while I shall be resting in quiet.
 Then, too, if faith means aught, if the good are surely rewarded,
 I myself, removed to the heaven where the gods have their dwelling,
 Whither labour, and conscience pure, and ardour promote us,
 Still shall behold all this from that high world of the secret,
 Far as the fates allow, and with perfect mental composure
 Smiling shall feel my face suffused with a luminous purple,
 Such a blush as may come in the blaze of the bliss of Olympus.

Especially to be observed in this poem is the information which it contains, so finely blended with compliment to Manso, that the author was contemplating the possibility of an epic on King Arthur and British Legendary History. This is the first hint from Milton of that scheme of his. Whether Manso noted this passage or not, he must have been pleased by the receipt of such a poem, and must have thought of the young Englishman sometimes through the next few years, and wondered what he was doing in his native land. Much news of Milton, however, in Poetry at least, can hardly have reached Manso before his death. He died at Naples, at the age of eighty-four, in 1645, the very year when the first edition of Milton's Minor Poems was published. From the heading of this particular poem in that Edition one infers that Milton thought of Manso as then still alive.

" EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

(Editions of 1645 and 1673.)

In the Introductions to the *Elegia Prima* and the *Elegia Sexta* the story of Milton's friendship with Charles Diodati has been brought down to the end of the year 1629. Since then there had been no interruption of the friendship, but rather a strengthening of it by new ties as the two friends grew older. Two Latin letters of Milton to Diodati, both written in September 1637, and now printed among Milton's *Epistolæ Familiares*, are the best information we have as to the mutual position of the two friends at that date, when Milton was in his thirtieth year and Diodati had just passed that age.

Diodati, it appears from those letters, had finished his medical education, and was in practice somewhere in the north of England: near Chester, it has been supposed; but that is only a guess from the fact that he had been in that neighbourhood in 1626, the date of the *Elegia Prima*. Milton, on the other hand, was mainly at Horton, but sometimes in London; whence, indeed, his two letters are written. They are full of gossip and affection. "How is it with you, pray?" asks Milton in the first, dated Sept. 2. "Are you in good health? Are there in those parts any learned folks or so with whom you can willingly associate and chat, as *we* were wont together? When do you return? How long do you intend to dwell among those hyperboreans?" Again, in the second, dated Sept. 23, Diodati having replied in the meanwhile, and there having been the usual excuses on both sides for laziness in letter-writing: "I would not that true friendship turned on balances of letters and salutations, all which may be false; but that it should depend on both sides on the deep roots of the mind and sustain itself there, and that, once begun on sincere and sacred grounds, it should, though mutual good offices should cease, yet be free from suspicion and blame through the whole of life: for the fostering of which friendship there is not need so much of writing as of a loving recollection of virtues on the one side and on the other. Nor even now, should you not have written, would there be a lack of means for supplying that good office. Your probity writes to me in your stead, and indites true letters on my inmost heart; your blamelessness of morals writes to me, and your love of the good; your genius also, by no means a common one, writes to me, and commends you to me more and more. . . . Know that it is impossible for me not to love men like you." There is added some talk about Milton's doings. He is thinking, he says, of taking chambers in London, in one of the Inns of Court, having begun to find Horton inconvenient. He has been engaged in a continuous course of historical reading, and has reached the mediæval period. Could Diodati lend him the History of Venice by Justiniani? And what is Diodati doing? Is he crowing over his medical dignity? Is he troubling himself too much with family matters? Unless this stepmotherly war is very bad indeed, worse than Dacian or Sarmatian, may not one hope to see him soon in

winter quarters? (*Nisi bellum hoc novercale vel Dacico vel Sarmatico infestius sit, debetis profecto maturare, ut ad nos saltem in hyberna concedas.*) I can only construe this passage as implying that Diodati had recently received a stepmother, and was not much pleased with the acquisition. His father, Dr. Theodore Diodati, after having been some time a widower by the death of Diodati's mother, had married, as I understand, a second wife in his old age. The house of the old physician in Little St. Bartholomew's may not have been so pleasant, therefore, for his son Charles, when he came to town. Charles's brother, John, may have taken the matter more easily, or may have had a house of his own. *He* was in Londoh, we learn from Milton's letters, while Charles was in the north.

Seven months after Milton had written these letters to Diodati, he went abroad on his Italian journey (April 1638). It is very possible that he and Diodati may have met in the interval, and talked over the intended tour. Diodati, as half an Italian, and acquainted with the Italian traditions and connexions of his family, may have had hints to give to Milton for his use abroad, or even letters of introduction. At all events, we find Milton, while abroad, thinking much of Diodati. He mentions expressly in his *Defensio Secunda* that, in the second two months he spent at Florence (March and April 1639) he found time for an excursion of "a few days" to Lucca, about forty miles distant; and I suspect that his main motive in the excursion was to see the town whence the Diodati family had derived their origin. Then, again, in one of the five Italian Love Sonnets, written, as is generally believed, in the north of Italy, towards the end of Milton's Italian tour, we find Diodati directly addressed, and, as it were, taken, though absent, into his friend's confidence in the sudden love-incident that had befallen him (see *Introd. to the Italian Sonnets*). I feel sure that Milton talked of Diodati, his half-Italian friend at home, to the various groups of Italian wits and literati in the midst of whom he found himself in the different Italian cities he visited, and especially to his acquaintances of the Florentine group, Gaddi, Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Chimentelli, Francini, and others. It is not a matter of fancy, but of actual information by Milton himself, that, as he parted from these groups of new friends, and took his way at length back from Italy, homewards, through Switzerland and France, it was with a kind of impatience to meet Diodati again, after so long an absence,

so as to pour into his ear, in long sittings within-doors, or in walks together through English fields and country lanes, the connected story of all he had done and seen in the wondrous southern land of olives and myrtles, blue skies and soft winds, art and antiquities, poetry and beauty.

• All the more terrible was the shock that awaited Milton. His friend Diodati was no longer alive. He had died in London in August 1638, little more than four months after Milton had left England, though no news of the fact seems to have reached Milton till the Italian part of his tour was completed, or all but completed, and he was on his way homeward. The news did reach him while he was still on the Continent, and most probably at Geneva in June 1639; for he tells us that, while there, he was much in the company of the theologian Jean Diodati, the celebrated uncle of Charles (see *Intro.* to *Elegia Prima*), and it is natural to suppose that the uncle had heard of his nephew's death. Not till Milton was in England, however, did he fully ascertain the particulars. What these were remained totally unknown to biographers of Milton and commentators on his poems till the year 1874, when one of the researches of the late Colonel J. L. Chester in the London parish-registers brought the missing facts to light. It was Colonel Chester's kind habit, when he came upon any discovery of interest relating to Milton, always at once to let me know of it; and it was in a letter he sent me from London, dated 24th August 1874, that he communicated to me a discovery he had just made in the Registers of the parish of St. Anne, Blackfriars. Here are the exact words of the communication:—"Charles Diodati was buried at St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, 27 Aug. 1638. The entry in the Register is simply " 'Mr. Charles Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.' Seventeen days before, viz. 10 Aug. 1638, was also buried there 'Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's.' On the 29th of June 1638 was baptized 'Richard, son of John and Isabell Deodate'; and on the 23d of June in the same year was buried 'Isabell, wife to John Deodate.' These are all the entries of the name that occur in the "Register of St. Anne, Blackfriars."—With the information we already have, the interpretation of this cluster of entries does not seem difficult. A *bellum novercale* ("stepmotherly war") had arisen, as Milton's already-quoted letter of 23d September 1637 tells us, among the children of the old Italian physician, Dr. Theodore

Diodati, of Little St. Bartholomew's, in consequence of his having chosen, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, to suit himself with a second wife. The elder of his two sons, John Diodati, was the less affected by the event because, being already a married man himself, he had left the paternal home in Little St. Bartholomew's and become a householder on his own account in the southern suburb called Blackfriars. But the other children, Charles and his sister Philadelphia (for that the "Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate" of the Register was a sister of Charles seems almost certain, "*Mrs.*" in those days answering to our "*Miss*"), had more reason to take the thing to heart. Consequently, it would appear, Charles Diodati, whom Milton's letters of September 1637 show to have been then somewhere in the north of England, but to have been expected back in London, fully equipped now with medical honours entitling him to start in the family profession, had not gone, when he did return, to his father's house, but had become a boarder in the house of a M^r. Dollam in Blackfriars, near his brother; and ~~there~~ his sister Philadelphia had joined him. This may have happened before Milton's departure on his foreign tour in April 1638; and, in that case, Milton's last sight of his friend Diodati may have been at Mr. Dollam's. It was some time after Milton had gone, at any rate, that there fell on the Diodatis, so quartered in Blackfriars, that succession of strokes which the Registers of St. Anne's parish have kept on record. In the end of June 1638 the wife of the elder brother, John, died in childbirth, leaving an infant to be baptized a few days afterwards by the name of Richard. Six weeks later, or early in August 1638, the sister Philadelphia died in Mr. Dollam's house; whence she was buried on the 10th of that month. Somewhat more than a fortnight later, viz. on the 27th of August 1638, there was the burial from the same house of Milton's friend Charles. The circumstances suggest that sister and brother were the victims of one and the same malady,—some fever or other epidemic, perhaps, in that London neighbourhood. At the time they were laying Charles in his grave Milton was in Florence, amid the delights of his first visit to that city. On the 3d of October 1638, or about five weeks after Charles Diodati's death, letters of administration to his effects were granted, Colonel Chester ascertained, to his surviving brother John.

If Mr. Dollam's house in Blackfriars was unknown to Milton when he went abroad, there can be little doubt that he went to see

it, and looked at it with a melancholy interest, after his return. Then it was that he learnt all the painful particulars of which the four entries in an old London Parish Register are now the clearest, though an imperfect, summary. He may have looked at those entries himself. Certain it is that, for some time after his return, we see him going about between London and Horton, thinking of little else than Charles Diodati's death. His return to England, his reminiscences of Italy and all the delights of his tour, were saddened and spoiled to him by this one irremediable loss. At length his musings over it take poetic form, and, some time in the late autumn of 1639, or in the winter of 1639-40, he writes his *Epitaphium Damonis*.

The poem is, beyond all question, the finest, the deepest in feeling, of all that Milton has left us in Latin, and one of the most interesting of all his poems, whether Latin or English. It is purely the accident of its being in Latin that has prevented it from being as well known as *Lycidas*, and that has transferred to the subject of that English pastoral, Edward King of Christ's College, Cambridge, the honour of being remembered and spoken of as the pre-eminent friend of Milton's youth and early manhood. We have already, in the Introduction to *Lycidas*, cautioned against that impression; and the caution must now be repeated even more strongly. Not *Lycidas* but *Damon*, not the Irish-born Edward King, but the half-Italian Charles Diodati, was Milton's dearest, most intimate, most peculiar friend. The records prove this irresistibly, and a careful perusal of the two poems together will add to the impression. To facilitate such a comparison as far as possible, we will venture on a reprint of the following translation of the Latin poem:—

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

The Argument.

THYRSIS and DAMON, shepherds of the same neighbourhood, following the same pursuits, were friends from their boyhood, in the highest degree of mutual attachment. Thyrsis, having set out to travel for mental improvement, received news when abroad of Damon's death. Afterwards at length returning, and finding the matter to be so, he deploras himself and his solitary condition in the following poem. Under the guise of Damon, however, is here understood Charles Diodati, tracing his descent on the father's side from the Tuscan city of Lucca, but otherwise English,—a youth remarkable, while he lived, for his genius, his learning, and other most shining virtues.

Nymphs of old Himera's stream (for ye it was that remembered
 Daphnis and Hylas when dead, and grieved for the sad fate of Bion),
 Tell through the hamlets of Thames this later Sicilian story,—
 What were the cries and murmurs that burst from Thyrsis the wretched,
 What lamentations continued he wrung from the caves and the rivers,
 Wrung from the wandering brooks and the grove's most secret recesses,
 Mourning his Damon lost, and compelling even the midnight
 Into the sound of his woe, as he wandered in desolate places.
 Twice had the ears in the wheat-fields shot through the green of their sheathing,
 As many crops of pale gold were the reapers counting as garnered,
 Since the last day that had taken Damon down from the living,
 Thyrsis not being by; for then that shepherd was absent,
 Kept by the Muse's sweet love in the far-famed town of the Tuscan.
 But, when his satiate mind, and the care of his flock recollected,
 Brought him back to his home, and he sat, as of old, 'neath the elm-tree,
 Then at last, O then, as the sense of his loss comes upon him,
 Thus he begins to disburthen all his measureless sorrow :—

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Ah me ! what deities now shall I call on in earth or in heaven, :
 After the pitiless death by which they have reft thee, my Damon?
 Thus dost thou leave us ? thus without name is thy virtue departed
 Down to the world below, to take rank with the shadows unnoted ?
 No ! May He that disparteth souls with his glittering baton
 Will it not so, but lead thee into some band of the worthies,
 Driving far from thy side all the mere herd of the voiceless !

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Hap as it may, unless the wolf's black glance shall first cross me,
 Not in a tearless tomb shall thy loved mortality moulder ;
 Stand shall thine honour for thee, and long henceforth shall it flourish ,
 Mid our shepherd-lads ; and thee they shall joy to remember
 Next after Daphnis chief, next after Daphnis to praise thee,
 So long as Pales and Faunus shall love our fields and our meadows,
 If it avails to have cherished the faith of the old and the loyal,
 Pallas's arts of peace, and have had a tuneful companion !

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Kept are these honours for thee, and thine they *shall* be, my Damon !
 But for myself what remains ? For me what faithful companion
 Now will cling to my side, in the place of the one so familiar,
 All through the season harsh when the grounds are crisp with the snow-crust,
 Or 'neath the blazing sun when the herbage is dying for moisture ?
 Were it the task to go forth in the track of the ravaging lions,
 Or to drive back from the folds the wolf-packs boldened by hunger,
 Who would now lighten the day with the sound of his talk or his singing ?

Go unpastured, my lambs ; your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Whom shall I trust with my thoughts ; or who will teach me to deaden
 Heart-hid pains ; or who will cheat away the long evening
 Sweetly with chat by the fire, where hissing hot on the ashes

Roasts the ripe pear, and the chestnuts crackle beneath, while the South-wind
Hurls confusion without, and thunders down on the elm-tops?

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Then, in the summer, when day spins round on his middlemost axle,
What time Pan takes his sleep concealed in the shade of the beeches,
And when the nymphs have repaired to their well-known grots in the rivers,
Shepherds are not to be seen and under the hedge snores the rustic,
Who will bring me again thy blandishing ways and thy laughter,
All thy Athenian jests, and all the fine wit of thy fancies?

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Now all lonely I wander over the fields and the pastures,
Or where the branchy shades are densest down in the valleys ;
There I wait till late, while the shower and the storm-blast above me
Moan at their will, and sighings shake through the breaks of the woodlands.

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Ah ! hov. my fields, once neat, are now overgrown and unsightly,
Forward only in weeds, and the tall corn sickens with mildew !
Mateless, my vines droop down the shrivelled weight of their clusters ;
Neither please me my myrtles ; and even the sheep are a trouble ;
They seem sad, and they turn their faces, poor things, to their master !

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Tityrus calls to the hazels ; to the ash-trees Alphesibœus ;
Ægon suggests the willows : " The streams," says lovely Amyntas ;
" Here are the cool springs, here the moss-broidered grass and the hillocks ;
" Here are the zephyrs, and here the arbutus whispers the ripple."
These things they sing to the deaf ; so I took to the thickets and left them.

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Mopsus addressed me next, for he had espied me returning
(Wise in the language of birds, and wise in the stars too, is Mopsus) :
" Thyrsis," he said, " what is this ? what bilious humour afflicts thee ?
" Either love is the cause, or the blast of some star inauspicious ;
" Saturn's star is of all the oftenest deadly to shepherds,
" Fixing deep in the breast his slant leaden shaft of sickness."

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Round me fair maids wonder : " What will come of thee, Thyrsis ?
" What wouldst thou have ?" they say : " not commonly see we the young men
" Wearing that cloud on the brow, the eyes thus stern and the visage :
" Youth seeks the dance and sports, and in all will tend to be wooing :
" Rightfully so : twice wretched is he who is late in his loving."

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Driope came, and Hyas, and Ægle, the daughter of Baucis
(Learned is she in the song and the lute, but O what a proud one !)
Came to me Chloris also, the maid from the banks of the Chelmer.
Nothing their blandishings move me, nothing their prattle of comfort ;
Nothing the present can move me, nor any hope of the future.

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
Ah me ! how like one another the herds frisk over the meadows,

All, by the law of their kind, companions equally common ;
 No one selecting for friendship this one rather than that one
 Out of the flock ! So come in droves to their feeding the jackals ;
 So in their turns pair also the rough untameable zebras.
 Such too the law of the deep, where Proteus down on the shingle
 Numbers his troops of sea-calves. " Nay, that meanest of wing'd ones,
 See how the sparrow has always near him a fellow, when flying
 Round by the barns he chirrups, but seeks his own thatch ere it darkens ;
 Whom should fate strike lifeless,—whether the beak of the falcon
 Pin him in air, or he lie transfixed by the reed of the ditcher,—
 Quick the survivor is off, and a moment finds him re-mated.
We are the hard race, we, the battered children of fortune,
 We of the breed of men, strange-minded and different-moulded !
 Scarcely does any discover his one true mate among thousands ;
 Or, if kindlier chance shall have given the singular blessing,
 Comes a dark day on the creep, and comes the hour unexpected,
 Snatching away the gift, and leaving the anguish eternal.

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Ah ! what roaming whimsy drew my steps to a distance,
 'Over the rocks hung in air and the Alpine passes and glaciers !
 Was it so needful for me to have seen old Rome in her ruins,—
 Even though Rome had been such as, erst in the days of her greatness,
 Tityrus, only to visit, forsook both his flocks and his country,—
 That but for this I consented to lack the dear use of thy presence,
 Placing so many seas and so many mountains between us,
 So many woods and rocks and so many murmuring rivers ?
 Ah ! at the end at least to have touched his hand had been given me,
 Closed his beautiful eyes in the placid hour of his dying,
 Said to my friend " Farewell ! in the world of the stars think of me ! "

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Albeit also of *you* my memory never shall weary,
 Swains of the Tuscan land, well-practised youths in the Muses,
 Here there was grace and lightness ; Tuscan *thou* too, my Damon,
 Tracing the line of thy race from the ancient city of Lucca !
 O, how mighty was I, when, stretched by the stream of the Arno
 Murmuring cool, and where the poplar-grove softens the herbage,
 Violets now I would pluck, and now the sprigs of the myrtle,
 Hearing Menalcas and Lycidas vying the while in their ditties !
 I also dared the challenge ; nor, as I reckon, the hearers
 Greatly disliked my trials,—for yet the tokens are with me,
 Rush-plaits, osier nets, and reed-stops of wax, which they gave me.
 Ay more : two of the group have taught *our* name to their beechwoods,—
 Dati and also Francini, both of them notable shepherds,
 As well in lore as in voice, and both of the blood of the Lydian.

Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 Then too the pleasant dreams which the dewy moon woke within me,
 Penning the young kids alone within their wattles at even !

Ah ! how often I said, when already the black mould bewrapt thee,
 "Now my Damon is singing, or spreading his snares for the leveret ;
 "Now he is weaving his twig-net for some of his various uses."
 What with my easy mind I hoped as then in the future
 Lightly I seized with the wish and fancied as present before me.
 "Ho ! my friend !" I would cry : "art busy ? If nothing prevent thee,
 "Shall we go rest somewhere in some talk-favouring covert,
 "Or to the waters of Colne, or the fields of Cassibelaunus ?
 "There thou shalt run me over the list of thy herbs and their juices,
 "Foxglove, and crocuses lowly, and hyacinth-leaf with its blossom,
 "Marsh-plants also that grow for use in the art of the healer."
 Perish the plants each one, and perish all arts of the healer
 Gotten of herbs, since nothing served they even their master !
 / too,—for strangely my pipe for some time past had been sounding
 Strains of an unknown strength,—'tis one day more than eleven since
 Thus it befell,—and perchance the reeds I was trying were new ones :
 Bursting their fastenings they flew apart when touched, and no farther
 Dared to endure the grave sounds : I am haply in this over-boastful ;
 Yet I will tell out the tale. Ye woods, yield your honours and listen !
 Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 / have a theme of the Trojans cruising our southern headlands
 Shaping to song, and the realm of Imogen, daughter of Pandras,
 Brennus and Arvirach, dukes, and Bren's bold brother, Belinus ;
 Then the Armorican settlers under the laws of the Britons,
 Ay, and the womb of Igraine fatally pregnant with Arthur,
 Uther's son, whom he got disguised in Gorlois' likeness,
 All by Merlin's craft. O then, if life shall be spared me,
 Thou shalt be hung, my pipe, far off on some brown dying pine-tree,
 Much forgotten of me ; or else your Latian music
 Changed for the British war-screech ! What then ? For one to do all things,
 One to hope all things, fits not ! Prize sufficiently ample
 Mine, and distinction great (unheard of ever thereafter)
 Though I should be, and inglorious, all through the world of the stranger),
 If but yellow-haired Ouse shall read me, the drinker of Alan,
 Humber, which whirls as it flows, and Trent's whole valley of orchards,
 Thames, my own Thames, above all, and Tamar's western waters,
 Tawny with ores, and where the white waves swinge the far Orkneys.
 Go unpastured, my lambs : your master now heeds not your bleating.
 These I was keeping for thee, wrapt up in the rind of the laurel,
 These and other things with them ; and mainly the two cups which Manso,—
 Manso, not the last of Southern Italy's glories,—
 Gave me, a wonder of art, which himself, a wonder of nature,
 Carved with a double design of his own well-skilled invention :
 Here the Red Sea in the midst, and the odoriferous summer,
 Arab's winding shores, and palm-trees sweating their balsams,
 Mid which the bird divine, earth's marvel, the singular Phoenix,
 Blazing cerulean-bright with wings of different colours,

Turns to behold Aurora surmounting the glassy-green billows :
 Obverse is Heaven's vast vault and the great Olympian mansion.
 Who would suppose it ? Even here is Love and his cloud-painted quiver,
 Arms glittering torch-lit, and arrows tipped with the fire-gem.
 Nor is it meagre souls and the base-born breasts of the vulgar
 Hence that he strikes ; but, whirling round him his luminous splendours,
 Always he scatters his darts right upwards sheer through the star-depths •
 Restless, and never deigns to level the pain of them downwards ;
 Whence the sacred minds and the forms of the gods ever-burning.

" Thou too art there,—not vain is the hope that I cherish, my Damon,—
 Thou too art certainly there ; for whither besides could have vanished
 Holy-sweet fancies like thine, and purity stainless as thine was ?
 No ; not down in Lethe's darkness ought we to seek thee !
 Tears are not fitting for thee, nor for thee will we weep any longer ;
 Flow no more, ye tear-drops ! Damon inhabits the ether ;
 Pure, he possesses the sky ; he has spurned back the arc of the rainbow.
 Housed mid the souls of the heroes, housed mid the gods everlasting,
 Quaffs he the sacred chalices, drinks he the joys of the blessed,
 Holy-mouthed himself. But O, Heaven's rights being now thine,
 Be thou with me for my good, however I ought to invoke thee,
 Whether still as our Damon, or whether of names thou wouldst rather
 That of Diodati now ; by which deep-meaning divine name
 All the celestials shall know thee, while shepherds shall still call thee Damon.
 For that the rosy blush and the unstained strength of young manhood
 Ever were dear to thee, and the marriage joy never was tasted,
 Lo ! there are kept for thee the honours of those that were virgin !
 Thou, with thy fair head crowned with the golden, glittering cincture,
 Waving green branches of palm, and walking the gladsome procession,
 Aye shalt act and repeat the endless heavenly nuptials,
 There where song never fails, and the lyre and the dance mix to madness,
 There where the revel rages and Sion's thyrsus beats time."

The reader will perceive here a passionateness of personal grief, an evidence of tears and sobbings in the act of writing, to which there is nothing equivalent in the English *Lycidas*, affectionate and exquisitely beautiful though that poem is. Yet the two poems are, in a sense, companions, and ought to be recollected in connexion. Both are pastorals : in both the form is that of a surviving shepherd bewailing the death of a dear fellow-shepherd. In the one case the dead shepherd is named *Lycidas*, while the surviving shepherd who mourns him is left unnamed, and is seen only at the end as the "uncouth swain" who has been singing ; in the other the dead shepherd is named *Damon*, and *Milton*, under the name of *Thyrsis*, is avowedly the shepherd who laments him. The reader may here

refer to what has been said in the Introduction to *Lycidas* concerning the Pastoral form of Poetry and the objections that have been taken to it. What was said there in defence of the Pastoral form, or in explanation of its real nature, is even more necessary here; for not only is the *Epitaphium Damonis* also a pastoral, but it is a pastoral of the most artificial variety. It is in Latin; and this, in itself, removes it into the realm of the artificial. But, in the Latin, the precedents of the Greek pastoralists, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, as well as of the Latin Virgil, have been studied, and every device of classic pastoralism has been imitated. There are the sheep, the kids, the reedens flutes, the pastures, the shepherds and shepherdesses wondering at the mourner and coming round him to comfort him; the measure used is the Virgilian Hexameter, and the poem is broken into musical parts or bursts by a recurring phrase as in some of the Greek Idylls; the names used for the shepherds and shepherdesses are from the Greek Idyllists or from Virgil; the very title of the poem is an echo of that of the third Idyll of Moschus, *Epitaphium Bionis*. All the more strange, to those whose notions of the Pastoral have not gone beyond Dr. Johnson's in his criticism of *Lycidas*, may seem the fact that in this Latin pastoral, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the pastoralism of which is more subtle and artificial in every point than that of the corresponding English poem, Milton is found, undeniably, and with an earnestness which breaks through the assumed guise and thrills the nerves of the reader, speaking his own heart.

While the reader notes the keen and varied expression of Milton's grief and of his affection for his lost friend, and the mingling of this grief and affection with his recollections of Italy and the new friends he had made there, especially those of the Florentine group and the Neapolitan Manso, he will rest a little, for special reasons, over the memorable autobiographic passage (already quoted by us at p. 83), in which Milton puts on paper, more minutely, and in a more emphatic manner, what he had already hinted in his Latin poem to Manso: viz. that at this period of his life his thoughts were full of the project of an Epic Poem in English, founded on British legendary History, and especially on the subject of King Arthur.

In both Milton's editions of his Minor Poems the *Epitaphium Damonis* is treated with special typographical respect. In the edition of 1645 it comes last in the volume, and with the title and argument, at the beginning, printed on a right-hand page, so as to separate the

poem from the preceding contents. In the edition of 1673 there is the same distinction of title and argument on a separate right-hand page, though in that volume some additional matter follows the *Epitaphium*. There is proof that the memory of Diodati never faded from Milton's mind. In a Latin letter, among his *Epistole Familiæres*, dated "London, April 21, 1647," and addressed to his Florentine friend Carlo Dati, the death of Diodati, then nine years past, is mentioned, with peculiar solemnity, as still in his thoughts and ever to be sacredly present there. The similarity of the names of the Carlo Dati so addressed and the Charles Diodati spoken of is curious; but they are to be remembered as two perfectly distinct persons in Milton's biography.

A few particulars as to the further history of the Diodati family, so memorable from Milton's relations to it, may be acceptable here:— Besides the old physician, Dr. Theodore, and his children, there had been resident in London for some while, Colonel Chester found, and apparently in mercantile business, another member of the family, in the person of a Charles Diodati, one of the brothers of Dr. Theodore and of the famous Jean Diodati, the Genevese divine. This uncle and namesake of Milton's Charles Diodati may have been one of the mourners at his nephew's funeral. But ere long,—certainly before 1650,—there came to be still another of the Genevese Diodatis in London: viz. a younger Theodore, one of the sons of the Genevese theologian, and therefore a nephew of the old physician, of Little St. Bartholomew's, and of his mercantile brother Charles, and a cousin of Milton's deceased Charles. He had graduated as M.D. at Leyden in 1643, and had come to settle in London for medical practice there, beside or in partnership with his uncle, old Dr. Theodore,—thus, in fact, stepping into the place which ought to have been the deceased Charles Diodati's had he survived. It was this younger Dr. Theodore Diodati that was to carry on the main fortunes of the Diodati family in London. For, when old Dr. Theodore died, and was buried at Little St. Bartholomew's, 12th Feb. 1650-1, his will, after providing for his widow, Abigail (the second wife who had worked such woe), constituted this nephew of his the residuary legatee; and, when the other and mercantile uncle, Charles Diodati, died, in August 1651, and was described as "late of St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street, London," it was the same Dr. Theodore the younger that administered to his estate as

next of kin. He lived on in good medical practice in London, was admitted an Honorary Fellow of the London College of Physicians in 1664, and is heard of as late as 1680, bearing then the double designation of "Doctor of Medicine and Merchant," as if he had found it convenient to combine with his own profession some inheritance of his mercantile uncle's business. From these facts (most of them communicated to me by Colonel Chester in 1874), and especially from the fact that in old Dr. Theodore's will, proved 12th Feb. 1650-1, there is no mention of his son John, the brother of Milton's Charles, it might be inferred that this John was then no longer alive. That, however, it appears, would be a wrong conclusion. A John Diodati, whom Colonel Chester identified with the John who had lived in Blackfriars in 1638, is found alive in London, in business of some kind or other, and styled "Factor" in some documents, to as late as Feb. 1687-8; and, if Colonel Chester was right in his identification (and he was rarely wrong in such a matter), then this John, whose first wife Isabell (in full Isabell Underwood) had died in Blackfriars in June 1638, leaving an infant named Richard, had married a second wife, whose Christian name was Sarah, and by whom he had another son, named John, born about 1660. The omission of mention of him in his father's will in 1650-1, and the substitution of his cousin, Dr. Theodore the younger, in his natural place in that will, would thus have to be accounted for by the supposition that, his stepmother being still alive when old Dr. Theodore died, the "stepmotherly war" of 1637-8 had ended in a permanent rupture of relations between father and son. In February 1687-8, the said John the "Factor" having died, letters of administration to his estate were granted to his said son by his second wife, born about 1660, and also named John. This John, who had then been married for some years to a Mercy Tinley, made a second marriage, after her death in 1689, with an Elizabeth Morton, and left children by both marriages. One of the children by the second marriage, named William Diodate, emigrated to America, in or about the year 1717, and was a well-known and respected man in the New Haven Colony from that date to his death in 1757. Descendants of his are numerous in the United States to this day, whether with the original name Diodate, or with that name changed by marriage; and their ramifications have been elaborately traced in the remarkable paper by Professor Edward E. Salisbury, entitled

"*Mr. William Diodate (of New Haven, from 1717 to 1757) and His Italian Ancestry*," to which reference has been already made (*ante*, p. 255, note). The paper incorporates the results of Colonel Chester's researches in England with those of the investigations of Professor Salisbury himself, made in America, and by correspondence with Italy and Geneva; and, as the chief motive to all these inquiries into the genealogy of the Diodati family has been the interest conferred on the family by Milton's immortal friendship with one member of it, we may regard this also as one of the forms in which the prophecy of Milton, addressing the shade of his dead friend in his *Epitaphium Damonis*, has been conspicuously fulfilled:

"Stand shall thine honour for thee, and long henceforth shall it flourish
Mid our shepherd lads."

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

JANUARY 23, 1646-7.

(Edition of 1673.)

John Rous, M.A. of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College, was elected Chief Librarian of the Bodleian May 9, 1620; and he remained in that post till his death in April 1652. Milton may have become acquainted with him in some visit to Oxford during the Cambridge period of his life, or, at all events, in 1635, when, as a Cambridge M.A. of three years' standing, he was incorporated in the same degree at Oxford. It is almost certain that "our common friend Mr. R." mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton in his letter to Milton of April 13, 1638, as having sent to Wotton a copy of Lawes's anonymous edition of *Comus* of the previous year, bound up with a volume of inferior poetry printed at Oxford, was this John Rous, the Oxford Librarian. In any case, Milton had come to know Rous. Who in those days could avoid doing so that had dealings with books, and was drawn to the sight of such a collection of books as that in the great Bodleian? It may have been a recommendation of Rous in Milton's eyes that, Oxonian though he was, his sympathies were decidedly Parliamentary. Possibly he was a relative of

Francis Rous, the Puritan member of the Long Parliament for Truro.

Milton's present verses to Rous are dated by himself "Jan. 23, 1646" (*i.e.* Jan. 23, 1647, as we should now write); and, in his own extended title, they are designated "*Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium: De Libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca Publica reponeret: Ode.*" ("To John Rous, Librarian of the University of Oxford: concerning a lost Book of Poems, of which he asked a fresh copy to be sent him, that he might replace it with others of ours in the Public Library: An Ode."). The circumstances here indicated may be explained exactly:—There is still in the Bodleian an old bound volume containing all Milton's pamphlets that had been published before 1645, and the following inscription, indubitably in Milton's own hand, on a blank leaf at the beginning: "*Doctissimo viro, proboque librorum æstimatori, Joanni Rousio, Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecario, gratum hoc sibi fore testanti, Joannes Miltonus opuscula hæc sua in Bibliothecam antiquissimam atque celeberrimam adsciscenda libens tradit, tanquam in memoriæ perpetuæ fanum, emeritamque, uti sperat, invidiæ calumniæque vacationem, si Veritati Bonoque simul Eventui satis litatum sit. Sunt autem:—De Reformatione Angliæ, Lib. 2; De Episcopatu Prælatice, Lib. 1; De Ratione Politicæ Ecclesiasticæ, Lib. 2; Animadversiones in Remonstrantis Defensionem, Lib. 1; Apologia, Lib. 1; Doctrina et Disciplina Divortii, Lib. 2; Judicium Bucerii de Divortio, Lib. 1; Colasterion, Lib. 1; Tetrachordon, in aliquot præcipua Scripturæ loca de Divortio Instar, Lib. 4; Arcopagitica, sive de Libertate Typographiæ Oratio; De Educatione Ingenuorum Epistola; Poemata Latina et Anglicana, seorsim.*" ("To that most learned man and good judge of books, John Rous, Librarian of the University of Oxford, on his testifying that this would be agreeable to him, John Milton gladly gives these small works of his, to be taken into the most ancient and celebrated library, as into a temple of perpetual memory, and so, as he hopes, into a merited freedom from ill-will and calumny, if satisfaction enough be paid to Truth and at the same time to Good Fortune. They are:—'Of Reformation in England,' two Books; 'Of Prelatical Episcopacy,' one Book; 'Of the Reason of Church Government,' two Books; 'Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence,' one Book; 'Apology against the same,' one Book; 'The Doctrine

"and Discipline of Divorce,' two Books; 'The Judgment of Bucer on Divorce,' one Book; 'Colasterion,' one Book; 'Tetrachordon, an Exposition of some chief places of Scripture concerning Divorce,' four Books; 'Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Freedom of the Press'; 'An Epistle on Liberal Education'; and 'Latin and English Poems,' separate.") This inscription tells the story so far. Milton, at Rous's request, had sent him, for the Bodleian, in 1646, a set of his published writings complete to that date: to wit, the eleven controversial Prose Pamphlets of 1641-4, and the edition of his Poems in English and Latin published by Moseley in the end of 1645. Of these, however, only the Prose Pamphlets had reached their destination: the Poems had been lost or stolen on their way to Oxford, or had otherwise gone astray. Rous, accordingly, both in his own behalf and in the interest of the Library, begs for another copy, to make the set of Milton's writings complete, as had been intended. Milton complies with the request, and sends a second copy of the Poems. But, amused by the incident of the loss of the first, he composes a Latin Ode on the subject; and a transcript of this Ode, carefully written out on a sheet of paper by himself, or some one else, in an Italian hand, he causes to be inserted in the second copy, between the English and the Latin contents of the volume. Accordingly, there are now in the Bodleian *two* volumes of Milton's writings, his own gift to the Library. One is the volume of the eleven collected Prose Pamphlets enumerated above, and with the inscription above copied, in Milton's undoubted autograph; the other is the supplementary volume of his Poems, sent to Rous, "*ut cum aliis nostris reponeret*" ("that he might replace it beside our other things"), and containing the Ode to Rous in an inserted sheet of MS., generally supposed to be also Milton's autograph, in an unusual form of laboured elegance, but probably, I think, a transcript by some caligraphist whom he employed.

If Warton's story is true, there was a danger, about 1720, that these two volumes would be lost to the Bodleian. With a number of other small volumes, chiefly duplicates, they were thrown aside; and Mr. Nathaniel Crynes, then one of the Esquire Bedels, and a book-collector, was allowed to pick what he chose out of the heap, on the understanding that he was to bestow some equivalent on the Library in the form of a bequest. By good luck, Mr. Crynes did not care for the two Milton volumes, and so they went back to the

Library. Even had they disappeared, however, we should still have had the Ode to Rous. Milton had kept a copy of it, and had added it to his Latin Poems in the edition of 1673.

The Ode is a curious one, in respect of both its form and its matter.—The *form*, as Milton takes care to explain in a note (appended in his edition, though now more conveniently prefixed), is peculiarly arbitrary. It is a kind of experiment in Latin, after few classical precedents in that language, of the mixed verse, or verse of various metres, common in the Greek choral odes. Even within that range Milton has taken liberties at the bidding of his own ear, paying regard, as he says, rather to facility of reading than to ancient rule. Hence, for example, the Phalæcian or Hendecasyllabic lines introduced will be found exceedingly irregular. Altogether, the experiment was rather daring.—The *matter* of the ode is simple enough. It is not addressed directly to Rous, but to the little volume itself. The double contents of the volume, Latin and English, are spoken of in modest terms; the loss of the first copy, mysteriously abstracted from the bundle of its brothers, when they were on their way from London to Oxford, is playfully mentioned, with wonder what had become of it and into what rough hands it may have fallen; Rous's friendly interest, both in having repeatedly applied at first for the whole set of writings and in having applied again for the missing volume, is acknowledged; and there are the due applauses of Oxford and her great Library. In this last connexion there is an amplification of what had been hinted in the inscription in the volume of the Prose Pamphlets. The time would come, he had there hoped, when even his Prose Pamphlets, now procuring him nothing but ill-will and calumny, might be better appreciated. This hope he now repeats more strongly with reference to his Poems. The following is Cowper's translation of the epode, or closing strain:—

“ Ye, then, my works, no longer vain
 And worthless deemed by me,
 Whate'er this sterile genius has produced,
 Expect at last, the rage of envy spent,
 An unmolested, happy home,
 Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
 Where never flippant tongue profane
 Shall entrance find,
 And whence the coarse unlettered multitude

Shall babble far remote.
 Perhaps some future distant age,
 Less tinged with prejudice, and better taught,
 Shall furnish minds of power
 To judge more equally.
 Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
 Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
 Thanks to Rous, if aught of praise
 I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim."

EPIGRAMS ON SALMASIUS.

Salmasius is a great name in the Biography of Milton. The person called by it, according to the custom, then common in the scholarly world of Europe, of Latinising names, was Claude de Saumaise, a Frenchman, born in 1588, and therefore Milton's senior by about twenty years. From his earliest youth he had been a prodigious reader; and by a series of publications, partly in France and partly in Germany, some against the Papal power, but others more purely historical and antiquarian, he had acquired the fame of being perhaps the most learned European scholar of his generation. Princes and States contended for the honour of possessing and pensioning him; but, after various travels, he had taken up his residence chiefly at Leyden, in Holland. Thus brought into contact with Charles II. and the English Royalist exiles after the execution of Charles I., he had been employed or induced, in an evil hour for himself, to write a defence of the late King and attack on the English Commonwealth. It appeared in Holland in 1649, under the title of *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.* A book of the kind by a man of his fame was felt in England to be a serious matter; and Milton, then Foreign Secretary to the Council of State, was requested to answer it. He did so in his famous *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam*, published in the end of 1650, or beginning of 1651. Soon all Europe rang from side to side with the rumour of this pamphlet; and the legend is that Salmasius, who had recently gone to reside at the Court of Sweden on the pressing invitation of the eccentric Queen Christina, was so chagrined at the applause with which the pamphlet was everywhere received, and especially by Christina's consequent coldness to himself, that he soon afterwards died. He

did quit Sweden, and return to Holland, where he died Sept. 3, 1653, leaving an unfinished reply to Milton, and the task of continuing the controversy to other persons. Among these was the Gallo-Scot, Alexander More or Morus, already mentioned in the introduction to the brief epigram *De Moro* among the Latin Elegies. Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, was in reply to a treatise of the same year, which More was supposed to have written, but which he had only seen through the press, entitled *Regii Sanguinis Clamor adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*. In this "Second Defence," though More was the person directly attacked, Milton went back upon his dead opponent Salmasius. Hence, while the first of the two Epigrams against Salmasius now under notice is from the original pamphlet against the living Salmasius (called now the *Defensio Prima*), the second is from the *Defensio Secunda*, in which More receives the direct attack and Salmasius is only recollected for posthumous chastisement.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.—This Epigram occurs in the 8th chapter of the *Defensio Prima*, and is a rough jest against Salmasius for his parade of his knowledge of a few English law-terms, or terms of public custom, such as "County Court," and "Hundred" or "Hundreda," in the sense of a division of a shire or an aggregation of parishes. "Where did Salmasius, that magpie, get his scraps of bad English, and especially his *Hundreda*?" asks the Epigram. "Why, he got a hundred Jacobuses, the last in the pouch of the poor exiled King, for writing his pamphlet! The prospect of more cash would make him write up the very Pope, and sing the Song of the Cardinals, though he once demonstrated the Papacy to be Antichrist." Or, to keep the thing more exactly in its metrical form:—

" Who told Salmasius what is meant by *Hundred*,
And taught his magpie-mouth to try our phrases?
Schoolmaster Stomach, and the hundred Jameses
Squeezed from the poor pouch of the exiled King!
Set but before him money's deceitful glitter;
And he who proved the Pope was Antichrist,
And vowed to blast the Papacy to atoms,
Will sit amidst the Cardinals a-singing."

Such is the Epigram: a poor thing after all, and a mere momentary parody of the last seven lines of the Prologue to the Satires of Persius. These may be given here for the sake of comparison:—

" Quis expedit psittaco suum χαλκον,
 Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis ingenique largitor
 Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Corvos poetas et poetrias picas
 Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar."

IN SALMASIUM.—This is from the *Defensio Secunda*, where it is introduced in a passage in reply to an immense eulogy on Salmasius occurring in the *Sanguinis Clamor*. The writer of that book, assumed by Milton to be Alexander More, had prophesied a tremendous castigation to Milton in the forthcoming "impression" of an answer to the *Defensio Prima* that had been written by the divine Salmasius himself, that prodigy of erudition and of genius, and was ready in manuscript. Milton professes to be very easy in the expectation of this posthumous reply, which he had reason otherwise to know that Salmasius had been busy with at the time of his death. People know already, he hints, that he has his own opinion respecting the genius and erudition of the famous deceased. "You, therefore, it seems," he says, addressing More, "are like the little client-fish in advance of Whale Salmasius, who is threatening 'impressions' on these shores: *we* are sharpening our irons so as to be ready to squeeze out whatever may be in the 'impressions' and 'castigations,' whether of oil or pickle. Meanwhile we shall admire the more than Pythagorean goodness of the great man, who, in his pity for the animals, and especially for the fishes, which are not spared even in Lent, poor herrings, has provided so many volumes for decently wrapping them up in,—has bequeathed by will, I may say, to so many thousands of poor sprats and herrings paper coats individually." After this ponderous piece of prose-fun in the Latin comes the present Epigram. It simply prolongs the joke, in verse which is a cross between Catullus and Martial, by calling on all herrings, pilchards, and other fishes to rejoice in their prospect of abundant paper wrappages from the books of Salmasius:—

" Herrings, rejoice, and all ye scaly millions
 That live in brine and shiver through the winter :
 The Knight Salmasius, pitying your case,
 Kindly intends you all a suit of clothes.
 Whole reams before him, he is getting ready

Fine paper jackets for you, each one blazoned
 With his own coat of arms and decorations,
 That you may figure, when you come to market,
 In full knight's livery, packed in jars and barrels,
 A pleasant sight to the fish handling folk,
 The folk that wipe their noses with their elbows "

The Posthumous Reply of Salmasius to Milton, the publication of which is here anticipated with so much contempt, was not published till late in 1660, when it appeared in London with the title *Claudii Salmasii ad Johannem Miltonum Responsio, Opus Posthumum*, and with a dedication to Charles II in the name of Claudius Salmasius, as son and representative of the deceased author. It was, though long enough, only a fragment of the work as Salmasius had schemed it,—his death, or perhaps his mortal dread of further encounter with such an antagonist as he had found in "the English mastiff," having cut the performance short. The publication of the fragment which he had actually written was safe enough in 1660. Charles II was on the throne of England, and Milton's mouth was stopped in the Salmasian, or in any other, controversy.

POEMS
ENGLISH AND LATIN
WITH A FEW IN ITALIAN AND GREEK
COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES

POEMS, ENGLISH AND LATIN, ETC.

The title-pages of the two original Editions, of 1645 and 1673, have been given in the General Introduction (p. 89 and p. 100). The Second Edition had no Preface; but the First had the following, by the publisher, Humphrey Moseley:—

“THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

“It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader (for the slightest Pamphlet is nowadays more vendible than the works of learnedest men), but it is the love I have to our own Language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such Pieces, both in Prose and Verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue; and it's the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions, that can invite thee to buy them,—though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academicks, both domestic and foreign, and, amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, SIR HENRY WOOTTON. I know not thy palate, how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is: perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But, howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men, in their clear and courteous entertainment of MR. WALLER'S late choice Pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it
aurels. The

peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will; I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous SPENSER wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

“Thine to command,

“HUMPH. MOSELEY.”

PART V

THE ENGLISH POEMS

ENGLISH POEMS

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil. 10
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean ? and why skipped the mountains ?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God ;
 For his, etc.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ;
 For his, etc.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake ;
 For his, etc.

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state ;
 For his, etc.

19

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain ;
 For his, etc.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light ;
 For his, etc.

And caused the golden-tréssèd sun
 All the day long his course to run ;
 For his, etc.

30

The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
For his, etc.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land ;
For his, etc.

39

And, in despite of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Israel ;
For his, etc.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main ;
For his, etc.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass ;
For his, etc.

50

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power ;
For his, etc.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his, etc.

59

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown ;
For his, etc.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast ;
For his, etc.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew ;
For his, etc

70

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land, therein to dwell ,
For his, etc.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery ,
For his, etc

79

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy ,
For his, etc

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ,
For his, etc

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ,
For his, etc.

90

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye ,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT
DYING OF A COUGH.

Anno ætatis 17

I

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

II

For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touched his deity full near, 10
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was
held.

III

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far ;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care :
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace, 20
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' stand,
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
 But then transformed him to a purple flower :
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb ;
 Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom ?
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

VI

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear) !
 Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were), 40
 Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof
 Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

VIII

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
 Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,
 And camest again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?
 Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed Truth?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
 As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed;
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

X

But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
 To slake His wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where 70
 thou art.

XI

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
 Think what a present thou to God^h hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent :

 This if thou do, he will an offspring give
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name
 to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

Anno ætatis 19.

The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began :—

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask
 That now I use thee in my latter task !
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee ;
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee. 10
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first ;
 Believe me, I have thither packed the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
 For this same small neglect that I have made ;
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight ; 20

But ^{thy} all those richest robes and gayest attire,
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,
 And, weary of their place, do only stay
 Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;
 That so they may, without suspect or fears,
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.
 Yct I had rather, if I were to choose,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful deity
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;
 Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way.
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent

To keep in compass of thy Predicament,
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten sons ; whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with his Canons ; which ENS, thus speaking, explains :—

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth. 360
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And, in Time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.
 "Your son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent) .
 Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king ;
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them. 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar ;

Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity."
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose: then
 RELATION was called by his name.*

RIVERS, arise: whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Moë, that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame. 100

The rest was prose.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Composed 1629.

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
 Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature, in awe to him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathise :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing , 50
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around ,
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Océan,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they than
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below : 90
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light, 110
 That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed ;
 The helmèd cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
 Once bless our human cars,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV

For, if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die;
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth, aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
 The Old Dragon under ground,¹
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;²
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth, 190
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered God of Palestine ;
And moonèd Ashtaroth, 200
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine :
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn,

XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread ,
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbal's ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark. 220

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII

But see ! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

. I

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing ;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shortened light
Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

III

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,
His starry front low-roofed beneath the skies :
Oh, what a mask was there, what a disguise !
Yet more : the stroke of death he must abide ; 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.

His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, otherwhere are found ;
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound :
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief !
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
 And work my flattered fancy to belief
 That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters, where my tears have washed, a wannish
 white.

VI

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood ;
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood, 40
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock,
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store ;
 And here, though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
 Yet on the softened quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears
 That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

VIII

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it,
 and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-pointing pyramid ?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impressiön took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER:

Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown,
 'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
 And surely Death could never have prevailed,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed; 10
 But lately, finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 "Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move ;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot ;
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time ;
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastened on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers." 20
 Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
 As he were pressed to death, he cried, "More weight !"
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date 30
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate

Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas ;
 Yet (strange to think) his wain^e was his increase.
 His letters are delivered all and gone ;
 Only remains this superscription.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF
 WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honoured wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told ; alas ! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness and with death !
 Yet, had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and Fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth and her graces sweet
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage-feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
 And in his garland, as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,

10

20

And calls Lucina to, her throes ;
 But, whether by mischance or blame,
 Atropos for Lucina came,
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoiled at once both fruit and tree. 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, not yet laid in earth ;
 And the languished mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip,
 Saved with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower ; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Sideways, as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hastening funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace, and quiet ever have !
 After this thy travail sore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 That, to give² the world increase,
 Shortened hast thy own life's lease !
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in Helicon ;
 And some flowers and some bays
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name ; 60

Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
 Next her, much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly-favoured Joseph bore
 To him that served for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :
 There with thee, new-welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

70

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings ;
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :

116

Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic-wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty,
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprouèd pleasures free : 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,

Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it measures : 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savoury dinher set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thēstylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend, 110
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

130

140

150

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But, hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy !
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above 20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come ; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest 'plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,

40

50

60

To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age

Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that 'Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ; 150
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of every star that heaven doth shew,

And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
 And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER
 OF DERBY AT HAREFIELD BY SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY;
 WHO APPEAR ON THE SCENE IN PASTORAL HABIT, MOVING TOWARD
 THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH THIS SONG:

I. *Song.*

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend:
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise
 Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse
 Of detraction from her praise:

10

Less than half we find expressed;
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne
 Shooting her beams like silver threads:
 This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a goddess bright
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20
 Of the towered Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods?
 Juno dares not give her odds:
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparalleled?

*As they come forward, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD appears,
 and, turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice, 30
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.
 I know this quest of yours and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity,
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.
 For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill;
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50

And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
 When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurgèd ear.
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

7
60

70

80

II. *Song.*

O'er the smooth enamelled green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me, as I sing

And touch the warbled string ;
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof

Follow me.

90

I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendour as befits

Her deity.

Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. *Song.*

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more

By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ;
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore

A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus

Bring your flocks, and live with us ;

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,

Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All Arcadia hath not seen.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC. . .

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

ON • TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race :
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain !
 For, when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed, 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet ^{thy}our bliss
 With an individual kiss,
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood ;
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit, 20
 Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time !

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,

Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow. /

He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere 10
 Entered the world now bleeds to give us ease.
 Alas ! how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just ?
 Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love !
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness ; 20
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart *
 This day ; but oh ! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

COMUS.

A MASQUE PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634, BEFORE THE
EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

(For the title-pages of the Editions of 1637 and 1645 see *ante*, p. 170
and p. 172.)

DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION OF 1637.

(Reprinted in the Edition of 1645, but omitted in that of 1673.)

*"To the Right Honourable John, Lord Brackley, son and heir-apparent
to the Earl of Bridgewater, etc."*

"My Lord,

"This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. LAWES."

"The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to the Author upon the following Poem."

(In the Edition of 1645 : omitted in that of 1673.)

"From the College, this 13 of April, 1638.

"Sir,

"It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly ; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, over a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good Authors of the ancient time ; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language : *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight ; having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford : whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels ; wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way : therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor ; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

"I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa; whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

"At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times; having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and, at my departure towards Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. '*Signor Arrigo mio,*' says he, '*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world.' Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you, with it, to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

"Your friend, as much to command as any
of longer date,

"HENRY WOTTON."

•
Postscript.

"Sir: I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter; having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were :—

The Lord Brackley ;

Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother ;

The Lady Alice Egerton.

[This list of the Persons, etc., appeared in the Edition of 1645, but was
omitted in that of 1673.]

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity.
 To such my errand is ; and, but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 The unadornèd bosom of the deep ;
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
 And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,

He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was despatched for their defence and guard :
 And listen why ; for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe, 50
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine ?)
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named :
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art ;

Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear, 70
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do. But first I must put off
 These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other : with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening. They come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;

And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsey dance and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed ;
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame

Of midnight torches burns ! mysterious dame, 130
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air !
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair.
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on the Indian steep,
 From her cabined loop-hole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our concealed solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round. ♪

The Measure.

Break off, break off ! I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods ! Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains : I shall ere long
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplausible,

Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes ; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The LADY enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now. Methought it was the sound 171
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
 Of such late wassailers ; yet, oh ! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,

Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
 That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
 With everlasting oil to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see, ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . . 220
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well :
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere !
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies !

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled ! 'I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder !
 Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending ears.
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering
 guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips. 290

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood.
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
 And, as I passed, I worshiped. If those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 310

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
 And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
 Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest-offered courtesy ;
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended. In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength !. Shepherd, lead on.

The Two BROTHERS.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair
moon, 331

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades ;
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our Star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Bro. Or, if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But, oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister ! 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother : be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ; 360
 For, grant they be so while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peate that goodness bosoms ever, 370
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That, in the various bustle of resort,
 Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired. 380
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day .
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Bro.

'Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree

Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy ;
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity : 420
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,

Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty, 430
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the
 woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
 Wherewith she froze her foes to congealed stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dashed brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear :
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape, 460

The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in chancel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingerin' and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List ! list ! I hear 480
 Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

Sec. Bro. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

Eld. Bro. For certain,
 Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
 Or else some neighbour-woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Bro. Heaven keep my sister ! Again, again,
 and near !
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
 If he be friendly, he comes well : if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us !

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak. 490
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

Sec. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,

And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram

Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook? 500

Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleece wealth

That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

Spir. I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous

(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)

What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse

Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,

Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells, 520

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in' all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face. This have I learnt 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
 At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,

And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death. But, oh ! ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear ;
 And "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
 "How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !"
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place 570
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey ;
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed,
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here ;
 But further know I not.

Sec. Bro. O night and shades, 580
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother ?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still ;
 Lean on it safely ; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm :
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,

Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ; 590
 Yea, even, that which Mischief meant most harm
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on !
 Against the opposing will and arm of heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 But, for that damned magician, let him be girt
 With all the griesly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydias, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas ! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near
 As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb

That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.

He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;

Which when I did, he on the tender grass

Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,

And in requital ope his leathern scrip,

And show me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,

But of divine effect, he culled me out.

30

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:

Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;

And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.

He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,

And bade me keep it as of sovran use

'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,

60

Or ghastly Furies' apparition.

I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,

Till now that this extremity compelled.

But now I find it true; for by this means

I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,

Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off. If you have this about you

(As I will give you when we go), you may

Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;

Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood

65

And brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;

But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,

Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,

Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld Bro Thrysis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness
soft music, tables spread with all dainties COMUS appears with his rabble,
and THE LADY set in an enchanted chair to whom he offers his glass which
she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus Nay, Lady, sit If I but wave this wand,
Your Nerves are all chained up in alabaster, 660
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo

Lady Fool, do not boast
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good

Comus Why are you fexed, Lady? why do you
frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Briisk as the April buds in pimperne season
And first behold this cordial julep here
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor ! 690
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
 With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
 But such as are good men can give good things;
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-governed and wise appetite

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched the all-worshiped ore and precious gems,

To store her children with. If all the world 720
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility:
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with
 plumes, 730
 The herds would over-multitude their lords;
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought
 diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
 It is for homely features to keep home;
 They had their name thence: coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,

Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
 There was another meaning in these gifts ;
 Think what, and be advised ; you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments 760
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor ! do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance. She, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury 770
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumbered with her store ;
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,
 His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on ?
 Or have I said enow ? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity
 Fain would I something say ;—yet to what end ?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
 The sublime notion and high mystery
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity ;

And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence ;
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathise,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head

Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power ;
 And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more !
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation
 I must not suffer this ; yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood. 810
 But this will cure all straight ; one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

Spir. What ! have you let the false enchanter scape ?
 O ye mistook ; ye should have snatched his wand,
 And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
 And backward matters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

Yet stay : be not disturbed ; now I bethink me, 820
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream :
 Sabrina is her name : a virgin pure ;
 Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :
 For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song ;

For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse

Song.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting 860
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus.
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace; 870
 By hoary Nercus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
 • Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have
 Listen and save !

SABRINA rises, attended by Water nymphs and sings

By the rushy fringed bank, 890
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green
 That in the channel strays ,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslips velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread
 Gentle swain, at thy request 900
 I am here !

Spir Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed
 Through the force and through the wile
 Of unblessed enchanter vile

Sabr Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity
 Brightest Lady, look on me 10
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure ,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ,

And I must haste ere morning hour 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and THE LADY rises out of her seat

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmèd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills
Summer drouth or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud ,
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore ;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady ; while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide ,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside 950
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.

We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste ; the stars grow high,
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle then come in Country Dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and THE LADY.

Song.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play
 Till next sun-shine holiday.
 Here be, without duck or nod, 960
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own.
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epilogues.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie

Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.
 There I suck the liquid air, 980
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree.
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours .
 Thither all their bounties bring.
 There eternal Summer dwells ;
 And west winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound, 1000
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
 But far above, in spangled sheen,
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
 Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
 After her wandering labours long,
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 • Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
 Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done :
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637 ; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour *my* destined urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard

What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright ' 30
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless 50
 deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me ! I fondly dream
 " Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have
 done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,

When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincias, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea. 90
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean Lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his mitied locks, and stern bespake :—
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more." 130

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowcrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes, 140
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
 Ay me ! whilst thce the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ,
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Námancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

SONNETS.

[TO THE NIGHTINGALE.]

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless dooin, in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I

II

[ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.]

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure, even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

III

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
 L' erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora,
 De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,
 E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,
 Laonde l' alta tua virtù s' infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi ed a gli orecchi
 L' entrata chi di te si truova indegno ;
 Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

IV

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
 L' avvezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l' erbetta strana e bella
 Che mal' si spande a disusata spera,
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso.

E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io, a l'altrui peso,

Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.

Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno

A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi,

M' accostandosi attorno, e "Perchè scrivi,

Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana,

Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?

Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,

E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi!"

Così mi van burlando "altri rivi,

Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,

Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad or ad or a la tua chioma

L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.

Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma?"

Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:

"Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore,

' Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore '"

V

DIDATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),

Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea,

E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,

Gia caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s' impiglia

Nè treccie d' oro, nè guancia vermiglia

M' abbaglia sì, ma, sotto nova idea,

Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,

Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia

Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emisfero
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna;
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

VI

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole;
 Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l' arene di Libia ch'è s' invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.
 Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cela,
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' ingiela,
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,
 Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

VII

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil don
 Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante
 L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,

Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use,
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

VIII

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

IX

[TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.]

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth

Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet
 So well your words his noble virtues praise
 That all both judge you to relate them true
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

XI

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;

The subject new it walked the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects, now seldom pored on
 Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this!", and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green Why, is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,
Colkitt, or *Macdonnell*, or *Galasp*?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp
 Thy age like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taughtst Cambridge and King Edward
 Greek ..

XII

ON THE SAME

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses apes, and dogs,
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
 Railed at Latona's twin born progeny,
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
 For who loves that must first be wise and good
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood

ON THE NEW FORCERS' OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And hide us with a Classic Hierarchy,
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
 New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large

XIII

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;

To after-age thou shalt be writ the man
 That with simpth air couldst humour best our
 tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
 DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on ; and Faith, who knew them best
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE
SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
 (For what can war but endless war still breed ?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652,
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE
FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled ;
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage ; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have
done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old;
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,

Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX

[ON HIS BLINDNESS.]

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies :—"God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

XX

[TO MR. LAWRENCE.]

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaiping? Time will run
On smother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER.]

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause, .
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII

[TO 'THE SAME.]

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot;
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman: Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart, or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE]

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the Old Law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
 Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

[TRANSLATIONS.]

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.,

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he

On faith and changed gods complain, and seas

Rough with black winds and storms

Unwonted shall admire,

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold ;

Who always vacant, always amiable,

Hopes thee, of flattering gales

Unmindful! Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed

Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern God of Sea.

[As Milton inserts the original with his translation, as if to challenge comparison, it is right that we should do so too.]

AD PYRRHAM ODE V

*Horatius ex Pyrrha silicebris tanquam e naufragio enatauerat, cuius amore
irretitos affixosque esse miseros*

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosa,
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiæ? Heu, quoties, fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus auræ,
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites Me tabulâ sacci
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maius Deo

April, 1648 — J M

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original

PSALM LXXX

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy lovèd Joseph's seed,

- That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings outspread ;
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And, in Manasseh's sight, 10
 Awake¹ thy strength, come, and be seen ¹ Gnoreru.
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again ; *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy² smoking wrath, *and angry brow,* ² Gnashakia. .
 Against thy people's prayer ? 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears ;
 Their bread with tears they eat ;
 And mak'st them largely³ drink the tears ³ Shalish
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe ;
 Among themselves they⁴ laugh, they⁴ play,
 And⁴ flouts at us they throw. ⁴ Jilnagu.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;* 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,—
Thy free love made it thine,—
 And drov'st out nations *proud and haut,*
 To plant this *lovely Vine.*
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*

- And filled the land at last.* 40
 10 With her *green* shade that covered *all*
 The hills were *ovenspread*;
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
 Advanced their lofty head.
 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river *wide*
 Her other branches *went.*
 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence, 50
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
 With rudest violence?
 13 The *tuskèd* boar out of the wood
 Upturns it by the roots;
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
 Her grapes and tender shoots.
 14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down
 From Heaven, thy seat divine;
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy* Vine. 60
 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
 Hath set, and planted *long,*
 And the young branch, that for thyself
 Thou hast made firm and strong.
 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
 And cut *with axes* down;
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown.
 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
 Let *thy good* hand be *laid*; 70
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made.
 18 So shall we not go back from thee
 To ways of sin and shame:

- Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we
 Shall call upon thy Name.
 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

80

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear*
 Sing loud to God *our King ;*
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
 Loud acclamations ring.
 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song ;
 The timbrel hither bring ;
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
 And harp *with pleasant string.*
 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon,
 With trumpets' *lofty sound,*
 The appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round.*
 4 This was a statute *given of old*
 For Israel *to observe,*
 A law of Jacob's God *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
 5 This he a testimony ordained
 • In Joseph, *not to change,*
 When as he passed through Egypt-land :
 • The tongue I heard was strange.
 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
 I set his shoulder free ;
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
 Delivered were *by me.*
 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,

10

20

*On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.*

¹ *Be Sether
ragman.*

I answered thee in ¹ thunder deep,
With clouds encompassed round ;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meriba renowned.

30

8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well* :
I testify to thee,

*Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me :*

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.

40

10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt-land ;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
Misliked me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ;
Their own conceits they followed still,
Their own devices blind.

50

13 Oh that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me all their days !
And oh that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways !

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.

60

- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend ;
 But *they, his people, should remain ;*
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the ¹ great ¹ assembly stands ¹ *Bagna-*
Of kings and lordly states ; *dath-el.*
- ² Among the gods ² on both his hands ² *Beherew.*
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye ³ pervert the right ³ *Tishphetu*
 With ³ judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong ?
- ³ ⁴ Regard the ⁴ weak and fatherless ; ⁴ *Shiphitu-*
⁴ Despatch the ⁴ poor man's cause ; *dal.*
- And ⁵ raise the man in deep distress ^{II}
 By ⁶ just and equal laws. ⁵ *Hatadiku.*
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*
- ⁵ They know not, nor will understand ;
 In darkness they walk on ; ⁶ *Jimmotu*
 The earth's foundations all are ⁶ moved,
 And ⁶ out of order gone. ²⁰
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God Most High ;

- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die*
 8 Rise, God, ⁷ judge thou the earth in might,
⁷ *Shiphia* This *wicked* earth ⁷ redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess

PSALM LXXXIII

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God, hold not thy peace
 Sit thou not still, O God *of strength*
We cry and do not cease
¹ *Jehemaj in* 2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now* ¹ swell,
 And ¹ storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fill*,
 Exalt their heads full high
¹ *Jagn urinu* 3 Against thy people they ² contrive
¹ *So i* ³ Their plots and counsels deep,
⁴ *Jst jag* ⁴ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
⁴ *natin gual* ⁵ Whom thou dost hide and keep
⁵ *Tsiphuneca* 4 "Come, let us cut them off," ⁴ say they,
 "Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory"
⁶ *I a zach* 5 For they consult ⁶ with all their might,
⁶ *dau* And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind
 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
 That in the desert dwell

- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And hateful Amalec,
 'The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot ;
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast ;
 To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off and rolled
 As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed ;
 As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
 So let their princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said :
 ' " By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 ' Their stately palaces."
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel ;
No quiet let them find ;
 Giddy and restless let them reel,
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As, when an aged wood takes fire
 Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher,
 Till all the mountains blaze ;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 ⁸ And, till they ⁸ yield thee honour due,

⁷ Neoth Elo-
sim bears both.

⁸ They seek
thy name :
Heb.

- Lord, fill with shame their face. 60
 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
 Troubled and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never*
 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is, alone
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are
 Where thou dost dwell so near !
 2 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
 Hath found a house of *rest* ;
 The swallow there, to lay her young,
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
 Even *by* thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
 They find their safe abode ;
 And home they fly from round the coasts
 Toward thee, my King, my God.
 4 Happy who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise !
 5 Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways !
 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
 That dry and barren ground,

- As through a fruitful watery dale
 Where springs and showers abound.
 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer ;
 O Jacob's God, give ear : 30
 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.
 10 For one day in thy courts to be
Is better and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.
 I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door
 Than dwell in tents and rich abode
With sin for evermore. 40
 11 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory bright ;
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
 12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
 That man is truly blest
 Who only on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;
 Thou hast from hard captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive

*That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin that did thee grieve
Hast hid where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And *calmly* didst return 10

¹ Heb. : The
burning heat of
thy wrath.

From thy ¹ fierce wrath, which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore ;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus ?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us ? 20

² Heb. : Turn
to quicken us.

6 Wilt thou not ² turn and *hear our voice,*
And us again ² revive,
That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserved alive ?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord ;
To us thy mercy shew ;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will *go straight* and hear, 30
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear* ;
To his dear saints he will speak peace ;
But let them never more
Return to folly ; *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land. 40

- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed,*
 Now *joyfully* are met;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*;
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good; 50
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
 Then ^a will he come, and not be slow; ^b *Heb. : He*
 His footsteps cannot err. *will set his steps*
to the way.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
 O hear me, *I thee pray*;
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul; for ¹ I have trod ¹ *Heb. : I am*
good, loving, a
doer of good and
holy things.
 Thy ways, and love the just:
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4 Oh make rejoice 10
 Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
 To pardon; thou to all

- Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid* ;
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer what I prayed.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
 O Lord ; nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done ;
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right* ;
 I in thy truth will bide ;
 To fear thy name my heart unite ;
So shall it never slide. 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast freed my soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,

- And violent men are met 50
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
 Most merciful, most true.
 16 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on ;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60
 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast ;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placcd.
 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land*, though there be store,
 And all within his care.
 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke. 10
 I mention Egypt, where *proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke ;
 4 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn*,
 And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends* :
 To! this man there was born.

- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last* :
 This and this man was born in her ;
 High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing and they who dance
 With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*
 And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry,
 And all night long before thee *weep,*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer,
 With sighs devout, ascend ;
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;
 My life, *at death's uncheerful door,*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit ;
 I am¹ a¹ man but weak, alas !
 And for that name unfit,
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead *to sleep,*
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*

¹ *Heb.* : A man
 without manly
 strength.

- That in the grave lie *deep* ; 20
- 9 Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard :
Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,
• *Death's hideous house hath barred.*
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
• Hast set me *all forlorn*,
• Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
• In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
• Full sore doth press on me ; • 30
• ² Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, ^{• The Hebrew bears both.}
• ² And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceased arise
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?
- 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?
• Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
• Or wondrous acts be known ? • 50
• Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
• Of *dark* oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry
Ere yet my life be spent ;

- And *up to thee* my prayer doth *hie*
 Each morn, and thee prevent. 1
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake
 And hide thy face from me,
 15 That am already bruised, and shake
 With terror sent from thee; 60
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonished with thine ire?
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
 Thy threatenings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go;
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And severed from me far: 70
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are.

 PSALM I.

Done into verse 1653.

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat; but in the great
 Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
 And in his Law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not fall;
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which fanned

The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653.—Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 "Let us break off," say they, "by strength of hand,
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords." He who in heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
 And fierce ire trouble them. "But I," saith he,
 "Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said:
 "Thou art my Son; I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be swayed,
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low,
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so."
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling ; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 "No help for him in God there lies."
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory ;
 Thee, through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count :
 Aloud I cried 10
 Unto Jehovah ; he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept ; I waked again :
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ! for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorred
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV,

August 10, 1653.

- ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness ;
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large : now spare
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn ?
 How long be thus forbore
 Still to love vanity ? 10.
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows) ;
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be awed, and do not sin ;
 Speak to your hearts alone 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say
 "Who yet will show us good ?"
 Talking like this world's brood ;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray :
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favour, of thy countenance bright. 30.

Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep ;
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie :
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

August, 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh ;
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God, for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear ;
 I, the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight ;
 Evil with thee no bidding makes ;
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st ; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ;
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go

Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me, because of those
 That do observe if I transgress ;
 Set thy ways right before where my step goes. 25
 For in his faltering mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty ; let them fall
 By their own counsels quelled ; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebelled.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them : they shall ever sing,
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still :
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSALM VI.

August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me ;
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
 Are troubled ; yea, my soul is troubled sore ;
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? Turn, Lord ; restore
 My soul ; oh, save me, for thy goodness' sake !

For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my
 prayer ;
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
 Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed
 With much confusion ; then, grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII.

August 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly ;
 Save me, and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry ;
 Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.
 Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this ; if wickedness
 Be in my hands ; if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace ; 10

Or to him have rendered less,
And not freed my foe for naught :

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire ;
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire ,
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

20

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation

30

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast

My defence, and in him lies ; . 40
 In him who, both just and wise,
 Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
 And God is every day offended ;
 If the unjust will not forbear,
 His sword he whets ; his bow hath bended
 Already, and for him intended
 The tools of death that waits him near

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute.) Behold, 50
 He travails big with vanity ;
 Trouble he hath conceived of old
 As in a womb, and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made :
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head : and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelayed
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And-sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

(PSALM VIII.

August 14, 1653.

Q JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth,

So as above the heavens thy praise to set !
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart, 11
Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet
And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found ?
Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot ;
With honour and with state thou hast him crowned. .

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord ;
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20
Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

FROM "OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH DISCIPLINE
IN ENGLAND," 1641.

[DANTE, *Inferno*, xix. 115.]

AH, Constantine, of how much ill was' cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!

[PETRARCH, *Sonnet* 107.]

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore? Where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

[ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. Stanz. 80.]

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.

FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SMECTYMNUS, 1642.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1, 24.]

LAUGHING to teach the truth
What hinders? as some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 10, 14.]

JOKING decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 624.]

'TIS you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

• FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644.

[EURIPIDES, *Supplikes*, 438.]

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645.

[HORACE, *Epist.* i. 16, 40.]

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES," 1649.

[SENECA, *Her. Fur.* 922.]

THERE can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.

FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1676.

[In Geoffrey of Monmouth the story is that Brutus the Trojan, wandering through the Mediterranean, and uncertain whither to go, arrived at a dispeopled island called Leogecia, where he found, in a ruined city, a temple and oracle of Diana. He consulted the oracle in certain Greek verses, of which Geoffrey gives a version in Latin elegiacs ; and Milton translates these.]

GODDESS of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye with temples vowed, and virgin quires.

[Sleeping before the altar of the Goddess, Brutus received from her, in vision, an answer to the above in Greek. Geoffrey quotes the traditional version of the same in Latin elegiacs, which Milton thus translates.]

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat ,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

PART II
THE LÄTIN POEMS

Separate Title-page in Edition of 1645 :—"Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley. 1645."

Separate Title-page in Edition of 1673 :—Same as above, word for word, as far as to "Londini," inclusively; after which the rest runs thus: "Excudebat W. R. anno 1673."

LATIN POEMS

[DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA.]

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimia laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS, AD
JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POËSEOS LAUREA CORON-
ANDUM, GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE HETRUSCA, EPIGRAMMA
JOANNIS SALSILLI ROMAN].

Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE,

ODE

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona !
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon :
Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace
Rimàner preda eterno alto valore ;
Non può l' obbligo rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

10

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede :
Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,
Con tua vera virtù, verè il mio canto.

20

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' odio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

30

Così l' arte ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
• E quanti vaghi fiori orpiano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
• Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

40

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

50

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su 'l piano :
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

60

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,
• Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gl' anni,
 Che di virtù immortale
 Scorrin di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni;
 Che s' opre degne di poema e storia.
 Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

70

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
 Per 'te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
 So che fatico indarno,
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

80

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
 Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio :

Viro qui multâ peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in Memoriam totus orbis ; in Intellectu sapientia ; in Voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in Ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cælestium sphaerarum sonitus Astronomiâ ducit audienti ; characteres mirabilium Naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ Auctorum lectione, "exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti"

(At cur nitor in arduum ?) :

• Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiæ et Amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

• CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit et vocēs nuncia charta tuas ;
 Pertulit occiduā Devæ Cestrensis ab orā
 Vergivium prono quā petit amne salū.
 Multū, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quòdque mihi lepidum telhūs longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflūā quam Thamesis alluit undā,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles ;
 Quām male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistrī,
 Cæteraque ingenio nōn subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adīssē penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grāta sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomē sortemve recuso,
 Lætus et exiliī condītiōne fruor. 20
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea, vita, libri.
 Excipit hīc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plāusus garrula scena suos :

Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30
 Sive decessnali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto bârbara verba foro ;
 Sæpe vâfer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
 Sæpe, novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat :
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragicæ sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat ;
 Et dolet, et, spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo ;
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest : 40
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ,
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectorâ torre movens ;
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas præterisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 'Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas
 Atque faces quotquot volvit, uterque polus ;
 Cœllaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit purò nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ; 60
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,

Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem ;
 Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon ;
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascēs submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus ;
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpèia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
 Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis ;
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa coloris,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endýmioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Sîmoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamiam Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludēs,
 Atque iterum raucæ, murmur adire Scholæ. 90
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaeque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere grægem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicæ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ. 10
 Tu si jussus eras acies accirc togatas,
 Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris;
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussâ, severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Avernî,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
 Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis, 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo :
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ;
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar :
 " Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ?
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ;
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,

Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ?”
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora ; membra cavo posui refovenda cubili ;
 Considerant oculos noxque soporque meos,
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro ;
 Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent ; 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum ;
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos ;
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago ;
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis :
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat !
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos ;
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono ;
 Agræina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis ;
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tuba. 60
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :
 “ Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni ;
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.”

Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nœbla turmæ ;
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies ;
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnôs.
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi !

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

CURRE, per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum ?

I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;

Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,

Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos

Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,

Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab orę viri ;

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,

Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab usbe puer.

Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,

Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occisò quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,

Cimbrica quẽ fertur clava dedisse peci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore

Præsul, Chæsticolas pascere doctus oves ;

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ ;

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,

Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !

Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,

Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum ;
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo ;
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina Patrum
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50
 " Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?

Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.

60

Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti ;

Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.

Non ferox in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,

'Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis

Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces ;

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,

Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.

Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi

Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;

70

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !

In tibi finitimis bella tuenda locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,

Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem ;

Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva ;

Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

80

Fugit, io ! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo

Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.

Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,

Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,

Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis

Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,

'Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,

90

Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis

Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique

Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternaque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabî
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis et, horrissono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix;
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sic etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus;
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
 Terruit et densas, pavidò cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vinde mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

ELEGIA QUINTA

Anno ætatis 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquot jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit (video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum;
 Et mihi fæta patent interiora. Deum;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus;
 Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris, io! rediere vices; celebremus honores

Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Extubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
“Hac,” ait, “hac certe caruisti nocte puellâ,
Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.”
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope
“Desere,” Phœbus ait, “thamos, Aurora, seniles ;
Quid juvat effæcto procubuisse toro ?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ ;
Surge ; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet”
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exiit invisam Tellys rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.
Et cupit, et digna est ; quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omni feror luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amonia rosis ?
Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua lugo,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimpta, capillos,
 Tænario placuit diu Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces;
 Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā;
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
 Alma salutiferum mēdicos tibi gramen in usū
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si tē pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor),
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus, addit opes.
 Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperiiis recipit cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
 Dia quid impundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ;
 Huc ades; ardentes imbue rorē comas.
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quàquē jaces circum mulcebūt lenē susurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
 Nec Phaetontæo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethæalia cornua nervis,

Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes;
 Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit, tunicæque decentior apta;
 Purpureum redolet vestis odora crocum
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veis.
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
 Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen omnibus
 unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera erepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticæque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit matè tecta videri.
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, iſte domo
 Te referant, miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris.
 Sæcla! quid ad nimbos, asperatela, rediſ?
 Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales
 Quâ potes, et ſenſim tempora veris eant:
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
 Ingruat et noſtro ſerior umbra polo!

ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTIEM;

Qui, cum Idibus Decemb ſcripſiſſet, et ſua carmina excuſari poſtulâſſet ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud ſatis felicem operam Muriſ dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum

MITTO tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
 Quâ tu diſtento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid noſtram proleſtat Muſa camœnam,
 Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
 Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
 Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctiſ,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
 Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Feſtaque cœliſugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
 Hæuſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
 Quid quereriſ reſugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuâ
 Sæpiuſ Aoniſ clamavit collibuſ *Enæ*
 Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro
 Naſo Corallæiſ mala carmina miſit ab agriſ;
 Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitliſ erat. 20

- Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
 Massicaefœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda; favent ~~uri~~ Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sigus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cercusque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,

Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda canē,
 Ille quidem parçè, Samii pro more magistri,
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus ;
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Cæcanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstificam Persiæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges :
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
 At tu si quid agam scitabere (si, modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam). 80
 Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
 Fausta que sacris sæcula pacta libris ;
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit ;
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere curmas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa ;
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis ;
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
 Et Paphiæ vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maximè numen, Amor.
 "Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige columbas";
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci;
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigit arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros." 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem;
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;
 Prodidit et facles, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20
 Taliis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares;
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
 Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutius," inquit;
 "Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi ;
 Et, quoties meminit Peneidos, ipsa fatetur
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 'Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et illè
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tuâ non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ ;
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."
 Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
 Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias ;
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
 Fallor ? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet ?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor ;
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,

- Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis ; 70
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores ;
 Urof amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
 Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis ;
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor ; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum ,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat. 80
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos ;
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coràm tristia verba loqui !
 Forsitan et durò non est adamante creata,
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces ! 90
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit ;
 Ponar in exemplo prius et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus, ales amoris ;
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans . 100

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siquæ futura est,
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

*Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meâ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas præva magistra fuit;
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cuncta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsâ Venus.*

[EPIGRAMMATA.]

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri;
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atrâ cæli,
Sulphureo circum flammivolisque rotis;
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINÆ tentasti cælo donâsse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.

Sic potius fœdqs in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos ;
 Namque hæc aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et " Nec inultus " ait " temnes mea sacra, Britanæ ;
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis ;
 Et, si stelligêras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flâmmas triste patebit iter."
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis ! 10
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gessit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit qui lurida creditur arma
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite, gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi, si gloria major?

Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cæli,

Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.

Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fuisse,

In te unā loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

10

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,

Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo

Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!

Et te Pieriā sensisset voce canentem

Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!

Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo

Sævior, aut totus desipuisset incers,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus

Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;

10

Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,

Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,

Claraque Parthenopeꝝ fana Achelbiados,

Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ

Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?

Illa quidem vivitque, et amcenâ Tibridis undâ

Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.

Illic, Romylidum studiis ornata secundis,

Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

• • • APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima pomâ quotannis,

Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino :

Hic, inëdibili fructûs dulcedine captus,

• Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenûs illa ferax, ~~ad~~ longo debilis ævo,

• Mota solo assueto, protipûs arêt iners.

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus ;

Atque ait, " Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni ,

(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !

10

Possem ego avaritiâ frænare, gulamque voracem :

Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens."

[DE MORO]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori

Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget ?

• • • AD. CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE

• • • CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,

Christina Arctos lucida stella poli !

Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,

Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,

Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,

Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.

• Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra ;

Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

• • • *Elcgiarum Finis.*

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iapeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu! moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules

10

Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Cêtâ;
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion, Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste Fatum verba Hecateia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique

20

Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes modentum, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ;
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Cæse puer genetricis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ ;
 Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
 Horribiles parathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 " Faucibus eripuisse Mortis. 40
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo !

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus, exul Olympo,
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funesta mœsta futuros.

- Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras ;
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos ;
 Armata invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
 • Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace ;
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris ;
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 • Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30
 At simul hæc, opibusque et festâ pace beatam,
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhæus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidis cuspis ;
 Atque " Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
 Inveni " dixit ; " gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque fugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ipse inulta."
 Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis :
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,

Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini ; 50
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria ; nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem :
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur ; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum ;
 Cercaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes. 60
 Tempa dein multis subeunt licentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentûm
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.
 His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegætontius hæres,
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes) ;
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis ; 80
 Barba sinus promissa tegit ; cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis ; pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso ; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit funes salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Têtra vagabatur solus per lustra fœrarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pœ verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces :
 "Dormis, nate ? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus ?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum !
 Dum cathedram, venerandę, tuam diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbaram nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni :
 Surge, age ! surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli ;
 Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit, 100
 Et quid Apostolicę possit custodia clavis ;
 Et memor Hesperię disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroste,
 Thermodoontę nuper regnante puellâ.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numero milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle ;
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceßes ;
 Irritus ille labor ; tu callidus utere fraude :
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris

Patricios vocat, et p̄ocerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ canisque verendos :
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinûs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi factique mone, quisquamne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?
 Percussosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis." 130
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malivodus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, régnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro ;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jungiaque, et stimulis armata Calumniâ fauces ;
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, videntur,
 Et Timor ; exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror ;
 Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exulant ; tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penètralibus antri

- Et Phonos et Prodotes ; nulloque sequeſſite per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibꝫ umbris,
 Diffugiunt ſontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.
 Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Bābylonius, atque ita ſatur :
 " Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
 Gens exoſa mihi ; prudens Natura negavit
 Indignam penitꝫ nroſto conjungere mundo.
 Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu, 160
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter ſatrapæ, ſclerata propago ;
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros."
 Finieraſt : rigidi cupidè parueſce gemelli.
 Interea longo flectens curvamine cæloſ
 Deſpicit æthereā Dominuſ qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
 Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quā diſtat ab Aſide terrā 170
 Fertiliſ Europe, et ſpectat Mærotidaſ undaſ ;
 Hic turriſ poſita eſt Titanidaſ ardua Famæ,
 Ærea, lata, ſonanaſ, rutiliſ vicinioraſ aſtriſ
 Quā ſuperimpoſitum vel Athoſ vel Pelion Oſſæ.
 Mille foreſ adituſque patent, totidemque fenetraſ,
 Amplaque per tenuet tranſlucet atria muroſ.
 Excitat hic varioſ plebſ agglomerata ſuſurroſ ;
 Qualiſter inſtrepitant circū multralia bombiſ
 Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Caniſ æſtivum cæli petit ardua culmen. 180
 Ipſa quidem ſummā ſedet ultriſ matriſ in arce :
 Auribuſ innumeriſ cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queiſ ſonituſ exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
 Murmura, ab extremiſ patuli confinibuſ orbiſ ;
 Næc tot, Ariſtoride, ſervator inique juvencæ
 Iſidoſ, immitiſ volvebaſ lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solèt loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli ; 190
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria ; veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmino tam longo ; servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terræque tremante : 200
 "Fama, siles ? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo ?"
 Nec plura ; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora ; jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes ;
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga relinquit : 210
 Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit ;
 Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insiidiis loca structa silet. Stupuerè relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis

Papicolūm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad æres :
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit ; Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior annū.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina •
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
 Quem nuper effudī plūe
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno sotos,
 Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illā fuisti in insulā
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tūc inquietum pectus irā protinūs
 Ebulliebat fervidā,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore ;
 Graiusque vates parciūs
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
 At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor Neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

10

20

Dei, sub aurâ, flamine :

• Cæcos furores pone ; pone vitream
Bilēmq̃ue et irritas minas.

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita ?

30

• Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

• Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,

• Vastove nata sub Chao :

• Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei

• Messes ubique colligit ;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem et auras evocat,

(Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,

Themidos Jovisque filiæ,)

40

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,

At justa raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari

Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò

Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

• Volatilesque faustus inter milites

• Ad astra sublimis feror,

Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex,

Auriga currus ignei.

50

• Non me Bootis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;

• Non ensis, Orion, tuus.

• Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum ;

Longèque sub pedibus deum

• Vidi triformem, dum coercerat suos

• Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

60

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat,
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui."

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publicæ Mater,
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Nihil tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,
 Convexæ tabulatæ ruant, atque obviis ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympi aulæ
 Decidat, horribilisque relectæ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon

Deturbata, sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
 Tū quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti currū, subitaque ferere ruinā.
 Fronus, et extinctā fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibi ponto.
 Tūc etiam aerei divulsis scabulis Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30
 Terreunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis, fortiùs astris,
 Consulit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsa Mundi rota prima diurno,
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors 40
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declavia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
 Æthereum pectus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
 Manè vocans, et, serus, agens in pascua cæli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque volutat
 Utque solet, Siculi, diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora concha
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorum

Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest; servatque suum Narcissus odorem;
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec diſtior olim
 Tërra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum,
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
 Donec flammâ orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusquæ et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille, Palladis gemellus ignubæ,
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci:
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;
 Siye, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;

Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
 Intedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non, qui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
 Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priseumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem ;
 Non ille trinò gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Tsidis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut, tenues oblita, sonos, audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Mûsa parentis
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus ; nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,

Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit auræ Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum, despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sēpositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Auræ seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Gum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculæa intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,

Et nondum *Ætnæq* quæsitum fulmen ab antro. • •
 Denique quid votis modulamen inane juvabit, • 50
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea, cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes.
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60
 Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine functi
 Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur? • •
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispartire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus
 Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor. Neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior arcæ lucri,
 Certeque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi; 70
 Neo rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire, beatum.
 Officium chari faceo commune parentis;
 Me poscunt majora. Tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant • 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam

Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cælo
 Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluius aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit ;
 Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinât ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas Peruanaque regna præoptas
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cælo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et vata fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo ;
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo ;
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calymnia, rictus ;
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiént obliviam nigra sub Orco;

Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ, ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμα, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 Δὴ τότε μούνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος ὤφει Ἰούδα·
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν,
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐβρώησε θάλασσα,
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν·
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγύωντες ἐντραφερῶ ἐν ἄλῳ,
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παραλὺ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
 Τίπτε σύ γ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐβρώησας
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγύωντες ἐντραφερῶ ἐν ἄλῳ;
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παραλὺ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
 Σείεο, γαῖα, ἱρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
 Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρέλουσ' ὑπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
 Ὃς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέει μαρμύροντας,
 Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσης.

*Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et insontem inter
 reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος,
 hæc subito misit.*

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὄλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον, ἴσθι, κάρηνον
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,

Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τῶν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιούτδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμου ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσει.

In effigiei ejus sculpsitorem.

Ἀμαθεὶ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνὲς βλέπων
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπ' ἄγνους, φίλοι,
Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμήμημα ζωγράφου.

D SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROFANTEM.
SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum, et hæc sis verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque illi magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linguens nidum
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fæso corpori penitus sanum ;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat ;
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tâm cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divum mugus, O Salus, Hebes
 Germaña! Tuque, Phoebe! morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque røre vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro fert certatim vati. 30
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicinâ dulci præta mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans,
 Tumidusque et ipse Tîbris, hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum,
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsecsum reges,
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro,
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum, 40
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenu laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus erat enim Tassi amicus sumus ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi .

Risplende il Manso . . .

Is authorem, Neapoli commemorantem, summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hæc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
 honore,

- Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenatis Hetrusci.
 • Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque segebis.
 • Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscla Musa Marinum
 Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille isidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit:
 Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrâque, et nec pia cessant
 • Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 • Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum cludere leges:
 Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te, Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe,
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernâbere Musam,
 Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutritâ sub Arcto,
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 • Nos etiam in nostro modestantes flumine cygnos
 • Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quâ Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glauços perfundit gurgite crines;
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 • Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcatâ Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Booten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,

Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata decorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)
 Hinc quoties fêsto cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,
 Nuda. Caledonio variatas pectora, fūco.

Fortunate senex ! ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes ;
 Tantum, ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, bathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachisia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
 Erotæque suis properant de collibus ornî,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet. 70
 Nascentem et mihi lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno fâvisse poetæ.

- Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 • Vernet, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum detriduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si hæc sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Siquando indigenas revocabo in carminâ reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos heros, et (O modò spiritus adsit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
 Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 • Astanti sat erit si dicam "Sim tibi curæ";
 • Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ:
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certâ bonorum,
 Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in ætherâ divûm,
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritiâ amici fiunt, ut qui plurimum. THYRSIS, animi causâ profectus, peregrè de obitu DAMONIS nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se sustinque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. DAMONIS autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruræ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Angliæ; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
 Ex quo summa diēs tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relictâ
 Cura vocat, simul aëuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem:—
 “Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon? 20
 Siccine nos linquis? tua sic sine nomine virtus?
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
 At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus aëreat omne silentium.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lufus ante videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

Constatitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigeat

Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo

30

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,

Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,

Palladasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,

Frigoribus duris, et per loca fortæ pruinis,

Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis,

40

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones,

Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?

Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem

Dulcibus alloquiis, gratè cum sibilat igni

Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,

51

Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,

Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,

Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,

Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,

Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;

Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Euris

60

Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni."

Heu! quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis

Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,

Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ

Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni."

Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheisibœus ad ornos,

Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas: 70

'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,

Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.'

Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni"

Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notarat

(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),

'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit, 'quæ te coquit improba
bilis?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;

Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,

Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo' 80

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni."

Mirantur nymphæ, et 'Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?

Quid tibi vis?', aiunt. 'non hæc solet esse juventæ

Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:

Illæ choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem

Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit'

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni."

Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditâ fastu;

Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina flenti: 90

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,

Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni."

Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,

Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales !
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege ; sic densi vestiunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri :
 Lex eadē pelagi ; deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat : villisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens ;
 Quem si sors lētho objecit, seu milvus aduncq
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus illē alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita, fatis
 Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors ;
 Vix sibi quisque parem de iniquis invenit unum ;
 Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illū inopina dies, quā non speraveris horā,
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

“ Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni

Heu ! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aereas rupes, Alpemque nivosam ?
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam videris sepultam
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes ?
 Ah ! ceste extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse ‘ Vale ! nostri memor ibis ad astra.’

“ Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Mæsis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiquā genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni

Murmura populeumque nemus, quæ mollior herba, 130
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Mœnalcam!
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
 Fideellæ, calathique; et cerea vincla cicutæ:
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et stydiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida lunâ, 140
 Dum solus tenetos claudebam cratibus hœdos.
 Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
 'Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit varios sibi quod sit in usus',
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.
 'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè re-
 tardat,

Imus, et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150
 'Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum'.
 Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
 Ipse etiam—nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula—ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte—
 Et tum fortè novis admoram labra cicutis:
 Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubio quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus; tamen et referam vos cedite, sylvæ. 160

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jöggernen;
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
 Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia; mi satis amplâ
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et poter Alauni,
 Verticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamæsis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
 Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.
 In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sugantes balsamâ sylvæ;
 Has inter Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
 Parte aliâ polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus: 190
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pha-
 retræ,

Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
 Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
 Hinc mentes addere sacræ, formæque deorum.

• • “Tu quoque in his—nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon—
 Tu quoque in his certe es; nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quævisse sub Orco;
 Nec tibi convehunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus, ultra.
 Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
 Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
 Æthereos, haurit latices et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque vocaris;
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 DIODOTUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cælicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!
 Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
 Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
 Æternùm pèrages immortales hymenæos,
 Cantus ubi, cflorisque furit byra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos.”

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca Publica reponeret, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Strôphis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis ubique colis exâctè respondeant, ita tamen secutus, commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici *monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ μέτρον, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditieque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim
Sedula, tamen haud æmuli poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per virgeta ludit,
Insons populi, barbitoque deius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit mels
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo,
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula

Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum?

STROPHE 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis flexas luimus priores,
 Mollique iuxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm,
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne
 Pegaseo?

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantia,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsàn unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ:

STROPHE 3.

Nam te Rotisius qui
 Optat peculî, numeroque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta 50
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ;
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsides
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templâ parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Mûsarum ibis amœnos;
 Diamque Phœbî rursus ibis in domum
 Oxoniâ quam valîe colit,
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo;
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abs, dextri præce sollicitatis amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiquæ gentis lumina et verum decus.

EPIDOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,

Jale serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit sòlers Rousi,
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
 longè
 Turba legentùm prava facesset ; 80
 At ultimi nepotes
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid mœremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Rousio favente.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quòd, si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno c. dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
 Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis algentes fræta
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
 Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat ;
 Chartæque largus apparet papyrinos

Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii,
Gestetis ut per omne cætarium forum,
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

END OF VOL. I.

